RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE

NOVEMBER

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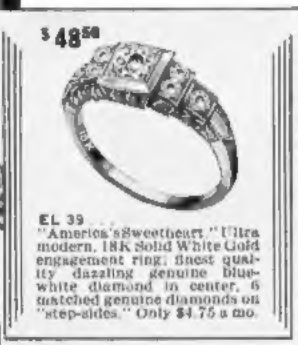

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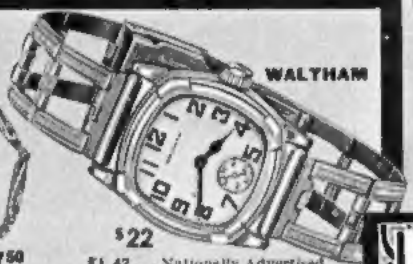

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FA

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FB

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Classified Advertising

The Purpose of this Department

is to put the reader in touch immediately with the newest needfuls for the home, office, farm, or person; to offer, or seek, an unusual business opportunity, or to suggest a service that may be performed satisfactorily through correspondence. It will pay a housewife or business man equally well to read these advertisements carefully.

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FD

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Amazing New Facts About The Misunderstood Subject of Rejuvenation

A WELL-KNOWN scientist's new book about old age reveals facts, which, to many men, will be amazing. Did you know that two-thirds of all men past middle age are said to have a certain seldom mentioned disorder? Do you know the frequent cause of this decline in health?

Common Old-Age Symptoms

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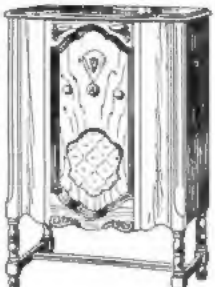

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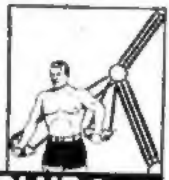

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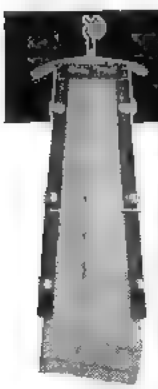

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Clip the coupon at once and send ten cents for a full size cake of COALINE, or better still send $1.00 for a box of 12 cakes, a two months' supply. Sent postpaid anywhere. Of course if you find that COALINE won't do all we claim it will—your money back gladly!

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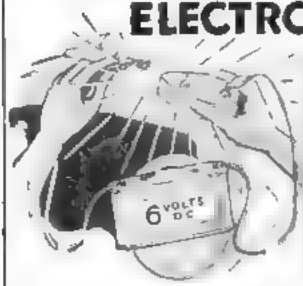

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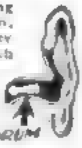

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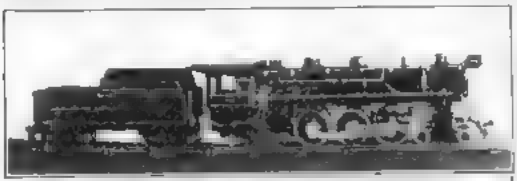

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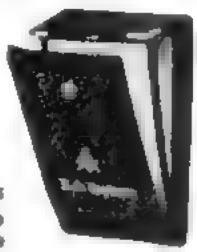

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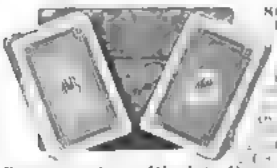

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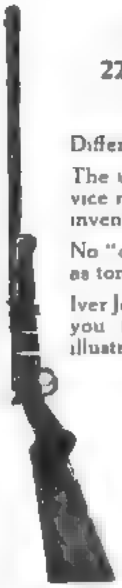

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IVER JOHNSON
22 CALIBER, BOLT ACTION
SAFETY RIFLE

Different in design, action and principle.

The unique patented automatic safety device makes it absolutely the safest 22 ever invented.

No "old stuff" about this 22, it's as new as tomorrow, and sells for only $7.

Iver Johnson dealers everywhere will show you these famous products. Send for illustrated folders B in colors describing the Bicycles, Velocipedes, Juniorcycles (Sidewalk Cycles) and the new Rifle.

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Relief from the curse of constipation

A Battle Creek physician says "Constipation is responsible for more misery than any other cause" But immediate relief has been found A tablet called Rexal Orderlies has been discovered This tablet attracts water from the system into the lazy, dry evacuating bowel called the colon The water loosens the dry food waste and causes a gentle, thorough natural movement without forming a habit or ever increasing the dose. Stop suffering from constipation Chew a Rexall Orderlie at night Next day bright Get 24 for 25c today At all Rexall Drug Stores which includes Liggett and Owl Stores; there is a Rexall Store conveniently near you

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Nasal and Throat Catarrh Deafness—Ear Noises

Our heads are the most important part of us and it's too bad to allow any Catarrhal head trouble to make you miserable, for you get a reaction all over the body

If you catch cold easily—have to continually blow your nose and hawk mucus from the throat—have a stuffed up feeling in the nose and ears have spells of bad breath—with raw, sore, tickling throat -get attacks of deafness or dull feeling in the ears—have ringing whistling sounds in the ears, it's high time you began to do something for that head of yours

FREE ADVICE

Wouldn't you like to know how your head might be freed of Catarrhal trouble? Then just sign this coupon and mail

This Coupon entitles readers of this paper to consultation free on Catarrh

Full Name .

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You get plain practical advice which is the result of 40 years of experience in the diseases of reading Nose Throat and Ears of Catarrhal Deafness

Write now and find out if there's any reason why your head may not belong to a happy person free of Catarrh as well as hundreds of other folks

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SIR HENRY WORTH THORNTON

The President [illegible] Performing a Grading Operation

RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE

Vol. III NOVEMBER, 1930 No. 4

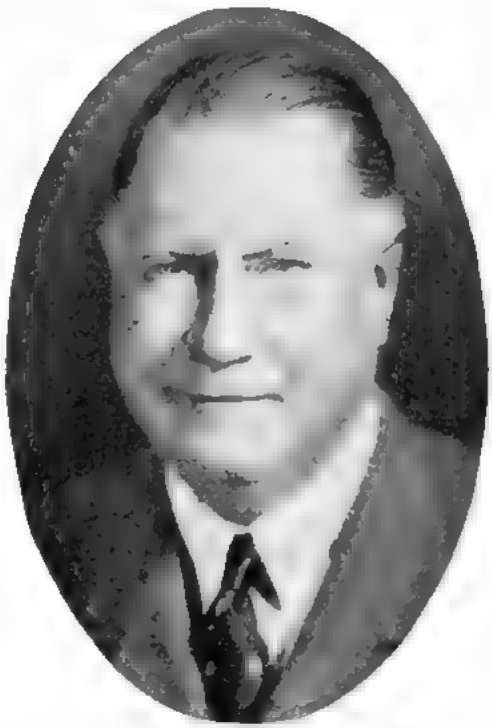
Sir Henry—of Indiana

Thornton, Modern Miracle Man of Railroading, Came from Logansport to Rule the Steel of an Empire

By John Austin

HENRY WORTH THORNTON, in the year of 1914, sat behind the mahogany desk in the general offices of the Long Island Railroad, carrying with marked success, the title of general superintendent of that choice stretch of railroad. Thornton had a lot on his mind. He was directing the efforts of the busiest suburban outfit in the United States, he was facilitating the movement of more than eleven hundred passenger trains a day, and he had just reason to be proud of the gap he'd bridged since he'd left his Indiana home and entered the services of the Pennsylvania as a surveyor.

Thornton was thinking of many things on that day back there in the year that marked the beginning of the world's greatest war, but he certainly wasn't giving any of his varied thoughts to the city of London.



The Big Chief of the Canadian National

A gentleman of the nobility, however, right about that time was sitting in London and was wondering what kind of a master sat in control of the destiny of America's busiest suburban railroad. This gentleman, Lord Claude Hamilton, had a lot on his mind, too He was chairman of the Great Eastern Railway. His railroad carried 60 million passengers annually and the balance sheet on the desk before him cried loudly in red ink. Because the Great

Eastern, to Lord Claude's way of thinking, wasn't going much of anywhere or doing much in the line of profitable business, a new deal was in order.

"A new general manager, gentlemen! That's what the G. E. must have," Lord Claude said, and he reached out to find his man. Lord Claude reasoned that since the G. E.'s business was mainly suburban, he'd look into the railroad in the United States that was nearly parallel in operating conditions and physical aspects. He looked toward the Long Island. He looked right smack into the aggressive features of Henry Worth Thornton. Thornton cleaned out the mahogany desk, took his hat from the hall and sailed for London.

Thornton was on his way to institute the outstanding miracle in modern railroading. He was to begin by grabbing the Great Eastern by the tail and looking to what could be done.

But this didn't solve the problem righ away. Thornton was an American—a native of Logansport, Indiana—and that was poison ivy to British conservatism. At one sweep Lord Claude Hamilton had waved aside an Empire upon which the sun never set, and had selected an outsider to direct the transportation of 60 million English passengers a year!

That was the signal for vituperation in the press and on the floor of Parliament. By no stretch of the imagination could it be said that Thornton received a popular ovation when he took over the administration of the Great Eastern Railway in the spring of 1914.

Thornton responded by appealing to the British sense of fair play.

"My mother sprang from English stock," he said, "and she brought me up to believe that an Englishman would give even a dog a sporting chance, That, gentlemen, is all I ask— *a sporting chance!*"

Out of the Red

He had made the one appeal which no nationalistic Englishman would dare ignore, and so he was left alone to work out the salvation of the Great Eastern. By the time the war broke out, several months later, Thornton had placed the road on a paying basis *for the first time in its history!*

Shortly afterward he was made a member of the executive committee of general managers which, under direction of the British Government, controlled and operated all British rail systems during the war.

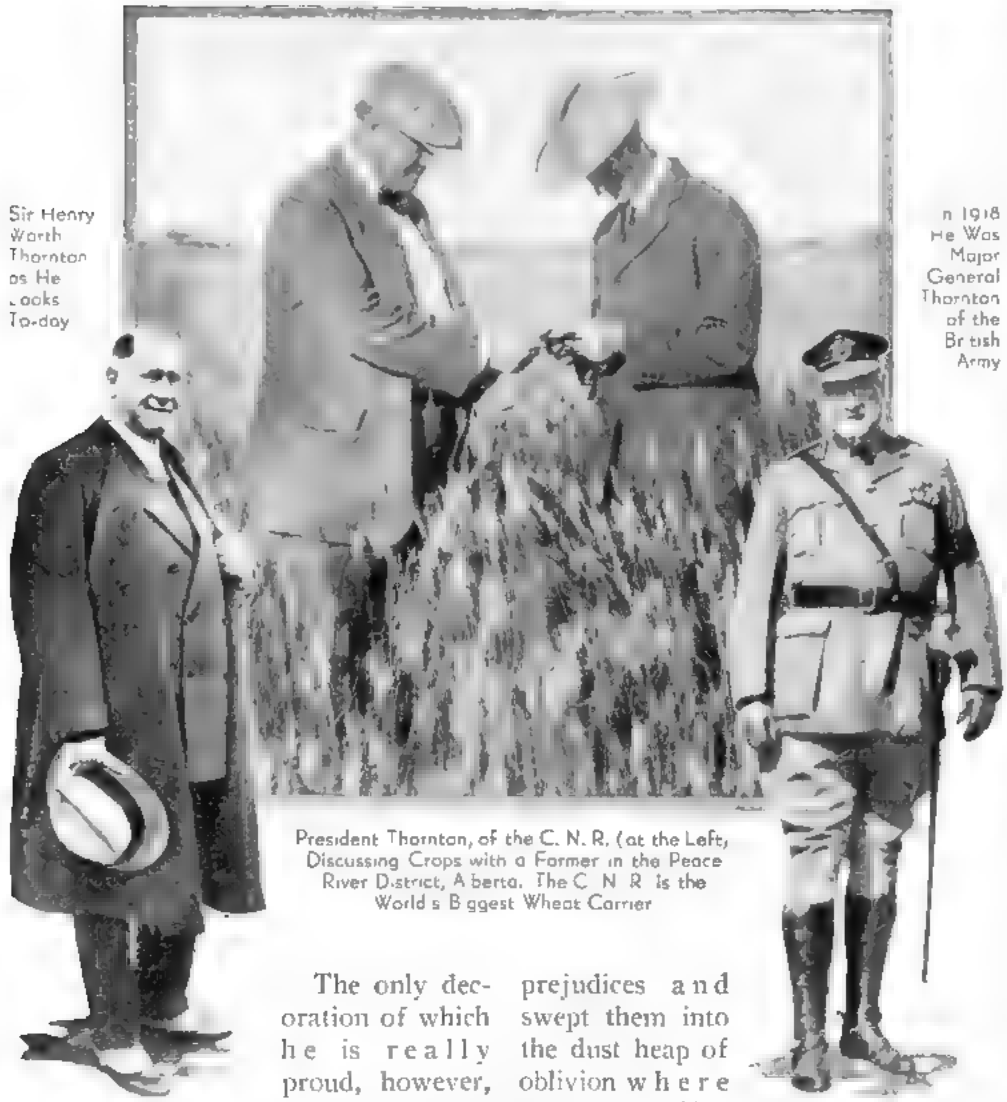
In 1916 he was appointed Deputy Director of Inland Water Transportation and given the military rank of colonel in the Royal Engineers. He directed all inland navigation in northern France, Egypt and Mesopotamia.

In 1917 he was sent to France as Assistant Director General of Movements of Railways, and was promoted to be a brigadier general.

In 1918 he was appointed Inspector General of Transportation with the rank of major general, with charge of all Allied army transportation on the western and Italian fronts.

Thus an American attained one of the highest ranks in the British army and was given probably the most important railroad job in the whole war!

It was not too big a job for Thornton. He made a conspicuous success of it, and the governments of half a dozen nations showed their appreciation by bestowing upon him the highest honors within their command. King George V made the man from Indiana a knight of the British Empire. He is now Sir Henry Thornton, K. B. E.



Sir Henry Worth Thornton as He Looks To-day

In 1918 He Was Major General Thornton of the British Army

President Thornton, of the C. N. R. (at the Left), Discussing Crops with a Farmer in the Peace River District, Alberta. The C. N. R. Is the World's Biggest Wheat Carrier

The only decoration of which he is really proud, however, is a little, rather insignificant-looking gold medallion which he wears on his watch chain. It represents life membership in the Railway Men's Union of Great Britain and it was presented to him on behalf of the R. M. U. when he was leaving for Canada, by J. H. Thomas, then head of the union.

"Sir Henry has changed forever the methods of railway management in Great Britain," said Mr. Thomas. "He has broken down age-old barriers and prejudices and swept them into the dust heap of oblivion where they belong. The railway workers of England owe him a debt they can never repay. Because of him the lot of the British railway man is better than ever before in history."

Canada's Big Problem

CANADA needed a big man, a man of proved ability. By a process of absorption, purchase and amalgamation the Canadian Government had acquired a vast network of railways—23,000 miles of them stretching from

the Atlantic to the Pacific, with tentacles thrown north and south until these steel bands bound together all of the provinces and every important city and town in the Dominion.

In their separated condition these lines had been built to compete with one another. Now they were supposed to function as a unit. So was the personnel, the individual members of which had previously been rivals. If ever there was a jigsaw puzzle, this was it. The workers had little pride in their organization; the public lacked confidence in both.

The Canadian Government asked Thornton to take over the job and gave him a free hand in managing it.

The new boss of the Canadian National Railways immediately recognized the weak spots of the system and wasted no time correcting them. He issued no threats as to what would happen if the staff "didn't get a move on." He wielded no executioner's ax. That isn't his style. The only manifesto Thornton issued was to such politicians as might regard the road as a nice, juicy pork barrel. To them he couched his "hands off" warning in plain language. Within twenty-four hours all Canada knew that the president of the C. N. R. was no mere figurehead.

A month after he landed in Canada, Thornton was out on the line, inspecting the property and getting acquainted with his fellow workers. From coast to coast he went, looking at many things, meeting thousands of people, saying little but accomplishing much. At one city he left a brass band, the mayor and a group of top hats, to chat with a baggage man who had been rustling trunks for one part of the new line for forty years.

At another city he declined an invitation to an official dinner in order to attend a ball given by a recreation society of the C. N. R., to dance with wives and daughters of engineers and firemen and meet socially the clerks, stenographers and office boys.

At a small way station where his train had stopped for water, Thornton heard that the agent's little daughter had died suddenly that day. He ordered his train halted at the next large center and sent back a wreath with a note of sympathy.

An executive came to the C. N. R chief, white-lipped because of a mistake he had made, and offered his resignation. Sir Henry put a friendly hand on his shoulder

"No man," he said, "ever did anything who didn't make a mistake. I would rather have a man make a mistake doing something he thought to be right than to have him do nothing at all. Only *never make the same mistake twice!*"

Thornton went into a city where traffic business had been hard to get, and with the agent he visited shippers to solicit their coöperation. He got it.

"Everybody from the president to the roundhouse call boy works for the traffic department and sells this railroad," said the big chief. "And he sells it, not on the ground that it belongs to the people; not that every dollar earned reduces the taxation; but he sells it on the service this railroad can offer the passenger and the shipper. No other argument is sound and no other argument must be used."

Many Modern Improvements

Sir Henry built radio broadcasting stations and placed receiving sets on the passenger trains. He was termed a spendthrift and a visionary, but today many other railroads on this and other continents have followed his lead

He sponsored the development of new types of motive power, increased the speed of the trains, built new branch lines, added to C. N. R. hotels, bought the latest equipment for the C. N. R. telegraph company, adapted the plan of coöperative management to the shop trades and other crafts, and authorized installation of the first and only two-way train telephone service in the world.*

And in the meantime, net operating earnings of the C. N. R.—which had been less than $3,000,000 a year when Sir Henry Thornton took over the job of president and chairman—jumped to $20,000,000 in one year, and to $58,000,000 in five years!

Thus the man from Logansport became an international figure in railroading, honored by many countries. All his life he has been a clear thinker and straight shooter. At the University of Pennsylvania young Thornton was a gridiron star. In fact, he was so much of an all-round athlete that when he graduated, the university wanted to hire him as athletic director at $10,000 a year—a post which Thornton turned down in order to enter the employ of the Pennsylvania Railroad as a draughtsman in the engineering department at $25 a week.

That was in 1894. Seventeen years later, when the Pennsy bought the Long Island Railroad and needed a capable manager for it, they gave the job to Thornton. It was there Lord Claude Hamilton found him while searching the world for a man to run the Great Eastern.

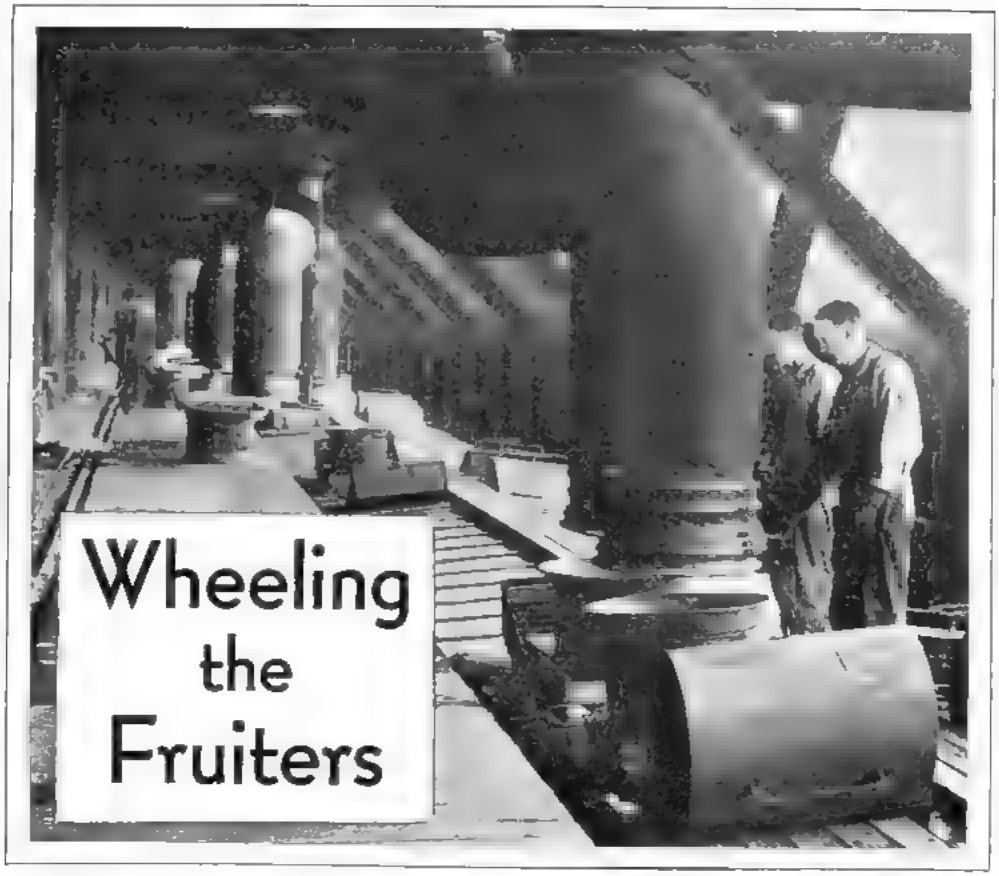
*The C. N. R. train telephone system was described in detail in the September, 1930, issue of RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE

DISTINGUISHED CANADIAN RAIL LABOR LEADERS

Hon. James Murdock, Now a Vice President of the Trainmen, Held the Labor Portfolio under a Former Liberal Government

Hon. G. D. Robertson, Vice President of the Telegraphers, Again Has Taken over the Post of Minister of Labor. He is a Conservative

"Peter the Peacemaker." Hon. Peter Heenan, of the Engineers, the Liberal Minister of Labor Who Preceded Robertson



Wheeling the Fruiters

Citrus Crops Roll Out of Los Angeles at the Rate of 200 Carloads a Day, Every Day in the Year!

By Howard C. Kegley

HOLDING the world's record for car mile haul, and spreading itself out with such evenness that it keeps the railroads busy every month in the year, the California citrus fruit industry has contributed more than any one other perishable freight commodity to the prosperity of transcontinental railroading

Coal, steel, lumber, grain, and live stock doubtless exceed the citrus industry in total number of freight carload movements in a year. However, they have their peaks—they overload and congest the carriers during certain weeks and months, and then leave them with lean spells.

The citrus crop clatters over the rails from Pacific to Atlantic, day in and day out. While the average haul of all freight commodities in the entire country is probably less than 300 miles per carload, the citrus crop of California rolls up the astonishing total of 2500!

This is because the shipments originate in southwestern United States, and most of them are distributed north of the Ohio River and east of the Mississippi

The actual haul on oranges from California to market is 2,588 miles per carload, while on lemons it is 2,358 The reason is that California year-round oranges compete only with the Florida crop, which is marketed almost entirely in winter On the other hand, California lemons experience competition from the Sicilian lemon all along the Atlantic coast, and therefore find their most receptive market inland

Timed to cross the continent over any one of three transcontinental systems in seven days, the oranges, lemons and grapefruit from the great Southwest *roll out of Los Angeles at the rate of 200 carloads a day* the whole year through!

The navel oranges start to market early in November and keep rolling until April. Then the Valencia crop starts moving, and keeps the refrige-

Icing Refrigerator Cars The Endless-Chain Runway of Ice Cakes Each Ice Block to the Proper Car In Very Hot Weather Cold Air Is Blown into the Cars as Shown in the Illustration on Page 480

rator lines occupied until early fall. The lemon crop divides itself quite evenly across the entire year, while grapefruit is shipped in the winter.

Thus California fruit finds its way into every nook and corner of the land and gives business to virtually every mile of standard-gauge railroad in the United States. A huge slice of it goes to Canada also.

Nearly 90,000 Carloads a Year!

FREIGHT and refrigeration charges on last year's citrus crop from California were $54,126,687, while the delivered value of the crop was $173,000,000. The movement totaled 88,010 carloads

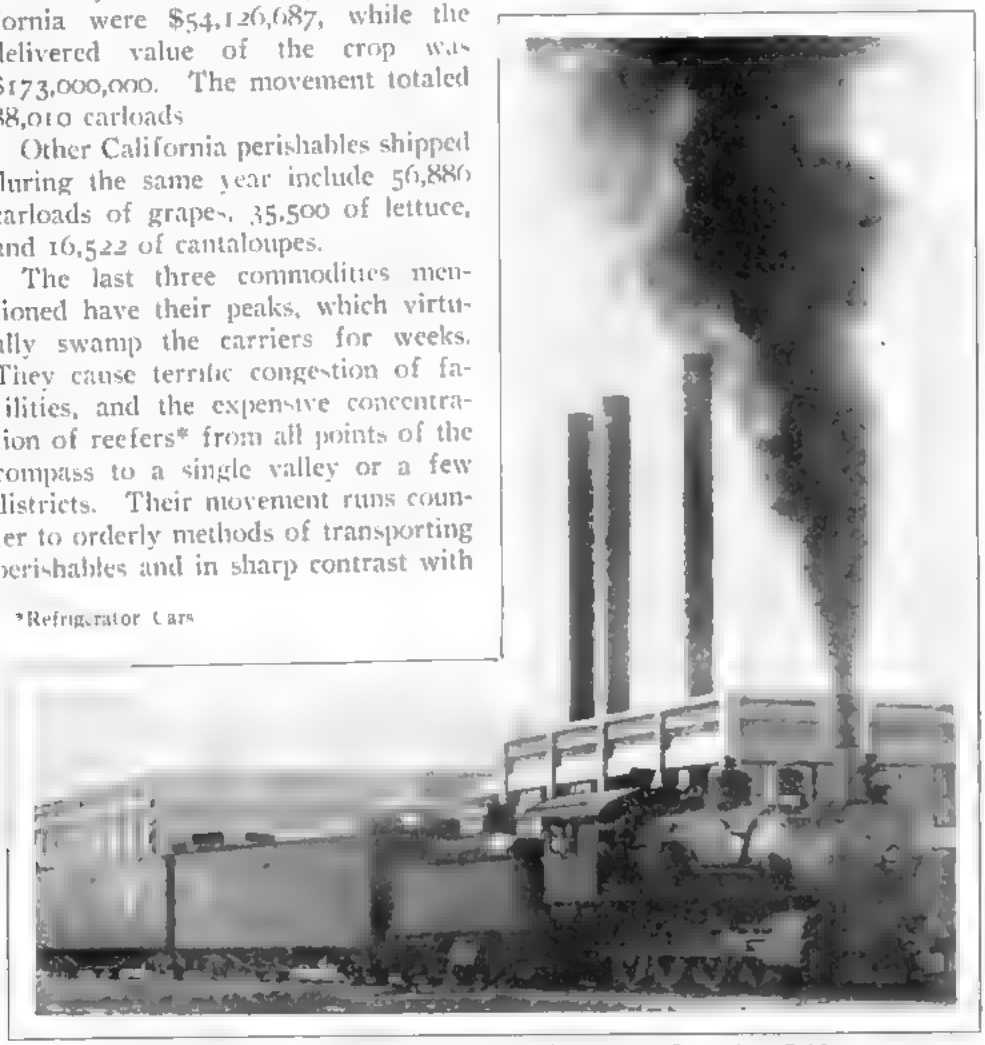
Other California perishables shipped during the same year include 56,886 carloads of grapes, 35,500 of lettuce, and 16,522 of cantaloupes.

The last three commodities mentioned have their peaks, which virtually swamp the carriers for weeks. They cause terrific congestion of facilities, and the expensive concentration of reefers* from all points of the compass to a single valley or a few districts. Their movement runs counter to orderly methods of transporting perishables and in sharp contrast with the smoothness which marks the citrus crop movement from producer to consumer

Situated farther from its principal markets than any other perishable commodity grown in quantity sufficient to claim nation-wide attention, the citrus industry of California long has been one of the wonders of the business world

It has been in the doldrums several times in the last forty years. Nevertheless, for the past twenty-five years

*Refrigerator Cars



Fruit Train Starting Eastward from Pre-Cooling Plant at San Bernardino, California

Four-fifths of All the Lemons Used in the United States and Canada Are California Grown
These Girls Are Sorting and Packing for Shipment to Markets Thousands of Miles Away

it has consistently moved its products to market despite the handicap of having the longest car mile haul on record, while other perishable crops, more favorably situated geographically, have been less successful.

The citrus industry has prospered because of organization on the part of the growers, the shippers and the transportation systems

At first the growers formed groups which solved the problems of growers and packers, and then turned to the railroads for assistance in shipping They needed traffic experts as well as authorities on ventilation and refrigeration. These they found in the ranks of the transportation companies

As a result there are to-day nearly 75,000 refrigerator cars operating between California and the Atlantic seaboard — ventilated cars equipped to handle perishable food products under ice, heat or fresh air.

These great refrigerators rush from coast to coast every day in the year with such products as butter, eggs, milk, deciduous fruits, grapes, cantaloupes, lettuce and celery. They first came into existence to handle meat shipments and citrus fruit.

The earliest and largest of these itinerant refrigeration systems is the Pacific Fruit Express, a company operated jointly by the Southern Pacific and Union Pacific Railways. It has some 50,000 reefers in service

Another huge organization is the Santa Fe Refrigerator Dispatch, operated by the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway. It has about 25,000 reefers

Here Comes Your Orange ... for Next Week's Breakfasts. Oranges Are Loaded 462 Boxes to the "Reefer," While a Lemon Car Contains Only 348 Boxes

Since practically all the citrus shipments from California originate between Fresno and the Mexican border, most of the fruit trains move out of the State over the Southern Pacific, Santa Fe and Union Pacific lines. Small quantities, routed from the north-central part of the State, use the Western Pacific and the Denver & Rio Grande Western.

Defying Old King Winter

Shipping California fruits on an extensive basis dates back to 1907, when the Pacific Fruit Express was established to take over the Armour Car Lines, which had for some time been handling California fruits under ice and ventilation.

The Armour Car Lines had come into existence primarily to handle Armour Packing Company meats, but soon began moving fresh fruits and vegetables to keep the cars busy. The plan proved so practical that the idea was elaborated and the system, after a time, was taken over by the carriers

Since then the reefer has played a very important part. Its value to the agricultural and horticultural industries could scarcely be estimated. Its importance from the standpoint of public health, through the delivery of fresh fruits and vegetables east of the Rocky Mountains, while Old King Winter is on his throne, is perhaps even greater than its economic influence.

The Southern Pacific completed its San Joaquin Valley line in 1876. A year later the first full carload of oranges ever moved out of California was shipped to St. Louis

The opening of the Southern Pacific line to New Orleans in 1883 afforded the infant citrus industry a somewhat better entry to marketing territory, but the completion of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe lines to the Pacific coast in 1885 marked the real beginning of a tremendous indus-

try. The gateway to an eager market finally had been thrown open!

In an effort to avoid simultaneous consignment to the same markets about thirty years ago, rival citrus shipping groups resorted to the practice of making blind consignments. Reefers with cloth banners on their sides, proclaiming that they contained strawberries, peaches, apples or other perishables, when they actually carried citrus fruits, were started rolling toward market.

This practice was resorted to, it is said, to deceive "spotters" stationed in the railroad yards at such points as Sioux City, Omaha and Kansas City, whose duty it was to report the size of shipment and destination to rival shippers.

If a spotter's employer had shipments headed for the same market, he might divert a car farther advanced, and thus grab the market, or divert other cars to centers where there was less probability of overloading trade.

In those days the independent citrus shippers were under the banner of the California Citrus Union. Nothing of importance had been done up to that time to stimulate consumption so there would be a larger outlet for shipments. Then G. W. Felts, a railroad man who had been studying the citrus marketing problem, merged the rival shippers into the California Fruit Agency.

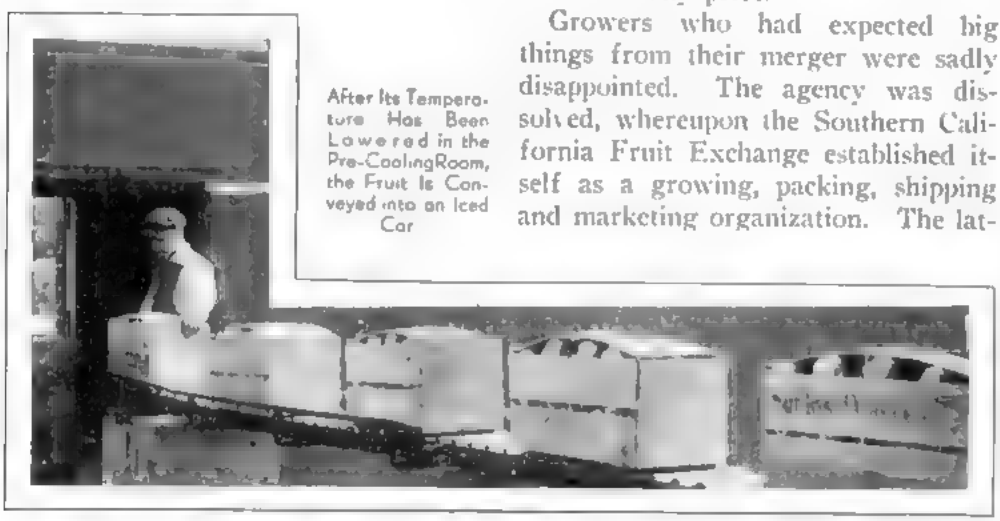
Suicidal Competition

At that moment 1,400 carloads of oranges were en route to market. It was discovered, when the bills of lading were checked up, that some small towns were booked to receive ten times as much oranges as they could possibly absorb, while practically no fruit was rolling toward some important markets.

Acting quickly, Mr. Felts succeeded in diverting or reconsigning hundreds of carloads then rolling eastward, and thus saved a great deal of fruit from rotting on sidetracks or being sold for less than transportation cost.

But, to complicate his stupendous task, the country slumped into a period of depression. Floods in the Mississippi and Ohio valleys delayed shipments. The nation's low buying power made oranges and lemons a luxury at almost any price.

Growers who had expected big things from their merger were sadly disappointed. The agency was dissolved, whereupon the Southern California Fruit Exchange established itself as a growing, packing, shipping and marketing organization. The lat-



After Its Temperature Has Been Lowered in the Pre-CoolingRoom, the Fruit Is Conveyed into an Iced Car

"Reefers" Reaching the New Jersey Shore Are Given a Boat Ride to Erie Terminal

ter functioned from May, 1904, to March, 1905, when it was succeeded by the California Fruit Growers Exchange, which since has stood as the world's foremost exponent of coöperative marketing.

This organization speeded up the production and consumption of citrus fruits to the point where the railroads had to create departments devoted exclusively to refrigeration.

From the time reefers containing citrus fruits are concentrated in the yards at Los Angeles until they land at the auction houses in eastern cities, hundreds of persons are constantly alert to see that they are kept briskly moving on their way.

During cool weather it is possible to ship oranges and lemons under ventilation, the ice bunkers of the reefers being left open so air can freely circulate. If the weather is extremely cold, trainmen suspend charcoal burners in the bunkers to keep the temperature slightly above freezing.

When the weather is warmest the fruit, as well as the car, is pre-cooled. The fruit remains in the cooling house until its temperature is down so that it will not thaw ice rapidly. Before it is loaded the car is blown full of cold air for many hours. *(See illustration on page 486.)*

In addition to the amount of ice or cold air used in pre-cooling the car and the load, the average reefer carrying California fruits requires 10,600 pounds of bunker ice before it turns a wheel. That amount will usually last it through to the average destination somewhere east of the Mississippi River, but if the shipment has to go to New York it will take perhaps an additional 17,700 pounds of ice.

Under the standard system of refrigeration the carriers maintain regular and emergency icing stations, with inspection service, all the way East, and reefers are given careful scrutiny at each station. At certain points salesmen for the Exchange open the cars and examine the fruit to see if it is keeping properly. If a car starts to go bad, it is diverted into a convenient market for early consumption.

When refrigerator cars reach the New Jersey shore they get a boat ride The reefers are switched onto big barges, ten at a time, and lightered across the harbor to the Erie terminal in New York, where the fruit is unloaded and placed in a big auction room for sale next morning

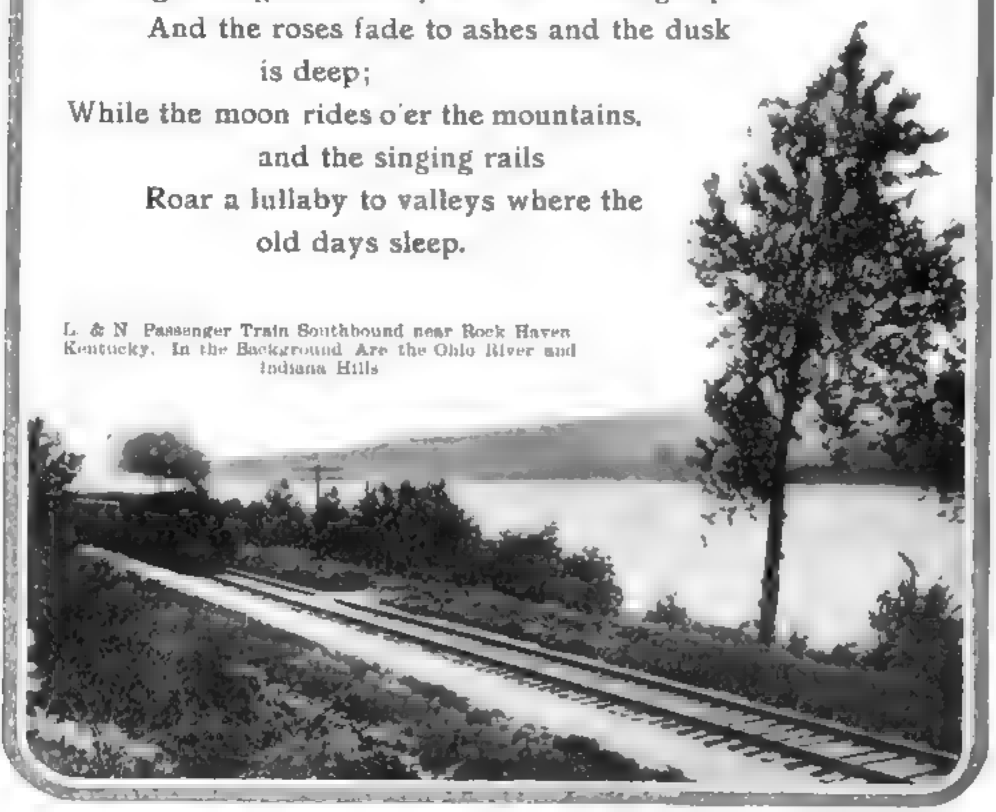
Steaming Through Kaintuck'

By OLIN LYMAN

BY the old Ohio River where the tall hills climb,
There s a rainbow on the rails, and, boy, we sure are due;
There's a whistle 'mid the thistle and a tussle with time
While we're racing through the blue grass, a booming through.

Past the hill and hollow and the woods of Daniel Boone,
Rushing for to-morrow with the history behind,
Round the bending river where the slim pines croon
And the billows of the blue grass ruffle pretty in the wind.

Sliding through Kentucky while the sunlight pales
And the roses fade to ashes and the dusk is deep;
While the moon rides o'er the mountains, and the singing rails
Roar a lullaby to valleys where the old days sleep.



L. & N. Passenger Train Southbound near Rock Haven Kentucky. In the Background Are the Ohio River and Indiana Hills

Our "Shortest" Railroad

The C. & E., of Missouri, Is Said to Hold the World's Midget Record for Privately-Owned Steam Lines

By C. M. Wilson

THE Cassville & Exeter Railway of Barry County, Missouri, is the shortest privately owned and operated main line steam railway in the United States, and very probably the shortest in the world

"Dave" Dingler, president, general manager and locomotive engineer, is no stickler for publicity. He doesn't object to being written about, so long as the C. & E. is represented as an honest-to-goodness railroad. But President Dingler protests vehemently at having his line described as a curiosity.

The fact is, the C. & E. is an up-and-going, substantial profit-making institution, and a real railroad in every sense of the word. It produces dividends, pay checks and wages; it provides regular freight and passenger service for a beautiful and prosperous stretch of farm country.

The Modest Station at Cassville

The bed has recently been re-ballasted and graded. The station at the little county-seat town of Cassville is a two-story red frame building. Half of it is given over to a waiting room and parcel place; the remainder to the railway's office—a headquarters of fading almanacs and calendars, thumb-printed daybooks and ledgers, guide books, property books, visiting house cats and pursuing dogs.

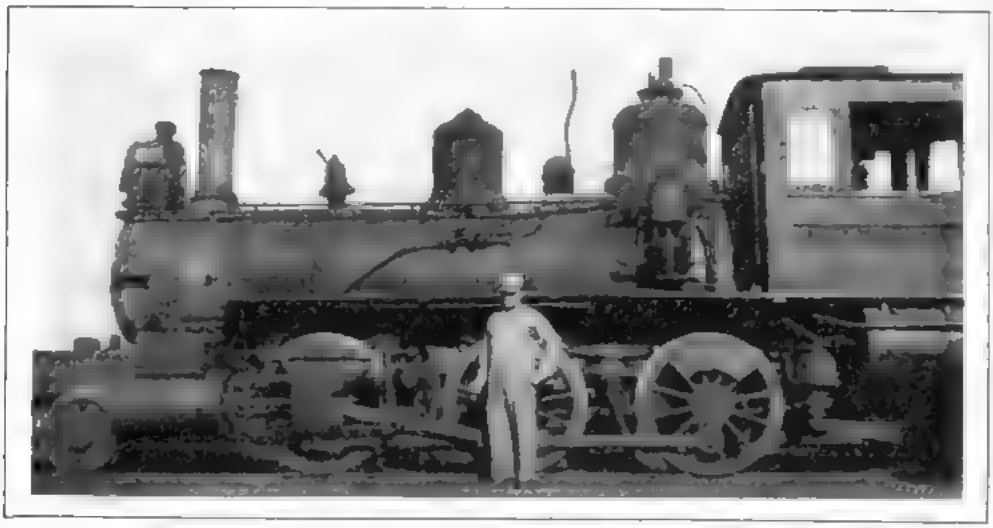
Yes, it's a cute little station

The platform is garnished with products of neighboring hillside farms—berry crates, grape baskets, milk cans, cooped poultry, rhubarb, garden truck, and cases of eggs and apples

There may be a passenger or two, and on rush days sometimes as many as a dozen. Once, at the Old-Timers' Reunion, they carried forty-two!

C. & E. officials admit that so far as their line is concerned, passenger hauling has long since ceased to pay costs; it is merely a courtesy, a gesture of good will.

But the freight business does pay—cash on the barrel head virtually every month in the year. And the Cassville & Exeter points with pride to some of its hauling records. The midget road hauls more strawberries and apples to the rail mile than any other line in the



Fireman Bert Anderson Oiling Up Old No. 20, Better Known as 'Mary Ann

country, and it does heavy transportation of poultry, eggs, milk, cream and hard wood.

The C. & E. has a sum total of four and nine-tenths miles of track, which, according to the Interstate Commerce Commission, makes it the shortest independently owned and operated steam railroad in the United States.

Of course there are many other short lines in the country, with track mileages from a few hundred yards to several hundred miles. And although some of them are provided with separate corporate charters, they are in reality owned by holding companies, industrial corporations or mergers.

Speaking generally, short lines and family railroads have been fading for the past quarter of a century, for railroading has answered the bugle of bigger business.

A Two-Family Affair

Dave Dingler has been at the railroading game for forty-four years. He began as a section hand in 1885. He climbed slowly and laboriously, learning the game thoroughly—section foreman, shop assistant, roundhouse mechanic, freight fireman, passenger fireman and a passenger engineer.

Dave employs seven men on his little railroad. The fact that he has never yet fired a man does not indicate excessive softness of spirit; it indicates, rather, that General Manager Dingler is careful whom he hires. A workman himself, he advocates fair wages and reasonable hours.

"There have never been any strikes or labor troubles on the C. & E.," he says proudly, "because we're all a happy family."

Mr. Dingler owns half the stock of the road. His junior partner, James C. Ault, who is recorder, secretary and station master, owns the other half. Mrs. David Dingler is first vice president, while "Jim" Ault's wife is treasurer.

Sometimes on a Sunday they hold a director's conference, and in the course of proceedings invite the whole personnel to a chicken dinner. The C. & E. officials believe that biscuits and gravy and drumsticks contribute more

It Takes Real Men to Run This Midget Road, and Here They Are—Left to Right—Dave Dingler, President, General Manager and Hoghead; Bob Hawks, Brains, and Bert Anderson, Tallowpot

toward amiable relations than any number of arbitration committees.

It is an official boast on the C. & E. that every one knows his own jobs, and everybody else's as well. Should Engineer Dave Dingler fail to show up at running time—which isn't at all likely, Fireman "Bert" Anderson would simply step over to the right-hand side of the cab, open her, and shove off, according to schedule. Trains never smack into one another on the C. & E., because there is only one train.

Dave advocates simple dress, plain fare, and hard work. He wears overalls, work shirts, wool cap and sensible shoes. He has a neat, comely home, and is generally prominent in the affairs of his town.

He carries a biscuit-sized gold watch in his bib-pocket, wears rubber-rimmed spectacles, and drives his automobile as well as he drives his locomotive. He is organizer and part owner of a private fish hatchery.

The C. & E. schedule is dependable. Two round trips daily are made over the four and nine-tenths mile track which connects Cassville with Exeter. The latter is a station stop on the main line of the Frisco.

Dingler's railroaders provide twelve-hour freight service and punctual passenger connection. The line is not burdened with a vast amount of rolling stock, only the locomotive, Old 20—more affectionately known as "Mary Ann"—and a neatly equipped, sixteen-seated, little passenger coach.

Mary Ann, the Old Reliable

MARY ANN is no relic or laughing stock. She is a ten-wheeler with a 32,000 tractive effort, 63-inch drivers, Southern valve gear and Johnson bar, automatic bell and sander, deep-seated throttle and powerful innards in general. She takes 'em there and brings 'em back, as she has been doing for the past twenty-five years.

Mary Ann does not tackle more than three carloads of freight at a pull. When more than a convenient-sized

cargo shows up at either end of the line, an extra trip is made to handle the hang-over.

The remainder of the rolling stock is willingly lent by neighboring lines. Dave does his own repair work on Mary Ann, while his conductor keeps the passenger coach repaired and painted, and the three-hand section crew attends to the tracks. The road has sheds and a miniature roundhouse.

The C. & E., first called the Cassville and Western, was organized in 1896 by a local holding company made up of interested merchants and farmers, after the through line—the Frisco—had missed this old hill town.

The citizens meant well, but they knew very little about railroading. For years the line functioned in the red. Then one day a mishap occurred. A full carload of merchandise broke moorings at Exeter and, of its own accord, started down to Cassville. It got there all right—in record time!

The section crew did what they could, which was exactly nothing at all. The station agent at Cassville stepped out to flag the maverick. But it tore past him like a skyrocket.

It went on to the end of the track and kept going, plowing through two houses, a barn, a blacksmith shop, two Jersey heifers and a jackass.

So far as the Cassville and Western was concerned, this prank meant an unlimited vacation. Then Dave got into executive action. He unsocked his earnings and bought a half interest in the defunct midget, while Jim bought the other half. Thus the brave little railroad was rejuvenated.

MOTORIST APOLOGIZES TO ENGINEER

WHAT is probably the first apology to be made by an automobile driver to a railroad engineer for driving across the tracks directly ahead of his train was received recently by the superintendent of the Milwaukee Road at Sioux City, Iowa. The writer asked that the letter be handed to the engineer of one of the road trains operated in South Dakota where the incident occurred. It reads in part as follows:

> I want to apologize for passing in front of him a sixth of a minute before his train arrived at the crossing, which act of mine may have caused him anxiety and perhaps disgust. I feel that he so calculated his speed that I got across the tracks regardless of my carelessness. My wife and I are grateful to him. Had he been neglectful, too, I am certain there would have been a fatal accident

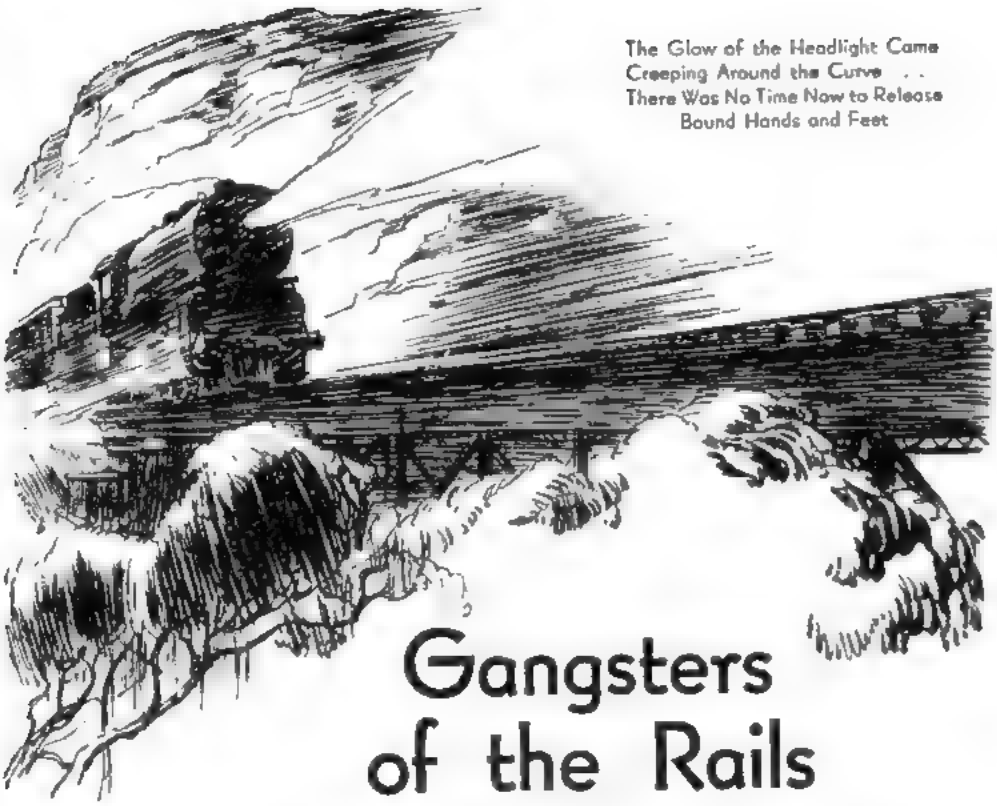
Railroad men found the letter refreshing and feel confident the writer's name will never appear in a future accident report.

WORLD'S BIGGEST VACUUM CLEANER

THE Pennsylvania Railroad has perfected the world's largest vacuum-cleaning machine to clean the right-of-way near its principal terminals. The powerful machine lifts stone ballast and foreign matter from along the track into a great cleaning chamber and then redistributes the thoroughly cleaned ballast rock along the rails and ties. It accomplishes the work at the rate of thirty-three feet in three minutes.—*Dwight Lloyd.*

D., L. & W. ORDERS 2,500 TONS OF RAILS

THE Bethlehem Steel Corporation received an order from the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Railroad for 2,500 tons of steel rails for October delivery. The steel was to be rolled at the Lackawanna plant in Buffalo. The order called for 2,000 tons of 130-pound rails and 500 tons of 105-pound rails.



The Glow of the Headlight Came Creeping Around the Curve . . There Was No Time Now to Release Bound Hands and Feet

Gangsters of the Rails

Connie Turner, Son of the Murdered Boss of Cootie's Bluff, Walked into Plenty of Trouble When He Took a Job on the K., G. & O.

By E. S. Dellinger

Author of "When the Devil Calls," "Derails," "Pin Grease John," etc

Illustrated by Joseph Easley

CHAPTER I

"CONNIE" TURNER, straw hat pushed back from brown curls, fiddle tucked under his left arm, strode down the main iron of the K., G. & O., taking two ties at a step.

It would have been easier and shorter to follow the wagon road along the creek bottom in daylight, but when a fellow had to go on foot to the hoe-down at Cootie's Bluff and return home alone at 2 A.M. it seemed nicer to follow the track than to walk four slippery footlogs across Wolf Creek.

Ever since they were kids he and "Spike" Moody had planned on being railroad men. They used to reckon maybe they'd hire out as superintendent and trainmaster. Now that they had grown older, a job braking on through freight seemed much more accessible. Brakemen sometimes made a hundred dollars a month, while the best that boys got was a dollar and a half a day chopping cordwood at four

bits a cord. Some job, that cordwood chopping!

Connie gripped his calloused hands, slowed his swinging pace and heaved a sigh. Looked as though he were doomed to stick with it the rest of his days. He was past twenty-one. Twice already he and Spike had made the trip to Gates to ask for a job.

The first time they had been told they were too young. On the second trip, Trainmaster Blaney, who, they reckoned, should have been favorable to them on account of his having come from their neighborhood, had laughed in their faces. Blaney had made fun of them, had told them in a tone loud enough so the red-haired stenographer could hear:

"We're not hirin' brakemen now, fellers. An' if we was, we sure wouldn't take on a couple uh rubes who would keep us busy the next five years pickin' hayseed outa their hair."

Blaney had laughed at his own joke, the dirty devil! Connie had been tempted to punch his face and cave in some gold teeth then

And that red-haired snip at the typewriter—she had snickered, too. The little fool! Ever since that trip Connie had been trying to kid himself into believing he didn't like her.

But even while he sat playing "Arkansas Traveler" and "Turkey in the Straw" for the revelers back at Cootie's Bluff, and watching the Carners and Cagles and Joneses shake their

feet in the old square dance and nod frizzed heads and cast seductive glances at bowing partners, he could not keep his mind off the red-haired girl down at Gates.

Away in the west a flash of lightning played behind dark clouds. Muffled thunder came long after the flash had gone. *Crunch—crunch—crunch* on ties and gravel.

Dark to-night down in the bottoms, dark as a stack of black cats. *Kerroom-kerrrroom-kerrrroom!* sounded the chorus from the river.

Connie shivered. It was chilly, too, going to rain after a while. He quickened his step. A train whistle sounded, faint, far-away. Somebody whistling for Cootie's Bluff.

Connie stopped to listen. Number Two? No. Number Two was not due here until after three o'clock. That would be about an hour from now. Two short blasts followed the station whistle.

"Extra freight," muttered Connie. "Goin' through! Highball! Baby!"

Cautiously, feeling his footing with every step, he made his way off the track and slid down the embankment. The rumble of the freight grew louder. Rails began to whine, earth to tremble. Must be Shorty McCall, the way he was rambling.

Soon the yellow gleam of a headlight and the glow of a pair of white signals swam out from around the curve. Then the through freight, engine lurching from side to side, cars swaying, flanges squealing, flat wheels slapping, bumpers rattling, thundered past.

Connie, taking advantage of the crimson glow of the markers, climbed back to the track and followed on up the valley.

Past the gurgling waters of Big Spring, and on past the old "Cap" Turner home, where his father and mother lay side by side just over the right of way fence fifty feet from the corner of the tumbledown house where he had been born, Connie trudged alone through the dark bottoms.

The storm crept nearer. In the grass and weeds to right and left crickets chirruped. A hoot owl called his dismal *W'ho — who — who—who-a-a-a!* The bullfrog chorus continued unceasing, and tree frogs kept up their constant *burr-r-r-r.*

He crossed a bridge, two of them close together. He was nearing the spot where "Old Man" Stillwater, promoter of the K., G. & O. had been murdered eighteen years before.

Old Man Stillwater! Connie pondered the name seriously as he trudged along with bowed head, fingering the leather of his fiddle case. In fact, ever since he could remember he had been pondering that name.

Some folks said his dad had committed the murder. Aunt Nancy Moody had reckoned loudly and often that "Cap Turner wouldn't have killed a flea less'n it had been pesterin' his fav'rite houn', let alone kill a human man in broad daylight."

Nevertheless, because Cap Turner was known to have been the nominal head of the Wolf Creek Gang, and because he had sworn, less than a week before the murder, that Old Man Stillwater would never tear down his house and fill up his spring and pile dirt over his wife's grave to build any damned railroad over it, he was thrown in jail, charged with the murder.

Connie had gone to the jail, too, so they had told him. Nobody could get him away from his dad. He had been too young then to remember much about it

But the records showed that early in the afternoon of the first day, "Long Bob" Blaney had come to visit his father. Turner and Blaney had quarreled—why, no one knew. Then, a few hours later, Green Star, drunken sot that he was, had been thrown into the same old log jail, apparently soused.

Whether Green had been drunk or not at that time was still a mooted question around Cootie's Bluff. What was known was that during the night Green had beaten Cap Turner's brains out with a stick of stove wood, and might have killed Connie had not the sheriff heard the commotion and come in when he did.

Green Star had been tried that fall for the murder of Cap Turner, but had been acquitted on the ground of temporary insanity and had disappeared shortly afterward.

Connie walked with quickened step over the uneven stretch between the two bridges. *Who—who—who—who—who—who-aaa!* challenged the hoot owl from the hillside. The weird echoes seemed almost human.

Across the track ahead of him something scurried with the rattle of gravel and went darting into the blackberry briars. Connie started a trifle, then laughed sheepishly.

This was a dangerous bridge for track walkers. Neighborhood legends told of five people run down there in eighteen years. Connie remembered very distinctly when old "Grandpa" Sellers had started across and failed to make it.

The youth stopped to listen. Never let Number Two catch a fellow there. He, of course, could swing off the bridge until the train had passed, but it would ruin his best suit. Cost him thirty cords of wood, that suit had.

Connie stood listening. Was that Number Two whistling up the line now? Yes, sure enough, there was a train snapping out the four blasts of a crossing warning.

Connie felt his way off the track, backed into a niche in the wall of the cut where he would be out of the way, stood his violin on end and stuffed his hands into the pockets of his best blue serge trousers. Meanwhile, he turned his head this way and that, trying to separate the multitude of sounds in the creek bottom medley.

Suddenly he stiffened and drew in his breath with a quick gasp. His heart skipped a beat, then set racing madly.

A sound was somewhere in the creek bottom medley which didn't belong—a muffled groaning, moaning sound! He peered out across the trestle. If only it would—

There it came. Another dull flash of lightning streaked and splotched weathering walls with light, hung over the long bridge and glinted off the twin lines of curving steel.

Out near the center a dark object huddled across the left rail. It seemed to be—in the seconds during which the light hung on—moving, struggling, writhing! It looked like a man. Connie could not be sure.

"What the deuce would anybody be doin' out on Cowskin Bridge this time uh night?" he mumbled.

The muffled moans came indistinctly. He walked out on the bridge ties and stopped again.

"Maybe it's a hobo."

Number Two whistled for Cootie's Bluff. Within three minutes she would come weaving out through the cut and thunder over Cowskin Bridge.

Dark. Not a star. Not a flicker of light save the phosphorescent glow of a million fireflies. The youth could never in the world make it out and

back before Two came—never make it across.

"Still, if that's a man out there—"

CHAPTER II

CONNIE TURNER deliberately turned his face toward the center of the bridge, and, stepping cautiously, feeling for the ties with his feet, moved as rapidly as possible toward the object he had seen in the lightning flash.

Number Two whistled for the crossing at Cootie's Bluff, then for the crossing a mile this side. And young Turner was little more than halfway out!

He quickened his pace, grew less cautious. Within half a dozen steps his left foot missed a tie and slipped through a crack.

"Ouch!" he muttered, as skin slipped off an injured shin. But he paused only to yank the foot out from between the ties. Never make it at that rate.

He dropped upon hands and knees and went skimming along the left rail. Couldn't see a thing, but the moans he had heard were growing louder and nearer. Was it a hobo fallen from the extra freight?

Connie crawled. He took out his jackknife and, opening it, thrust the handle between his teeth. Might need it.

Number Two whistled for the curve. Down below him willows swished along the bank of Cowskin. The bridge was trembling. The groans were almost at his nose. Soon Number Two's headlight—

Boom! went a torpedo behind him.

Connie's left hand touched a body.

Boom! went a second torpedo beyond the deep cut. The engine whistle answered.

He arose tremblingly to his knees and with hands which shook until he could hardly move them felt rapidly over the body. It was a man, how large he could not tell. Blood, sticky, coagulated blood was on his hunting suit. Cords were about him, cords knotted and crisscrossed.

Behind him the engine whistle was still blaring. The bridge was rocking, the rails humming.

Connie tugged feverishly at the body. It was heavy. It seemed welded to the rail. He ran a right hand quickly over it, felt ropes wrapped about it.

The glow of the headlight came creeping around the curve. In its reflection he could see the body now, tied hard and fast to the rail.

The youth grabbed his knife from between his teeth, slashed and clipped at binding cords until their jagged ends fell apart, leaving the body free.

There was no time now to release bound hands and feet, no time to remove the gag from swollen lips nor look after injuries. Number Two's headlight was playing over the sycamores and walnuts to the right and swinging rapidly toward him.

If Connie and the man he had come out on Cowskin Bridge to rescue would not both be ground beneath flying wheels he must move quickly.

Grasping the body with both hands and shifting it quickly into the grip of his right arm, he slipped like a snake across the left rail and wrapped his left arm about the heavy cross timber.

Then, as the glare of the headlight fell full upon him, Connie swung off into space, clinging for life to the eight-inch tie with his forearm atop it, his fingers gripping the under side.

Whether the engine crew on Number Two saw him go off he did not know. With a crash and a roar the train shot out over him. The engine passed. Wheels *clack-clacked* above.

The last car passed and the tail-lights glared red as the fast express fled out of sight beyond the thick trees around the curve.

To Connie, swinging by one arm to the cross tie like a wounded squirrel in a treetop hanging by one claw, what took place around that curve was not just then of particular interest.

Had he been listening, he might have heard the sharp blasts of the whistle, the grinding of brakes, the report of a thirty-eight barking twice. But so engrossed was he in his own difficulties that he did not hear them.

The instant the train was gone from above him, Turner commenced a struggle to regain his footing upon the bridge. He tried to swing himself up by one arm, tried to hook a foot into the ties above his head. Time after time he made the effort, but it was no use.

Alone and with two hands, he could easily have made it. But encumbered as he was by the weight of a man larger than himself, he was utterly helpless. Nothing remained for him but to let loose and drop to the ground below.

He released his hold on the bridge and, still clinging to the struggling body, dropped with a thud into soft earth and weeds ten feet from the high bank of Cowskin.

Having sunk almost to his knees in river muck, Connie began a struggle to free himself, pulling first one foot and then the other. But the more he struggled, the deeper he sank.

The stranger, who had slipped from the rescuer's arms as he struck the earth, seemed now to have fainted. His moans ceased. Connie wondered if he were dead.

The youth fumbled about in the darkness, ran a hand over the face. About the mouth a heavy cloth was knotted with cruel tightness. Inside the mouth was thrust a wooden gag as big as an ink bottle.

While Connie worked with the cloth the man revived, recommenced his incoherent mutterings, gagging and sobbing with every effort.

As soon as the gag was removed the fellow began trying to talk, but so stiff was the tongue from its torture that his efforts sounded to Connie like the jabberings of a monkey.

"Lay still awhile, mister," urged the boy. "I'll git these plow lines off'n your hands an' feet."

He felt about over the cords. They were tied in hard knots, the hands behind the back. Connie felt for his knife, could not remember what he had done with it when he had cut the man loose from the rail as Number Two was coming. Probably dropped off the bridge.

"Got a knife, friend?" he inquired.

"'O," groaned the other.

The man seemed impatient to be free. He was thrashing and tossing about. But for the five minutes it took Connie to untie the knot, he lay perfectly still.

By the time his hands were freed, the rain coming now more steadily, both of them were wet to the skin. Connie moved the stranger under the shelter of the bridge. He was begging for water.

"Water!" he groaned. "Water—a drink!"

Connie felt about him in the darkness and, finding a huge plantain leaf, filled it with water at the creek. Then, lifting his man to a sitting posture, he let him drink, slowly, painfully.

After that he took his best handkerchief and, wetting it in the river, washed the stranger's face.

This seemed to work a magic transformation in the stranger. "Hurry up, man!" he urged. "Hurry! We'll be too late."

"Too late for what, mister?" questioned Connie. "You better lay down."

"No time to lay down now. For Pete's sake untie my feet so I can go."

Into the swish of rain and the chorus of the creek bottom medley, while Connie's fingers tugged and twisted at the tightening knots, broke the sound of a locomotive whistle to the north, calling in a flag from the south.

The stranger groaned and muttered, "Too late—too late already—them devils have got the job done!"

Connie was puzzled. What job? Too late for what? The stranger shoved him away and began impatiently working with the knots himself. Just as the man had finished untying them he gripped Connie's arm. The youth looked up. A ray of light from the north was playing along the bridge.

"Train," muttered Connie.

"*S-s-s-s!*" The grip tightened.

CHAPTER III

CONNIE watched the light. It was zigzagging back and forth across the bridge. Soon a gruff voice spoke almost above them.

"You sure played hell with your infantile squeamishness, Parsons! I told you to finish him."

"I didn't want to kill him," was the whining reply. The voice shook with fear.

"Naw. You didn't want to kill 'im, but you was damned willin' to let Number Two do it. Look here!"

Connie sat peering up at them. The stranger was squirming, twisting and swearing under his breath.

"I wish to hell I had a gun!" he hissed. "I'd fix 'em. I'd make 'em pay! Parsons, is it? The dirty little cuss! I told Blaney he was a crook the first time I saw him."

The whining voice was speaking again. "Here's where I lassoed him to the rail, Crowfoot. Me an' Charlie tied him till he couldn't 'a' got loose."

"Well, he did git loose, damn you! He—"

"See this rope," broke in Parsons, eagerly. "It's—it's been cut—"

"Yeah. I see this rope," snarled Crowfoot. "An' I'm tellin' you that unless we skin outa this neck uh the woods an' that quick, we'll be wearin' a rope a hell of a lot bigger'n that fer a necktie. If I know Big Jim Stillwater, he'll turn up hell an' half uh America to find—"

The rest was lost on the patter of raindrops and the voices of the night. And as the two men hastened away across the bridge, Connie untied the last knot in the man's shackles and helped him to his feet.

When they climbed up the dump to get out of the weeds, Connie started northward in the direction taken by the two thugs.

"Not that way, my man. I want to go back to Cootie's Bluff."

"It's only two miles to where I live, sir," Connie informed him. "It's three back to Cootie's Bluff."

"I don't give a damn how far it is, I've got to go to Cootie's Bluff, and that quick. Furthermore—"

The big fellow turned loose, cursing a stream which boded ill to the thugs on next meeting. Then he explained:

"My name's Stillwater. I'm superintendent of this division of the K., G. & O. I was down here fishing and squirrel hunting with a couple of friends from Gates, and accidentally

happened to get the dope on a holdup this outfit was staging for Number Two to-night. I played the fool and tried to take three of 'em barehanded. Instead of my landing them, they got me. Hogtied me and hauled me off to an old cave. I figured they'd kill me outright, but some of the gang conceived the brilliant notion of using me for a flag to stop Number Two at Cowskin Bridge."

Stillwater choked and sputtered. Connie was now helping him walk as rapidly as possible over Cowskin Bridge.

"A flag! Can you beat it? Me—division superintendent! The dirty devils! They beat hell out of me. Then that cuss they call Crowfoot—damn him!—he stuffed a stick of cordwood down my throat and turned me over to that little rat, Parsons. Him and a big one took me out on the bridge, blindfolded and lassoed me to the rail, after that extra went down. And if you hadn't come along—"

Stillwater whirled and faced Connie in the darkness. Lightning flashed again.

"Say, what were you doing out on Cowskin Bridge at two o'clock in the morning?" he queried suspiciously.

"Me? Why, I'd been playing for the dance up at Cootie's Bluff to-night, an' was walkin' the ties home to keep—Say, I left my fiddle settin' in the cut this side uh the bridge. It'll be ruint, completely. It—"

"Don't worry about that fiddle, sonny." Stillwater squeezed the arm which supported him. "If it's ruined, I'll see you get another just as good. Why, if you hadn't happened along there when you did and hadn't had the nerve to come out after me, there'd have been a hoghead and a tallowpot busy the next month tryin' to separate the scraps of Big Jim Stillwater from the driving gear of that old fourteen hundred. By the way, sonny, what's your name?"

"Turner, sir. Connie Turner."

"Turner? Turner? Cootie's Bluff. Turner?" The big man was repeating the name slowly.

Connie wondered uneasily if this superintendent were related to Old Man Stillwater. His heart crawled up into his throat and choked him. Gosh, how he hoped there was no connection! He liked Big Jim Stillwater. Hated to think that maybe—

"Turner—Connie Turner. Good name, boy. Very good name."

If Superintendent Stillwater remembered for a moment that his father had been murdered, and that Cap Turner of Cootie's Bluff was thought to have done the deed, he gave no further sign. The two lapsed into silence while they crossed the long bridge over Cowskin, feeling their way through the night and the rain.

In the rock cut, Connie felt along the wall until he found his violin. Then with it tucked under his left arm, with the right supporting the big superintendent, who limped along the ties, the two trudged along toward Cootie's Bluff.

Now and then Stillwater would shoot at Connie a gruff question. But for the most part they covered those three dripping miles in silence.

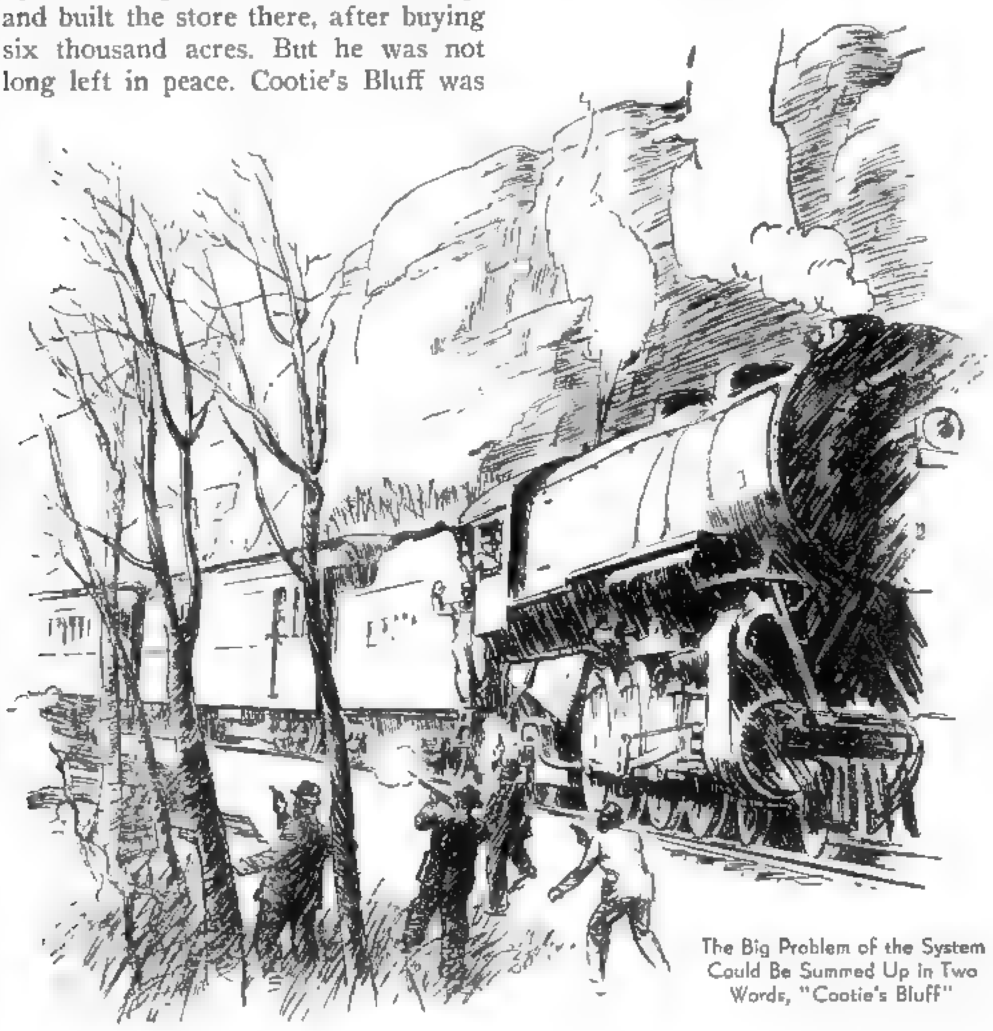
CHAPTER IV

Dawn broke long before the two men arrived at Cootie's Bluff. In its faint light, they could see dimly outlined the towering reach of limestone bluffs which stretched like a prison wall for miles down the river into the misty darkness.

This was the bluff. Why it was called *Cootie's* Bluff nobody had ever taken the trouble to find out. The name was there when old Bill Turner, Connie's grandfather, had come to set up his mill, put in a blacksmith shop, and built the store there, after buying six thousand acres. But he was not long left in peace. Cootie's Bluff was wild; for four generations it had been headquarters of the Wolf Creek Gang.

When Bill Turner moved in, angered by his evident intent to establish the tenets of civilization on the land they had considered their own province, they turned their sole attention to him.

He couldn't keep a horse or a cow or a sheep or a fattening hog. Neither could he grow a patch of corn or keep a roof over his head. They stole everything that had feet and what hadn't they either burned or tore out by the roots, and finally gave him a sunrise notice to leave the country.



The Big Problem of the System Could Be Summed Up in Two Words, "Cootie's Bluff"

But Bill Turner was a fighter. He organized his tenants and a few honest neighbors into a Law and Order Association.

For years the association maintained

a semblance of law and order, meting out frontier justice. It held a necktie party for "Butch" Carner when he killed "Jake" Turner. It exiled Green Star and Long Bob Blaney for robbing Turner's store. Finally the gang ceased to exist so far as local depredations were concerned. It used the Cootie's Bluff country only as hangout and rendezvous. Outwardly the Cootie's Bluff country became as peaceful a settlement as could have been desired.

But it was only a surface change. One by one the tough element professed conversion to the religion of civilization; and as rapidly as converted were taken into the Law and Order Association. By the time young Bill, who was Connie's father, took the old man's place as leader these regenerated thieves numbered almost half the membership.

Among the new members was Bob Blaney, who was reared in the shadow of Cootie's Bluff, chased out by Turner's association, twenty years in Chicago, returned wealthy and purchased large holdings up the Cowskin. And he brought with him Green Star.

Cootie's Bluff was the ulcer of the Ozarks eighteen years before when Old Man Stillwater had conceived and commenced the construction of the K., G. & O. It was the gang, resisting his determined father's attempt to build the railroad through this land of scenic beauty, which had left Big Jim a penniless orphan, killing his father at a time when millions were in sight.

On the death of Cap Turner, Long Bob Blaney, ex-gangster and slick politician, had suavely tendered his good offices to help in quelling the unruly element and had later bought a large block of company stock.

These acts on the part of a far-seeing father had given the ambitious J. Clarence Blaney the pull with the railway management necessary to secure him the confidence of Big Jim Stillwater and land him in the position, first as chief clerk, then as trainmaster of the Wolf Creek Sub.

That the gang still lived, burrowing like rats in the caverns about Cootie's Bluff, Big Jim was well aware. Its members kept away decent settlers from the community and pestered the railway like fleas on a hound.

Now it was a rail pulled from the track ahead of a merchandise train. Again it was a charge of dynamite in one of the cavern mouths along the twelve-mile stretch of cliff wall, or a passenger train held up and robbed as Number Two had been to-night.

The big problem of the system could be summed up in two words—"Cootie's Bluff." Thus this dismal cordwood village which to Connie Turner was a beneficent mother, was to Superintendent Stillwater a wrinkled, evil, unsightly hag, sprawled beside the nurturing steel of the K., G. & O.

This morning the combined freight depot, passenger station and telegraph office was locked with a switch lock.

Big Jim Stillwater swore roundly, fumbled in his pockets, found a bunch of three keys on a ring. Inserting one of them in the lock, he opened the door, dropped with a sigh into the chair and began reeling off messages to his dispatcher in Gates.

Connie stood open-mouthed, watching in admiration. Never in his life had be seen fingers work as Stillwater's worked this morning. He resolved there and then, among other things, that he would learn telegraphy. Soon the big superintendent faced about.

"Ever ride the Flying Crow?"

"No, sir. I've always wanted to."

"This is the time you'll get your wish. We'll take you home in style, even give the hogger instructions to stop at your gate."

"Gee!" was all Connie could say, but his tired face was beaming.

Big Jim arose painfully, and, hobbling over to the wash basin, removed as much of the clotted blood as he could from his bruised face and grimy hands.

"Ever have any interest in railroading, Connie?" he asked finally.

"Did I? Mr. Stillwater, I've done been down to Gates twice to see about gettin' a job—"

"What sort of job?"

"Brakin', sir."

"Brakin'?" Stillwater laughed. "What did Mr. Blaney tell you?"

Connie flushed and stammered. Big Jim laid a hand over on the young man's shoulder.

"Don't bother about telling me, kid. Blaney's not a bad sort. If you still want that job braking, you can come to my office—let me see. This is Sunday morning. I'll be in Gates Tuesday You come to my office Tuesday morning at ten thirty. See if we can't fix you up. What say?"

"Thank you, Mr. Stillwater! Thank—"

The Flying Crow whistled for the station, ground to a stop at the platform. The conductor dropped off the head Pullman and came hurrying forward.

"What the hell they mean by flaggin' the Flying Crow to pick up a coupla—"

He stopped short and stared first at Connie, then at Stillwater. His mouth flopped open. Gingerly he walked over and took hold of the superintendent's right arm.

"Why — why — what's happened, Mr. Stillwater?" he asked.

"No matter, Bill, no matter. You run over and tell that hogger to stop at the house at Milepost 271-25 to let this boy off."

"But we're two hours late already, Mr. Stillwater. We—"

"Damn the difference if you're a day late. You have the hogger stop at the Moody place. See?"

Without further remonstrance, the conductor went hurrying forward, a porter helped Stillwater and Connie into the Pullman and found them a place in the smoking compartment, and within thirty seconds the Flying Crow went gliding out of Cootie's Bluff, taking Connie for his first ride on the millionaires' special.

Connie was happy. Dreams come true. Freed from the grinding slavery of chopping ax and grubbing hoe. New clothes and new shoes. Needed 'em, too, after this night. He looked down at his wrinkled serge suit for which he had cut thirty cords of wood.

He fell to thinking how proud Aunt Sally and Uncle Tom would be of him as he rode up and down the iron of the K., G. & O., waving at them every time he passed. Maybe they would not be so happy over it. Been with them sixteen years, now. Sixteen years since they had taken him in after his father's death.

Bet Aunt Sally had been raving because he hadn't come home from the dance last night. Maybe Spike hadn't told her. Spike! Spike would want to go railroading, too.

"Mr. Stillwater!" Connie spoke slowly, hesitatingly.

"Yes?" Big Jim opened his eyes.

"Mr. Stillwater, do you reckon—I— Maybe it's askin' a lot, sir, but I—I got a buddy always wanted to go railroadin' with me. Name's Moody—Spike Moody. Reckon you could—"

"Give Spike a job?" finished the super with a laugh.

Connie nodded.

"Can't say without seeing the chap, Connie. Fetch him along, though, fetch him along. We'll look him over."

Already the speed of the train was slackening for the stop. The porter, having arisen, was walking toward the front vestibule. Connie arose to follow. The superintendent halted him.

"We'll be lookin' for you Tuesday, Connie," he said. "Ten thirty. I'll have a wire pass at Cootie's Bluff for you—you and your buddy."

CHAPTER V

As the Flying Crow made its stop on the track below the little two-roomed log house on the hill among the hickories, Connie, watching from the vestibule, saw three figures emerge from the door and advance slowly into the yard.

Knowing them as he did from long association, he could picture every feature of the three, could almost read their thoughts, when they saw this burnished train, which had never been known to stop within twenty miles of them, stopping this morning at their very door.

There was Spike, ten days older than himself, built like a bench-legged bulldog. Five feet two, weight a hundred and seventy, muscles like a draft horse.

Spike was bareheaded. His overall legs were turned up until the bottoms almost reached the knees and fastened with safety pins. His shirt sleeves were cut off at the shoulders. His feet were bare. His hands were stuffed deeply in his pockets.

Five feet behind Connie's lifelong friend and buddy was Uncle Tom Moody. The old man's body, which had once been tall, was bent now from the hips, like a tree warped by the winds. On his old face, wrinkled like burned leather, would be written anxiety and wonder.

Close beside walked Aunt Sally, the motherly old soul who had taken five-year-old Connie Turner, son of a murdered outlaw chief, under her hovering wing. His mother's people had turned him down as one contaminated, the courts having awarded his rightful estate to the Blaneys for mortgages executed and unpaid, so there was no place else for Connie to go.

This morning, with slat bonnet pushed back from graying hair, with the worn plaid shawl pinned about her toil-stooped shoulders, with the faded cotton skirt tucked up to her knees, Aunt Sally stood, arms akimbo, waiting in silence for his approach.

"Whar on airth you been a keepin' yoreself, Connie Turner?" she asked. "Here we been awaitin' an' afrettin' an' ahuntin' an' astewin' ever sence Spike come in frum totin' that wuthless gal uh Black Mart Carner's home frum the dance. We lowed you'd been drowned crossin' the crick or run over fetchin' home along the railroad, or ketched an' killed by them air gangers someres down the valley. The very idear—"

"I told you somethin'd happen o' lettin' our boy go down an' fiddle fer the dog-goned ole hoe-down at Cootie's Bluff, Sal. Them's sinners and Republicans down thar. That place is the very Sodum an' Gommorum the Bible speaks about. That Cootie's—"

"An' look at that air new fifteen-dollar suit uh clothes," broke in the old lady. "Completely ruint!"

Poor Aunt Sally! With Connie home

safe, the thing next in importance to worry about was that fifteen-dollar suit. For, strange mixture of races and teachings that she was, next to her God Aunt Sally worshiped the almighty dollar—albeit she had always worshiped from afar.

It was the crying need for the extra two dollars a week each which the dance hall crowd paid Connie and Spike for the fiddle and the banjo, coupled with the fact that the Bible said something about there being dancing and singing, which had finally led her to consent for them to make the weekly trip to the Bluff to furnish music for the revelers.

While Connie told his story, Aunt Sally fingered the soiled suit, and Uncle Tom strode back and forth in the wet grass, listening with many a shake of the head. It was Spike, his interest rising with the stirring tale of adventure, who broke in:

"An' you say he promised to give you a job, Connie? That Stillwater feller did?"

"Umph huh! He promised to give me a job, an' jist as good as promised one fer you. An' we're agoin' down to Gates Tuesday."

. . .

At exactly ten thirty Tuesday, Connie and Spike walked into the mahogany office of Superintendent Stillwater. Big Jim, dressed now in a carefully pressed suit of dark blue, all sign of his Saturday night adventure gone save only a few brown scabs about his face, arose to meet them.

"Here, are you, Turner?" he greeted pleasantly.

"Yes, sir, I'm here," returned Connie. "And this is my friend, Spike Moody, I told you about."

"Glad to meet you, Moody. Lookin' for a job brakin', too, are you?"

"Yes, sir." Spike met the super's appraising look without flinching.

"You two boys look like you'd make darn good students," commented the super. "We'll go down and have a talk with the trainmaster. He hires the men, but I think he'll give you a job without any argument."

Stillwater, preceding the two boys, strode down the corridor to a door marked in gilt with the two words,

TRAINMASTER'S OFFICE

He pushed it open and allowed them to precede him.

Connie's heart leaped into his mouth as he entered. There sat the red-haired stenographer, soft blue dress clinging close to her pink skin. The picture set him blushing like a schoolboy.

"Is Mr. Blaney in, Leona?" inquired the super.

"Yes. He's busy now, though. Be through soon, I think."

"We'll wait till he comes out. Oh, by the way, Leona, here's a couple of boys I want you to meet. Mr. Moody, my cousin, Miss Stillwater."

Spike blushed and bowed. Leona murmured a formal, "How do you do, Mr. Moody."

"And this," continued the superintendent, "is Connie Turner."

Connie bowed. He couldn't blush any more. His face was already the color of a beet.

Big Jim, noting the boys' confusion, went on speaking rapidly:

"Connie's the boy I told you about pulling me out from under Two's pilot on Cowskin Bridge Saturday night. Hadn't been for him—"

The formal smile left the girl's face. She became in a moment serious, interested. Stepping quickly from behind her desk, Leona approached Connie with outstretched hand. He

stood, shifting from one foot to the other, uncertain whether he should advance toward her.

"I'm surely glad to meet you, Mr. Turner. You'll never know how much I owe you." She choked, then went on lightly: "When a division superintendent doesn't know enough to keep out from in front of a passenger train—"

Connie had somehow got hold of the hand. It was firm and smooth He stood holding it and staring into her blue eyes, which looked up seriously into his while her lips framed words, half solemn, half frivolous.

He was still holding that hand and she was still speaking when J. Clarence Blaney opened the door of his private office and came sauntering out. After giving Connie and Spike one cold stare he paid them no further notice, but addressed the superintendent.

"They tell me our genial superintendent almost had an accident Saturday night," he ventured, looking out where a merchandise train from Kansas City was pulling into the yards.

"Accident, hell!" sputtered Big Jim. "You can call it an accident if you want to. I'd call it a downright attempt at cold blooded murder."

"Too bad, cap! Too bad!"

Connie felt somehow that J. Clarence Blaney knew more of that attempted murder than he would care to have published.

Big Jim hesitated a moment, then, clearing his throat, drove straight to the business in hand

"Blaney, I've found a couple of likely youngsters that want to go braking on the K., G. & O. Be glad if you could put 'em on. This is Connie Turner and this is Spike Moody."

"Yes, they've been in before, I believe," said Blaney, giving the two boys a chilly nod. "Really, we aren't in need of men now—students especially. I just signed up Red Star to learn the road a few moments ago. And—"

"Red Star! You mean you put that sapsucker—that idiot—that dumbbell—"

"Sure. What's wrong with Red?"

"Oh, nothing you could put your finger on. Nothing—"

"Red's been calling train crews here for six years now. I thought he deserved the promotion."

"Yeah. Promotion. I'd promote him. Give him forty-five brownies and no service letter. The— Well, there's always room for one more and then another. Export wheat'll be coming down by the time these boys're ready to go on the board Like to see 'em get on."

"Friends of yours, are they, Stillwater?"

"Sure."

"From Cootie's Bluff, I believe." His voice was oily.

"Yeah. Anything wrong with that?"

Blaney laughed insolently

"Mr. Stillwater, do you know who this—this Connie Turner is?"

Connie felt his heart wilt. He wished now he had never come to Gates to ask for a job railroading, wished a hole might miraculously open in the floor and swallow him.

Leona stood clutching at the pearl beads about her neck. Big Jim sat, leg swinging, cigar between his fingers, smile frozen on his whitening lips.

"He's Connie Turner, Mr. Blaney," the super said coolly.

"Yeah. Connie Turner. The son of young Bill Turner—Cap Turner of the Wolf Creek Gang. The same Turner that killed—"

"That's enough, Blaney." Big Jim dropped his leg off the table and stood,

arms folded, facing his assistant of the train service. "My private affairs are not eating on you. If they are, just remember that a certain Long Bob Blaney's name was linked with that affair. I didn't know it for years. I've never held it against you, since I found it out. Certainly I have never been so crude as to mention it. If I want to hire this boy here, knowing only that possible blood debts of a possibly unworthy father have been paid by a worthy son—"

The trainmaster had turned and was striding angrily toward the door of his private office. With his hand on the knob, he faced the superintendent.

"Mr. Stillwater," he snapped "if you're so damn set on hirin' this pair of hay burners, go ahead and hire 'em. I don't see how in the devil you expect a man to run a railroad with a gang of ignorant students. We—"

"We couldn't run one ten years without 'em, Mr. Blaney."

Blaney passed into the inner office and slammed the door. Leona stood with bowed head, her color coming and going.

The Trainmaster Angrily Faced the Superintendent

Spike was shifting uneasily, and Connie, the blood drained from his face until it was the color of ashes, was utterly oblivious of the last words spoken. It was Big Jim who broke the spell. The super shifted his cigar to the other side of his mouth.

"Give these boys their application blanks and releases, Leona," he said, laying a hand over on her head. "And help them about making them out if they need help. If we had more men like them and a few less like Red Star and a certain Runty Parsons—damn him—we'd do a lot better job railroadin' down here on the K., G. & O."

CHAPTER VI

THE months which followed the employment of the two cordwood choppers from Cootie's Bluff were months fraught with rapid change and development. Nothing will mold character more quickly than employment in train or engine service.

Spike and Connie learned to read and give and pass signals, to catch boxcar ladder and engine step in darkness, cold or snow, to drop off a train moving twelve, fifteen, twenty and more miles an hour and hold their feet.

They could chain up a broken drawbar, could find and fix a sticking brake, could nose out a hot box, repack the journal with greased waste, jack it up and exchange a new brass for an old one. They knew the book of rules from end to end.

Then, in addition to other learnings, at Connie's suggestion, they rigged a set in their room and began learning telegraphy.

Before the end of the first winter Spike, squat like a terrier, heavy like a bull, had grown into a happy-go-lucky sort of chap. He found there were plenty of girls as loving as Black Mart

Carner's girl down at Cootie's Bluff, and assumed the art of inelegant conversation. He called the engines "coal-destroyin' scrap heaps," the road, "two streaks uh rust," the timetable "a delay sheet." Its officials were "pinheads," its engineers were "overpaid sapsuckers."

It Was Big Jim Who Broke the Spell

Connie, on the other hand, born of a different life, handsome, brown-eyed, curly-haired, six feet two in his socks, became a man of many parts. With Spike, he could growl and scoff and grumble; in the drawing-room, where he soon came to be invited on occasion, Connie Turner gradually became a man of refinement.

Yet, despite their rapidly diverging lines of character, Connie and Spike remained the same cronies who had come out of the hills, and together they became known to every rail of the division.

Blaney watched their progress with jealous eye. He never praised the good they did, never failed to condemn them for their blunders. The reason for some of this antipathy grew apparent to Connie as he became better acquainted with the situation in Gates. Leona had once been engaged to Blaney, but had broken off the engagement and now seemed friendly to Connie.

Several times during the first year Leona invited Connie out to the Stillwater apartment for dinner. On one of these visits she said:

"By the way, Mr. Turner, have you ever given any thought to the matter

of getting out of the rut of train service?"

The suddenness of this query confused Connie for a moment.

"Out of the rut of train service?" he echoed in a puzzled tone.

"Yes," she continued hastily. "You know what I mean. You go braking on freight. After so many months you are called up for conductor's examination. If you pass, you go on the conductor's emergency board, then on the conductor's extra board. From there you get a turn in freight pool, and by and by, if you live long enough, you wear brass buttons and punch tickets on a passenger train. That's what I mean by the rut."

He looked at her keenly while she was talking. When she had finished she sat staring into the grate, a flush mounting to her cheek.

"I've always expected to get out of it, Miss Stillwater," Connie returned seriously. "In fact, when I went railroading I had no idea there was a rut to get into. I thought maybe—" He hesitated whether to confess his early ambitions to this woman who seemed interested in his advancement. At last he said thoughtfully, "I don't know whether I'm getting out of a rut this way or getting over into another one. But you know, my buddy and I have rigged up a telegraph set in our room and are learning to telegraph. We've decided we want to learn all there is to know about this job."

She brightened, spoke enthusiastically.

"That's a good start, Connie. A good start. I believe it was Lincoln who said, 'I will study and prepare myself, and some day my opportunity will come.'"

Connie smiled. He did not tell her that this very quotation hung above his desk in the attic room down on Fourth Street.

CHAPTER VII

After the holdup at Cowskin, which had cost the company a hundred thousand and had come so near ending the career of Big Jim, matters quieted down.

The robbers dropped out of sight as completely as if the earth had opened and swallowed them. They were hunted from Canada to Mexico and back again. Railroad bulls and government agents scoured the Ozark Hills, searching every known and discoverable cavern within ten miles of the Bluff without finding a hole that even looked as if it might lead to the robbers' den into which the superintendent had been taken.

A month after the robbery two bulls went into the hills and never came back. Three months later, a government man, stationed in the Bluff country, disappeared. Whether they were lost on an exploring expedition or whether following clews they met with foul play, no one ever knew. After that the search was abandoned.

For almost two years, while Big Jim Stillwater fought Blaney in trying to keep a few efficient railroaders on the division, the K., G. & O. was unmolested by Cootie's Bluff.

Then came an epidemic of petty thieving. Seal snatched off a car of merchandise, few pairs of shoes or suits of underwear or bolts of dry goods taken.

At first the epidemic was attributed to hoboes, and the men were instructed to kick off every man they caught riding a freight. But as the depredations increased so as to menace the profits of the system, and as seal-breaking was

traced rather definitely to the Cootie's Bluff region, Stillwater, deciding that once more the old Wolf Creek Gang was working with a new head, called on the management for an increased force of special agents.

Meanwhile, J. Clarence Blaney made some noticeable improvements on his farms near the Bluff and Blaney's Spur. He painted tenant houses; he built tenant barns; he graded roads and built fences.

But the two most noticeable pieces of work he did were the construction of an immense barn and a pair of twin concrete silos on the home farm, which lay along the five miles of pavement. In this barn he put all the latest improvements—running water, electric lights, platform wagon scales, hay rigging.

He did one thing which his neighbors could not understand. Instead of erecting the twin silos adjoining the barn he placed them more than a hundred feet away from it. Didn't want them adjoining in case of fire, he told folks.

When he commenced making these improvements, and especially after he had put up a new house and run a strip of pavement from the highway past the front door, on through the barn, and out past the entrance to the silos, some folks began to reckon Blaney would soon return to the farm his father had left him.

Big Jim and some of his friends figured the day couldn't come any too soon for their good. But as yet there was no other sign of his intention to leave the railroad.

In the autumn of the year following the renewed activity of Cootie's Bluff, and the building of the highway, the office put on several new cars during the rush.

Both Connie and Spike had sufficient seniority to have signed for regular rear end runs; but Spike, who stood next below Connie on the seniority list, reckoned that if he and his buddy could get on the same car he would prefer a head end job there rather than a rear end with another crew.

Looking over the notices of the cars to be put on, they decided that their best chance to get together would be to bid in the job with "Pig-iron" Carson.

Pig-iron was a hard-boiled old rascal. Rumor said he had been fired off the Santa Fe for knocking down fares; and it was even whispered that was why J. Clarence Blaney had hired him on the K., G. & O.

That might have been all talk. At any rate, Carson was a stickler for rules. He insisted that every man on his crew should hit the ground running when there was anything to do. Now Blaney's men, especially those employed during the last four years, were not the type to like that sort of captain; and, as a consequence, they didn't particularly want to take a job with Pig-iron Carson.

Connie and Spike kept still until the day before the bids closed. Then, learning that no older man had signed for the run, they put in their bids and got on together. Thus Lady Luck smiled upon the two boys.

Naturally they were well pleased with their good fortune. This was the first opportunity to work together, except for occasional runs off the extra board, since their last day sawing cordwood in the Cootie's Bluff country. And they immediately began planning to enjoy life for the months during which they would be braking partners.

The caboose they drew was just out

of the shop, all dolled up in new paint, red without, green within, newly equipped from possum belly to cupola. Before the end of their first trip they determined that, with Carson's consent, they would put in an oil stove, bring out some bedding, and make the eight-by-forty way car not only an office but at kitchen, dining room, parlor and bedroom as well.

When they mentioned it to the conductor, his scarred face lighted with interest and anticipation.

"Sure," he told them. "Go right ahead with your rat-killin'. I'll pitch in an' help if you want to take the old man in with yuh. I know where I can get a nice square board for a table. I'll buy some scrim with green in it for curtains. We can empty that big locker for a cupboard for eats and dishes. Then we can eat what we please, when we please, and where we please—provided, of course, we've got a cook on the crew."

"Cook?" drawled Spike, indicating Connie. "I'll tell the world we got a cook. Why, that boy— Oh, well, jist wait till we git that stove in."

"I used to cook a bit at home," Turner explained modestly.

And, true to Spike's recommendation, while they lay in sidings waiting for opposing trains or dragged up the long grades with the slack all out, Connie prepared meals such as would have done credit to the best aproned chefs on the flying kitchens of the K., G. & O.

By the end of a month the two boys and Pig-iron had become regular pals, making up a three-horse team which put stuff over the road at a rate attained by few crews on the division. Connie would cook the meal and eat with the conductor, then he would slip over to the head end and ride the engine while Spike dropped back to the caboose for a while.

CHAPTER VIII

One night along in September, called out on a northbound drag, they had taken siding at Logan for two passenger trains and the merchandise run from Kansas City. They would be stuck here for probably an hour.

Connie had bought a chicken that afternoon in one of the towns down the line and had it dressed and ready to serve up fried chicken with gravy, mashed potatoes and fresh tomatoes for the mid-division lunch. According to pre-arrangement, Spike dropped off the engine heading in at Logan, watched the train run by him, and, after closing the switch, caught the caboose to eat his lunch.

As the drag cleared from the south, the merchandise run pulled in on the other passing track to wait for Number Six. While Spike was washing, Carson walked to the rear platform and looked out.

"Whose crew is this on Thirty-one to-night, boys?" he queried.

"I dunno," growled Spike. "It ought to be Bud Carner, I reckon. We met Gallager pullin' into Gates."

"They say Red Star's took that rear end with Carner," commented Connie.

"Yeah. Them two birds ought to be together," snapped Carson. "Save spoilin' two crews with 'em."

A few minutes after they had sat down at the table to raid the plate of fried chicken there came a knock on the door.

"Come in!" yelled Pig-iron, without getting out of his homemade chair.

Red Star opened the door, strode into the caboose and stopped short. He seemed greatly excited. His hands were

shaking. His pink face was pale. His beady eyes were filled with something akin to fear. His voice quivered as he tried to speak in an even tone.

"Seems like I've interrupted a feast," he stammered, nervously.

"Fetch up an' have a bite, Red," urged Spike hospitably, arising and offering his seat to the visitor. Spike never knew an enmity

"No, thanks, gents. We had a little snack up at Grove Springs."

Red, recovering his composure quickly, stood with his hands in his pockets, casting jealous eyes over the pleasant caboose. As he took in the scrim curtains at the windows, the new seat cushions, the pictures on the walls, the homemade file where reports and stationery were arranged as in the best kept office, his face took on an ugly sneer.

He removed the cigarette stub from between his teeth and, tossing it on the neatly scrubbed floor, deliberately crushed it with his heel. Connie, watching the movement, opened his mouth to speak, then closed it, but his face flushed to the roots of his brown hair.

"Be Careful, Turner," Warned Red Star Ominously

Red watched him for a moment, then brought his eyes back to the table from which a delicious lunch was rapidly disappearing

"I see you birds been visitin' somebody's chicken roost," he laughed insolently

"Yeah?" Spike stopped chewing and looked at the newcomer, trying to

decide whether he were speaking in jest or earnest.

"Pretty soft, I'd say," continued Red. "Fellow cookin' on the crummy can live on next to nothing these days. Potatoes out of the field, chickens off somebody's unlocked roost—"

"We buy our stuff, thank you, Red," snapped Connie shortly.

"Sure." Red winked at Spike. "We all buy it, yuh know. I even bought these—"

Red dropped his beady eyes to the expensive pair of kid shoes which adorned his unshapely feet. A flush mounted to his cynical face. Connie, instantly aroused, arose from the table and strode toward him, eyes flashing, fists clenching and opening.

"I told you we bought this stuff, Red," he said angrily. "You don't seem to believe it. I'm going to tell you that this crew is a crew of railroaders, not a gang of thieves."

Red winced and paled.

"Ah, hell, fella! I was only kiddin'. Can't you take a joke?"

"Yes, we can take a joke. But I'll be damned if we're going to be insulted by any offspring of old Green Star in our own caboose."

"Be careful, Turner," warned Red ominously. "You know the pedigree of the Stars. There's more'n one fool under the sod with his toes to the sky that we put thar."

"Yes," broke in Spike. "But I never heard yet of your puttin' one of 'em *thar* except when he was asleep."

Spike laughed mirthlessly. Red glanced hastily behind him. The door was closed. He tucked his right hand into the armhole of his unbuttoned vest, fingers pointed straight toward the bulge under his left armpit, and stood looking from one to the other of the three men

Connie stopped squarely in front of him, bareheaded, shirt sleeves rolled to the elbows, weird lightning flashing from his brown eyes.

"Aw, let the damn fool alone, Connie," Spike crooned from close behind. "Come on back an' eat your supper. He done said he was only jokin'."

Connie stood like a mastiff ready to spring. Number Six whistled for Logan. Red Star fumbled in a vest pocket with a thumb and forefinger of his left hand, pulled out a cigarette, shoved it into his mouth and lighted it without removing the right, which still remained hung in the armhole of the vest.

Old Pig-iron watched until the northbound express was almost upon them, then darted to the platform to check engine number and signals. Soon with a thunder and roar the express was gone. The engineer of the merchandise train was sounding his signal for Red to open the switch.

The brakeman backed slowly toward the door which Pig-iron had left open. Neither Connie nor Spike moved. In the door he paused to speak.

"I'll be seein' you again," he warned Spike. "I've got to shut the switch for Thirty-one, now."

"You'll find me on this 508 caboose, Red. I'm livin' here now, an' always at home."

Red swung down to the ground and strode toward the moving engine. The caboose rocked on its springs. Connie returned to his seat and picked up his half-finished cup of coffee.

"You want to watch that bird, Connie," warned the conductor. "He's a dangerous hombre, unless I miss my guess."

"He's a copperhead, fella. When he gits ready to shoot pizen at yuh he

ain't goin' to rattle no warnin'," growled Spike. "Notice where he had that hand?"

"Yes, I noticed. I could have smashed his sneering mug into a jelly before he could have reached his gat, though."

"You just think you could, Connie," said the conductor. "You better keep your eye peeled when you're around him. He'll get you when you're asleep just like—"

"Just like Old Green, the devil who killed my dad?"

The three men fell silent for awhile. Spike chewed the neck of the chicken until only the bone was left. Pig-iron drank his coffee and called for more. The merchandise train clacked out of the switch. The flagman closed the gate and turned his markers from green to red.

"I don't see what Stillwater means by keepin' an outfit of men like this Red Star an' a bunch of these fellows he has here. Half the brakemen on this job ain't worth the powder an' lead it would take to blow their brains out. I never saw as worthless a set of brakemen on the job in my life as there is right here on this K., G. & O. It looks to me like Stillwater—"

"Mr. Stillwater ain't to blame, Mr. Carson," defended Connie. "You know Blaney hires the men—"

"Yes, I know Blaney's supposed to hire the men. But Stillwater could sure's hell fire any of 'em he got ready to. He—"

"I'm not so sure of that, Mr. Carson," argued Connie shrewdly. "I've been watching ever since I've been on the job, and it looks to me like Mr. Stillwater's getting a lot of stuff shoved down his neck. From the best I can figure you, Blaney's being backed from higher up."

"Blaney's out to take Stillwater's job any time he can git it," replied the conductor. "We all know that. But I reckon that's their fight, not ours. We got our own troubles. An' right now they're plenty."

Carson stuffed black tobacco into the bowl of his cob pipe.

"Give me a match, Spike," he said, shoving a three-fingered hand across the table.

Spike handed the conductor his match and looked at his watch.

"I've got to beat it over to the smoky end to open that switch, fellows," he said. "Seven's due here in nine minutes."

"Aw, sit down, Spike," drawled the old man. "We'll back out tonight. I got to talk to you two fellows a few minutes." He took four or five puffs at his pipe, blew a cloud of smoke into the air. "I don't know whether you have noticed it or not, but there's been a hell of a lot of stealin' goin' on on this division for the last four or five months. Box car robbing, I mean."

Old Pig-iron glanced appraisingly from one to the other of his brakemen. Connie was slowly revolving his empty cup, watching the figures formed by the grounds. Spike arched his brows and looked at Carson.

"We're neither blind nor deef, Mr. Carson," he growled.

"Well, then, son, if you've been usin' your eyes an' ears, maybe you've caught the same idea I have. We all know, of course, that a lot of this pilfering an' robbing is done by hoboes an' petty thieves an' organized gangs. Stuff will disappear out of box cars as long as it's shipped in 'em. But I've got a notion that there's fellows mixed in this job of stealin' up to their eyes that ought to be helpin' stop it. What yuh say, boys?"

Connie still studied the inside of the cup. It was Spike who replied, slowly, deliberately.

"I dunno, Mr. Carson. As you said awhile ago, we got our troubles. Mine's packin' hot boxes, an' chasin' up weak lungs, an' headin' freight hogs in an' out passin' track switches. This company's got a gang uh bulls paid to do the thief catchin'."

"Yeah?" Carson sat watching the two brakemen while he took a dozen puffs at the pipe. Away in the north Number Seven whistled. Spike picked up the lantern and stripped the carbon off the wick. Connie began stacking the granite plates. Finally the conductor spoke again.

"You may be right, boys. That's exactly what most of the fellows seem to think. But I'm tellin' you it's about time the honest men on this job showed their hands. All this summer there's been scarcely a shipment of freight gone south but that has been pilfered."

"They don't think we're mixed up in it, do they?" inquired Connie.

"They don't know who's mixed up in it, Connie. They think everybody is. A lot of it is done around the Bluff. And here's somethin' else for you boys to put in your pipe an' smoke. Last trip down on Thirty-one we had six seals broken on merchandise—"

"Six seals on merchandise!" exclaimed Connie.

Spike stopped with his hand on the caboose door and faced his partner and the conductor. Carson spoke again, rapidly, earnestly.

"That's why I'm talkin' to you boys to-night. This ain't the first time. I get a chewin' about broken seals every time I have merchandise. Now, from here on, I want you fellows should keep a lookout, specially around Cootie's Bluff. We've got to locate these thieves an' stop this seal breakin' on our trains, or the first thing we know this crew's goin' to be under close suspicion, if it ain't already."

Number Seven whistled for the milepost. Spike closed the caboose door and walked away to the switch. In silence Connie commenced washing the dishes for Carson to dry and put in the locker.

After Seven was gone, the engineer started shoving the drag back out on the main line. When the train had moved perhaps half its length Connie and Carson felt the air set with such force as to almost stand both of them on their heads in the opposite end of the caboose.

Carson came out raving. He cursed all hogheads in general, and this one in particular. The whistle called out a flag, then immediately sounded its call for the conductor to come over.

"I suppose that blank and double blank put 'em all over the ground up there," bawled the conductor. "Connie, you grab your red un an' go back flaggin'. Spike an' me'll go on over an' see what's wrong."

Connie, with lanterns and fusees, struck out up the track. Spike and Carson hurried forward. As they approached the engine they saw both engineer and fireman moving about something which was scattered over the track fifty yards ahead.

"Now what do you suppose they've found this time?" panted Carson.

"Aw, no tellin'. Dead polecat, maybe," replied his brakeman.

Quickening their steps to a run, the two trainmen soon passed the engine and came alongside the engineer and fireman.

"What sort of a curiosity—" began the old man.

But he stopped without completing

the sentence. The gruesome spectacle which met his eyes was one to freeze the blood of even a hard-boiled rail

There, in the track, the head severed squarely from the body, one arm and one leg cut off by the wheels, blood and bone and bits of clothing scattered for a distance of thirty feet, was the remains of what had once been a man.

"Bum?" questioned the conductor.

"I dunno," returned the engineer.

The four men examined as much of the body as they could find. Spike saw a bit of metal and stooped to pick it up.

"This ain't no bum!" he exclaimed.

Carson and the engineer hurried to him. The metal was a crushed and mangled star—an officer's star.

"That's funny," mumbled Carson as he turned it over in his hand. "This fellow's one uh the bulls. I can't figure what one uh them would be ridin' this train of empties and lumber for. It looks—"

The conductor stooped to examine the bloody head, and when he straightened up his face wore a look more puzzled than before.

"This bird's been shot, fellows," he said hoarsely. *"Shot right square between the eyes!"*

TO BE CONTINUED

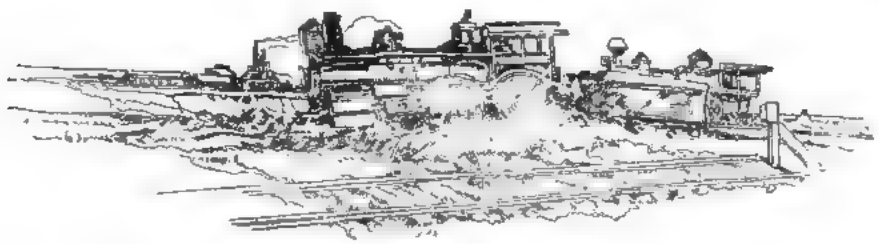
NOTORIOUS TRAIN BANDIT DIES INSANE

DEATH has just closed the criminal career of Oliver Curtis Perry, nationally known train robber Perry's exploits were mentioned in the October issue of RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE under the title "Vengeance Rides the Rails." He died September 10 (a few days before that issue came off the press) in a State hospital for the criminally insane at Dannemora, New York. The bandit passed away without giving any clew to his surviving relatives, if any, so he was buried in the prison cemetery He was sixty-four years old and had been in the hospital since 1903, serving a forty-nine-year term

Formerly a trainman on the New York Central, Perry was the last of the colorful characters who inspired the dime novels of a quarter-century ago with vivid adventures of "Dead Eye Dick." He was sentenced to Dannemora from Syracuse after being convicted of one of two train holdups in the central part of New York State While in solitary confinement Perry tried various subterfuges to gain freedom It is said he blinded himself with needles and tortured himself in many ways, hoping to be released Shortly after imprisonment he became violently insane

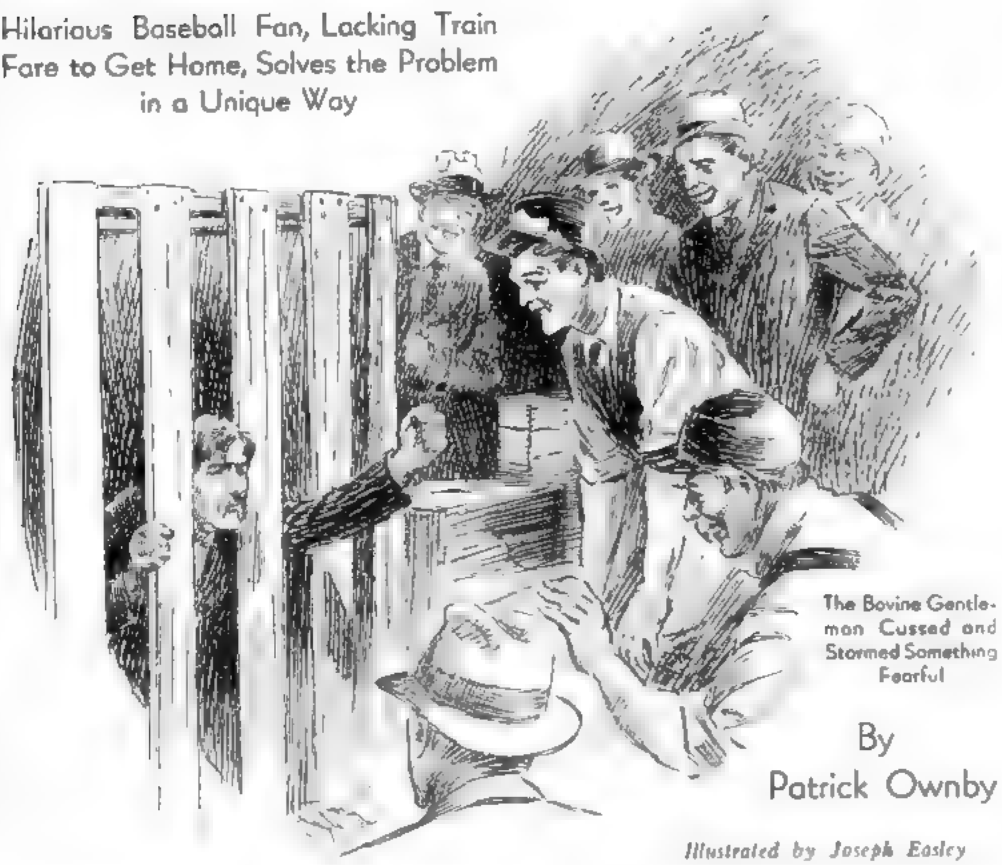
Perry gained wide notoriety through two bold train robberies in 1891 and 1892 He escaped after the first one, lived for half a year in luxury, but was captured after the second adventure and passed the rest of his days in prison

In 1891 Perry was employed on the N Y. C. His ambition was to make enough money for the purchase of a home on the West Coast Realizing he never could save enough from the $2 a day which he earned, he planned to rob the money car of a train, and carried out the plan in September, 1891, while officially on a vacation



The "Bullman" Car

Hilarious Baseball Fan, Lacking Train Fare to Get Home, Solves the Problem in a Unique Way



The Bovine Gentleman Cussed and Stormed Something Fearful

By Patrick Ownby

Illustrated by Joseph Easley

THIS one is too good to keep. Because of the events I am about to relate, I was obliged to leave home and become a boomer, but I nearly died laughing, so it was well worth the price.

Back in '89 I was a transfer clerk for the Southern Express Company on the owl trick at Union City, Tennessee. Union City was a deadly rival of the neighboring burg of Jackson. A series of three baseball games was arranged between the two towns. Our home team imported Hawley, a famous St. Louis pitcher, and cleaned up the first two games on the local soil, then journeyed to Jackson for the third.

Elwood Bivens, one of Union City's most hilarious boosters, made a killing on the first two contests, but in Jackson the following day he lost everything except his reputation and a few stray dimes.

Bivens celebrated the usual way—Volstead was unknown in "them" days—and careened down the streets of Jackson like a sailor on shore leave.

Passing the Southern Express office, he spied an empty crate in which some poor steer had made its first and last railroad journey.

"A brilliant idea!" Bivens exclaimed. "Why can't I travel back home by a bull special instead of a side-door Pullman?"

Thereupon he set to work convincing the express agent, which was not difficult, as most Southern Express men have a lively sense of humor. The proper blanks were filled out. Bivens paid the charges and crawled into the crate. Then the crate was nailed shut and billed out.

When Train No. 4 reached Union City that night, a boisterous crowd of fans unloaded and quickly surrounded the express car. At first I couldn't imagine what in thunder had happened, but when I entered the car and saw one of my fellow citizens blissfully asleep in his pen, I laughed until I got a kink in my back and the tears rolled down my cheeks.

Then a porter loaded Bivens, crate and all, onto a truck and rolled him into my office. After checking the run, I invited my friends to see what the train had brought in.

Well, there was more guffawing over that than you could hear at a dozen minstrel shows. Bivens snored on peacefully, unaware what a celebrity he had suddenly become. Finally, about 4 A.M., he "came to," raised up and, with a wild look in his eyes, demanded:

"What the devil's the matter with you clowns? Gimme a drink an' let these bars down, so I can get the hell out o' here."

I believe to this day Mr. Elwood Bivens thought he had gone to bed with his horse down on the farm. However, I refused to let him out, whereupon the bovine gentleman cussed and stormed something fearful. He swore he was disgraced and would shoot me at sight, soon as he gained his liberty.

You see, I was determined Bivens shouldn't be released until my father, who happened to be his lawyer, could get a peek at him behind the wooden bars, for I felt sure this would develop into a big legal case.

By the time dad arrived on the scene at least a hundred persons had assembled to view Mr. Bivens in his private "bullman." Our newspaper boys couldn't resist the scoop, with the result that Bivens crowded some really important news off front pages all over the State.

Finally he was freed by the day man at the express office, but not until I had left the paternal nest and was hitting the trail for parts unknown.

A HINDU'S IDEA OF A ROUNDHOUSE PHONE

SOHAN, one of the native engine-wipers on the East India Railway in the roundhouse at Jubalpur, was explaining to the fire-builder his understanding of the inner working of the phone "When any one speaks into the little box on the wall in the office of the foreman-*sahib*," said he, "there is a small devil who makes his home in there and, after the manner of all house hold devils, listens to what is said Running with great speed, he carries the message to the pump-house and there, striking a small bell with great fury, attracts the attention of Nabhi Bux, the pumper, to whom he tells the words which he has heard"

This seemed a perfectly reasonable explanation to the fire-builder and a number of coolies who were standing near — *B J Treanor*

JUST A FEW

FREDERICK D UNDERWOOD, RETIRED PRESIDENT OF THE ERIE, WAS A BRAKEMAN ON THE C.M. & ST.P. IN WISCONSIN IN THE EARLY EIGHTIES.

ILLUSTRATED ADVERTISEMENT

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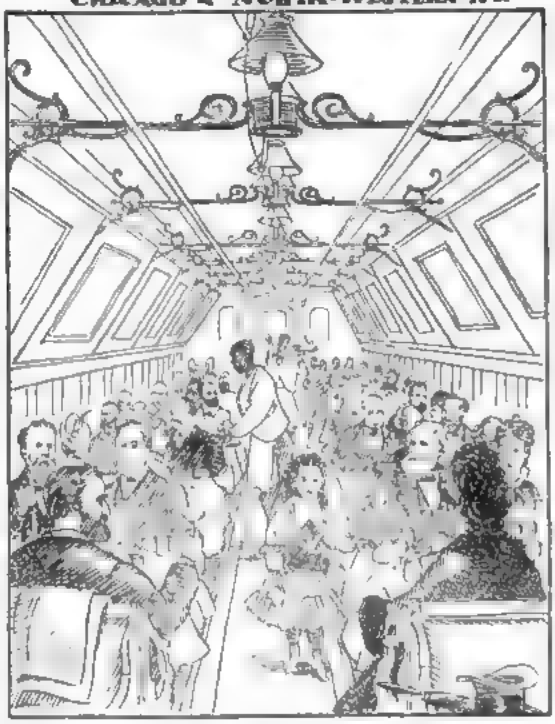
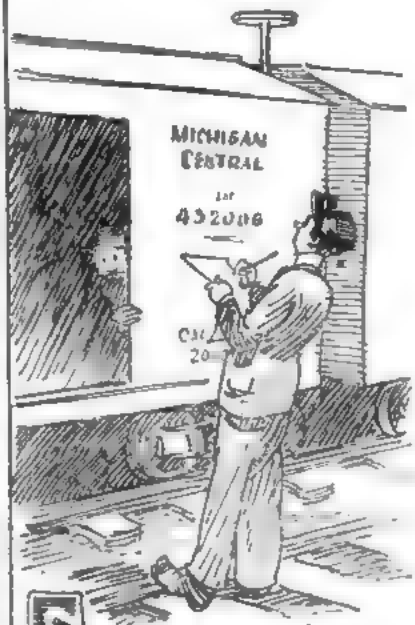


–BETWEEN CHICAGO AND OMAHA–

NO OTHER ROAD RUNS PULLMAN HOTEL DINING CARS BETWEEN CHICAGO AND THE MISSOURI RIVER.



SENATOR JAMES COUZENS, OF MICHIGAN, WAS CHECKING CARS IN THE RAILROAD YARDS OF DETROIT FORTY YEARS AGO.

YEARS BACK

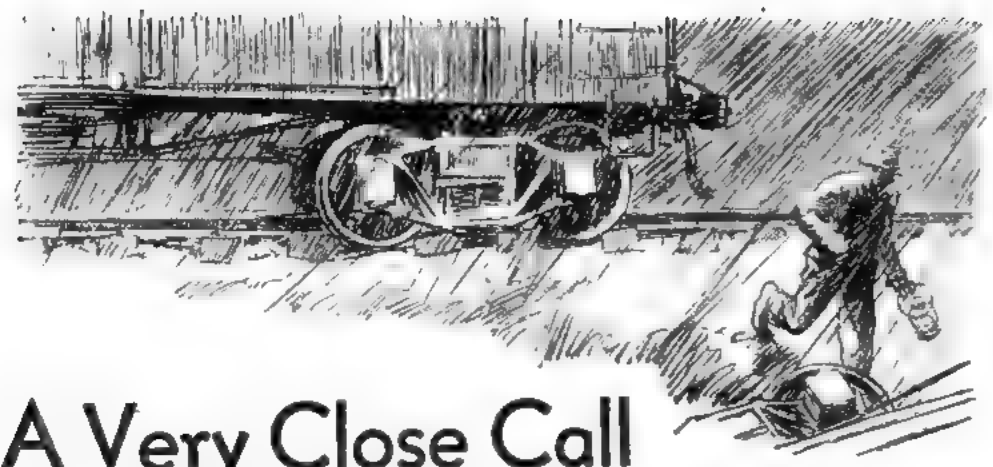
HARRY E. BYRAM OF THE C.M.&ST.P. WAS BROADCASTING THE TRAINS FORTY-NINE YEARS AGO FOR THE C.B.&Q IN GALESBURG, ILL.

TWENTY-NINE YEARS AGO HENRY A. SCANDRETT, PRESIDENT OF THE CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE, ST. PAUL AND PACIFIC RR. WAS CLAIM ADJUSTER FOR THE U.P. RR. AT THE AGE OF 25.

PRESIDENT PAUL SHOUP STARTED WORKING FOR THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC IN 1891, WHEN HE WAS SEVENTEEN, IN A BRANCH OFFICE IN SAN BERNARDINO, CAL. AS TICKET SELLER, CASHIER, TELEGRAPH OPERATOR, BAGGAGE SMASHER AND JANITOR.

LEWIS W. BALDWIN, PRESIDENT OF THE MISSOURI PACIFIC, WAS INOCULATED WITH THE RAILROAD GERM ABOUT 50 YEARS AGO ON FARM NEAR WATERBURY, MD.

DANIEL WILLARD WAS AN ENGINEER AT TWENTY ON THE VERMONT CENTRAL — THAT WAS FORTY-NINE YEARS AGO.



A Very Close Call

Death Traveled Side-Door Pullman on the "Pee Gee" Road Down Louisiana Way

By C. H. Fowler

Illustrated by Joseph Easley

IN the fall of 1898, Tom Doerr and I found Arkansas too cold, so we headed South for the winter. After some meandering we landed in Pickering, Louisiana, which contained a big sawmill where they were hiring men. Neither of us had done any sawmill work, but as we were "broke," and the foreman was willing to give us jobs, we decided we had better stick around awhile and accumulate a few pennies before continuing our journey.

The first day's work, handling green pine lumber ruined our clothes—we were traveling light and had only what was on our backs. The result was that we were stuck in Pickering from the first of December, '98, until the latter part of February, '99, before we accumulated the aforesaid pennies and new clothes. The wages were $1.50 per day, no Sunday work. Fifty cents per day came out for board and room. One night, after supper, I remarked to Tom that it would soon be spring in Arkansas and strawberries would be ripe. The wanderlust struck us simultaneously; we wanted to see Arkansas again. We each had a new suit, hat and shoes, and figured we could get away the next day with about $20 between us after paying our board. This was a pretty good stake, as we had no intention of paying railroad fare. So we quit the job and started out.

At this time the "Pee Gee" (now known as the Kansas City Southern), was new, wrecks were frequent and trains infrequent. We walked to Hornbeck, a division point about twelve miles north, where we arrived about 3.00 P.M., well soaked, as it had been raining for days.

After drying ourselves and getting a good feed, we went to the yard to investigate the prospects of getting a

It Was Not an Easy Task, but They Finally Got Us Out

train out. Tom and I had been call boys at Van Buren, and had a wide acquaintance among boomers, especially brakemen and switchmen, so it was not surprising to find the first person we approached was a brakeman known to Tom. We asked him:

"What are chances for a ride up North?"

"O.K," he replied, "but you'll have to ride a box car. The conductor won't carry any one in the caboose"

This was all right with us; the caboose was a remodeled box car anyway.

About nine o'clock next morning we showed up, and the brakeman said the only car open in the train was one next to the caboose, so we got into it. This proved to be a 28-foot car, about half full of 3x12 decking, 12 feet and 14 feet long. The 12-foot lengths were in one end and the 14-foot lengths in the other, leaving an open space between the doors two feet wide. It was occupied also by six more "knights of the road" bound North.

We made ourselves as comfortable as possible with newspaper bed-clothes There was some delay leaving the yard, and as I was tired, I went to sleep.

Awakened suddenly by men shouting and the car bumping over ties, I tried to get to the door, which had been opened, but time was too short

I barely succeeded in reaching an open space and was on my feet facing

the door, when the car tipped over on its side. I said to myself, "Here is the last of me," fully expecting to be crushed to death.

The car slid down to the foot of the fill, which at this place was about ten feet high, and I went with it head downward, lying with my face to the ground in the open door.

The ground was very soft from the rain, and I happened to land in a little gully. As the car settled, I partially managed to straighten my legs; my left arm was doubled under me, and I had my right hand over my face.

The lumber had shifted, and I was squeezed; I could barely move my right hand, which I used to keep the muddy water from my nose and mouth, otherwise I would have smothered.

Meanwhile there was shouting and cursing inside the car and out. My partner, Tom, was pinned across my shoulders. Another body was wedged across my hips, and I heard an ominous gurgling and choking which stopped abruptly.

As Tom was able to curse, I knew he was alive. Finally he quieted enough to tell how badly he was hurt. His right hand was pinned by one plank, another was wedged in the groin, and a third was pressed down edgeways across his nose, so that every move he or I made caused him agony. The rest of the men in the car were caught in one way or another, and all were injured or dead. That is, all but me

The caboose also had turned over, and the stove had set fire to it, but the blaze was quickly extinguished, much to our relief.

Two of the men had jumped as soon as the car left the rails, and they, with the train crew, finally got the other door open and commenced taking out the lumber, while we were imploring them to hurry. It was not an easy task, but they got us out after four hours of hard work. I was the last to leave, and did not have a scratch nor a broken bone, but was so stiff I had to be lifted out.

The man across my hips was dead. The other men in the car were all injured so seriously they had to be sent to a hospital. Incidentally, my new clothes were ruined.

This accident happened about three miles south of Zwolle, Louisiana, the latter part of February, 1899. Probably some of the old-timers working out of Shreveport can recall it.

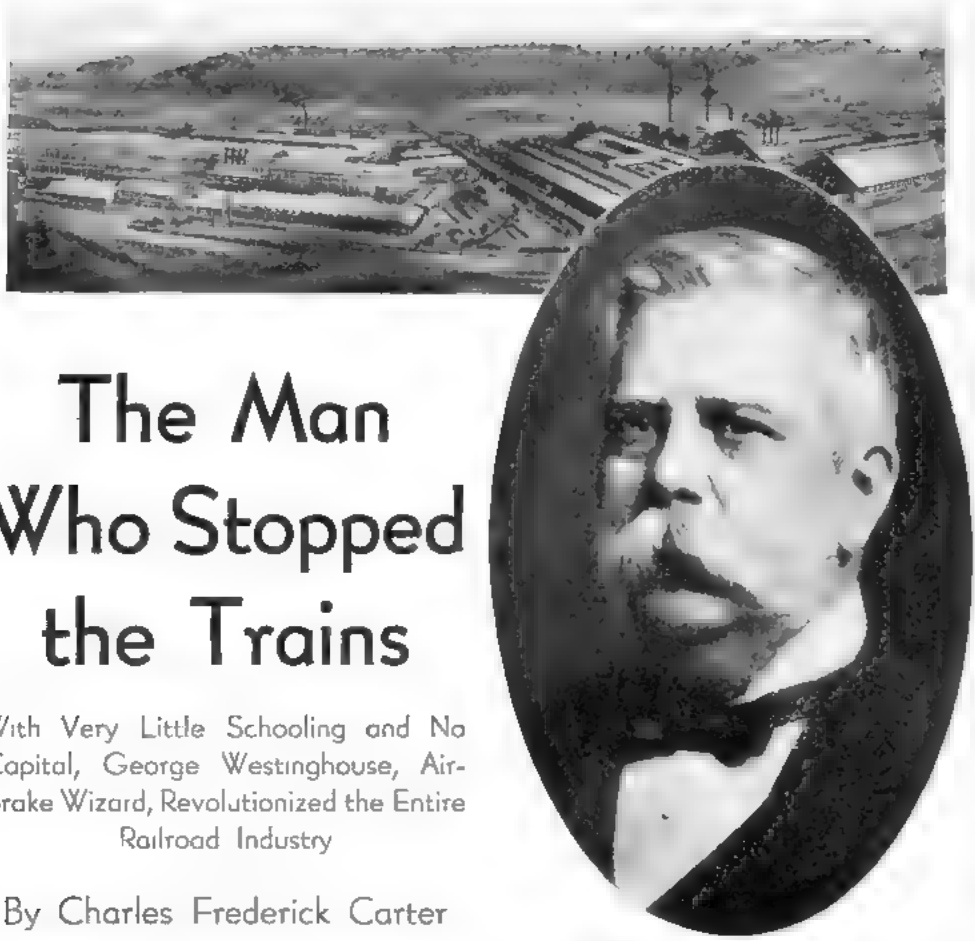
Several years afterward, I was running a locomotive out of Monclova, Mexico. In George Freeman's cantina, one evening, a crowd of rails were congregated, some playing dominoes and cards, others talking. Coming from a group of three at one of the tables, I heard a voice that seemed familiar, but I could not place it, nor could I recognize the face.

The fellow was quite a windjammer, and was telling of the occurrence I have just related. He said he had been one of the train crew at the time.

Then I recognized the voice as that of a man who had been pinned in the car and whose moaning, cursing and yelling had added to our discomfort. He had been merely one of the "knights of the road," just as I had been, on that memorable occasion.

As soon as the braggart had finished his version of the story, I openly denied that he had been a member of the crew, and I told the assembled rails what had actually happened.

The effect was like suddenly puncturing a toy balloon. One squawk, then a large amount of silence.



The Man Who Stopped the Trains

With Very Little Schooling and No Capital, George Westinghouse, Air-Brake Wizard, Revolutionized the Entire Railroad Industry

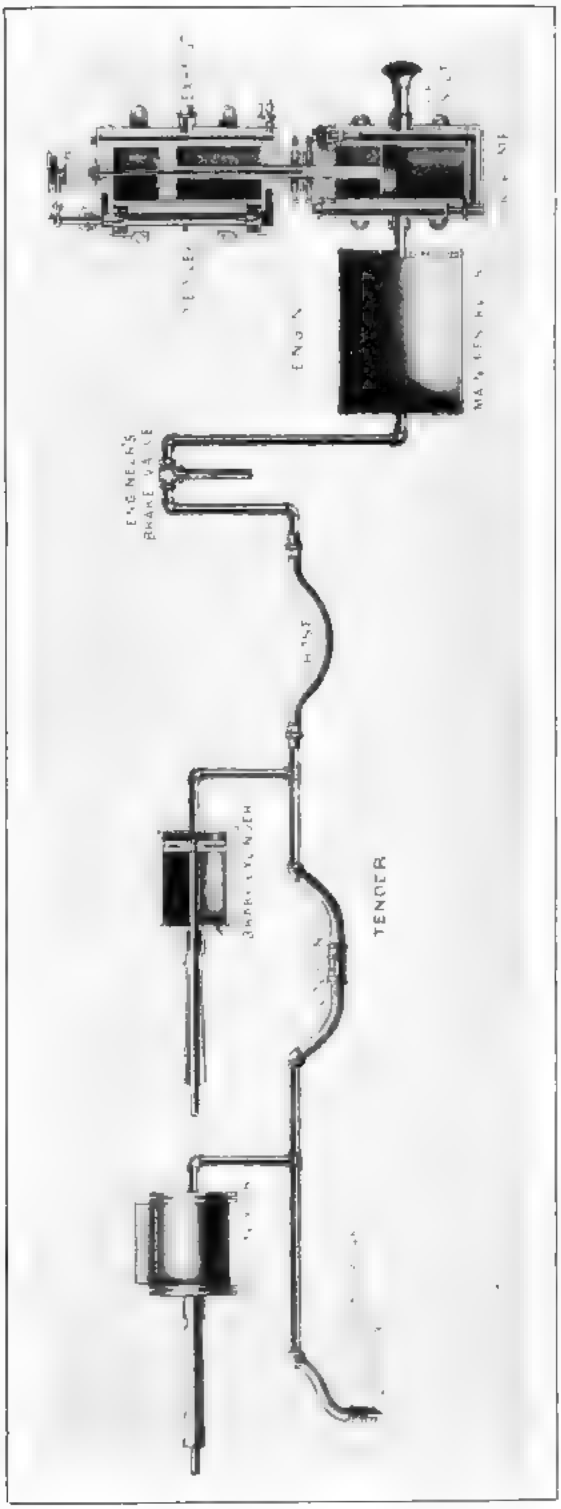
By Charles Frederick Carter

George Westinghouse, and a Bird's-eye View of the Westinghouse Air Brake Plant at Wilmerding, Pa

THE Mohawk & Hudson was the first railroad in New York State, and its western terminus was Schenectady. Important as that was, Schenectady gave us a still greater contribution to railroad evolution in the person of George Westinghouse, the industrial wizard who invented the air brake.

Few modern inventions have done more for civilization than the Westinghouse air brake. Without the air brake to control their speed, the heavy, fast freight and passenger trains of today could not be operated. Without such trains the United States could never have risen to its present leadership in industry, commerce, science and standards of living.

The Westinghouse brake under a single car is more powerful than the locomotive that hauls the car! If you doubt it, examine the records of a dynamometer car attached to a locomotive with its own brakes. It takes an engine from *five to ten minutes* and a distance of *four to seven miles* to attain a speed, with its train, of sixty miles an hour. The air brakes stop the train in *twenty seconds* and a distance of *less than a thousand feet!*



The Westinghouse System Non-Automatic Air Brake, Commonly Known as the "Straight Air" Brake (1869)

To cite exact figures, during the Absecon brake trials in 1913, a locomotive and train weighing together 559 tons attained a speed of sixty miles an hour on a level track in 5 minutes, 47 seconds, and a distance of 18,500 feet. The air brakes overcame the energy of 63,250 foot-tons stored in the train by this weight and speed and brought it to a stop in 187 seconds and a distance of 954 feet

If no brakes had been used, it would have required a distance of nearly five miles to come to rest!

Experiments on the Illinois Central showed that a passenger train stop from a speed of sixty miles an hour without brakes would require about fourteen minutes and a distance of 34,825 feet, as compared with 20 seconds and a distance of 1,000 feet for a train equipped with modern brakes.

Basing headway upon time required to run six times the stop distance, trains with modern brakes could be operated at intervals of one minute, eight seconds, as compared with 34 minutes for trains without brakes.

But in order to operate the two systems with equal safety, it would be necessary to run the brakeless train at a speed from which it could stop in the same distance as the train with-

out brakes, or *nine miles an hour.*

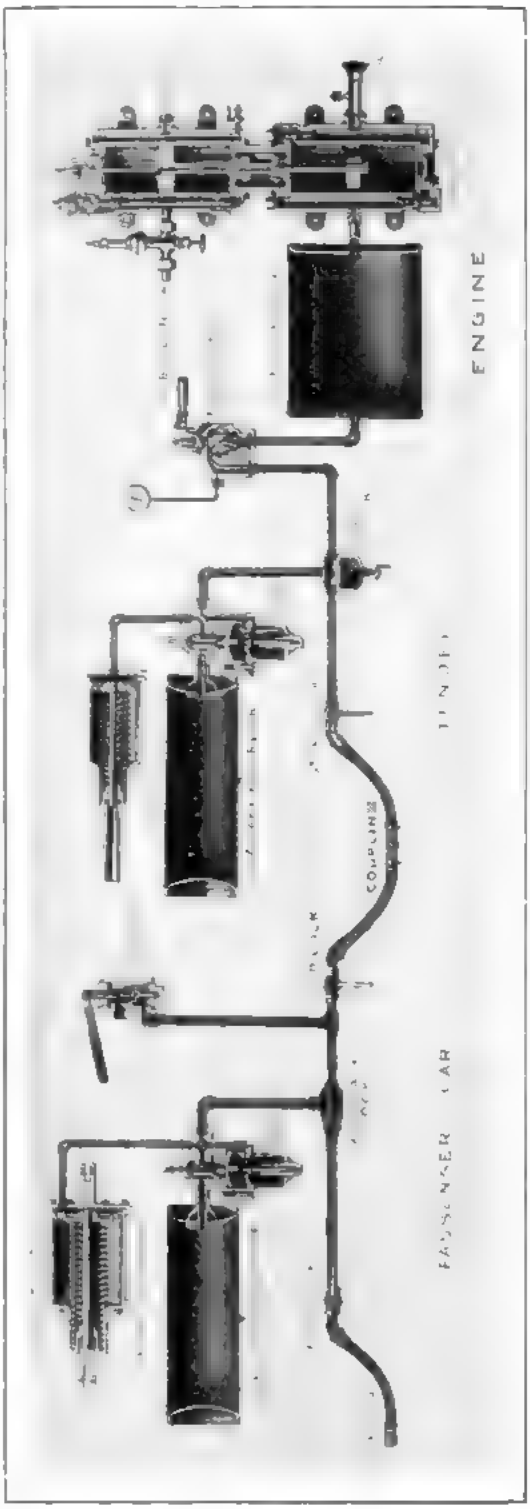
That would be about *five and a half days* between New York and Chicago, *instead of twenty hours* in which the Twentieth Century Limited now makes the journey!

George Westinghouse was born at Central Bridge, near Schenectady, October 6, 1846, moving to Schenectady at the age of ten with his parents and two brothers.

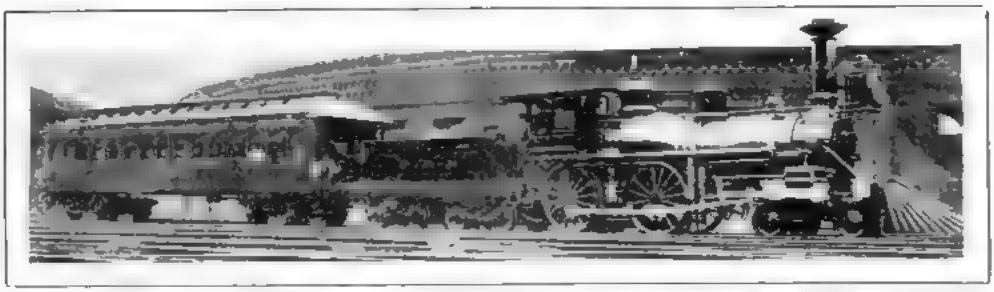
His mechanical genius was inherited from his father, also named George, who had a record of seven patents for comparatively simple mechanisms. The elder Westinghouse established in Schenectady a shop for making such primitive agricultural machinery as was in use in 1856, also mill machinery and small steam engines.

This shop stood for many years near the gate of the General Electric Company's works. It was young George's playground and his school. Before he was fifteen he had invented and built a rotary steam engine. It was not a success, but a few years later he converted it into a water meter which became a money-maker for him.

The Civil War began when George was fifteen and a half, whereupon he ran away to enlist. His father promptly brought the lad home. Shortly afterward he was permitted to enlist with his two brothers, and served in the infantry, the cavalry and the navy.



The Westinghouse Plain Automatic Air Brake, Which Was Perfected in 1872



The First Engine Which Westinghouse Equipped With Air Brakes For Regular Road Service (1869)

In September, 1865, he entered Union College, Schenectady, but President Hickok advised him to give up his studies rather than the inventive habit, so George left college after three months of it and a total schooling of only a year and a half.

One day he started for Troy by rail, but was delayed by a derailment. He got out and watched the clumsy efforts to get the cars back on the rails.

Returning home, he sat down and invented a car replacer, or rerailing frog, by which the locomotive could be utilized in dragging cars back on the rails instead of depending on jack screws. He arranged for the manufacture of this frog in Troy.

On another occasion he was delayed by a head-on collision. Both engineers had seen each other in ample time to avoid the crash, if they had only had the means to control their trains.

Thereupon Westinghouse decided to invent a brake. The idea was not exactly original, for up to 1870, England had issued 650 patents for continuous train brakes, while the United States had issued 305.

Incidentally, up to the present time, 15,271 patents for brakes have been issued in the United States, of which appalling total 3,020 were for air brakes and improvements thereon, while 12,251 were for manually operated brakes.

You wouldn't think it possible to devise so many variations on so simple a thing as a hand brake, would you?

Many Fantastic Devices

STEPHENSON, the first successful locomotive builder, had patented, in 1833, a brake in which steam pressure, acting on a movable piston, was made to take the place of the hand-operated mechanism by which force was applied through a system of rods, multiplying levers and cams to the brake shoe.

In 1848, Samuel C. Lister patented a real air brake, with a pump driven from an axle and reservoir on the "guard's carriage," with train pipe, brake cylinders and all complete. It was somewhat the same as the original Westinghouse straight air brake. But Lister made the fatal mistake of designing his brake to be operated by the guard instead of by the engineer, so he never got anywhere with it.

The need for a brake continuous throughout the train under control of the engineer became more and more apparent as time went on.

In 1853 the Creamer brake was brought out and was actually tried on the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad among others. It consisted of a spiral spring attached to the brake staff which was supposed to be wound up by the brakeman, using a club, immediately after leaving a

station. Attached to the mechanism was a cord which ran from the cab through the train.

When the engineer wanted to apply the brakes, he called to the fireman, who yanked on the cord until he had drawn in the slack. Then he pulled hard enough to trip triggers, which released the springs on each car. These wound up chains leading to the foundation brake gear, thus bringing the brake shoes against the wheels. Only one application could be made until the brakes were wound up again.

E. D Barker's Automatic Hydraulic Brake was remotely suggestive of the air brake in its arrangement, but was operated by water. Barker estimated that sixty gallons of water would make a train stop!

Of course, none of these fantastic devices worked satisfactorily, so the way was clear for Westinghouse. His first idea of a brake was the futile device of compression by buffers to operate the brakes

Meanwhile, encouraged by prospective income from his rerailing frog, George had married at the age of twenty.

Then his partners in the frog manufacturing business tried to freeze him out. But Westinghouse knew a trick worth several of that, for he had been wise enough to retain control of his patents. All he had to do was to move to Pittsburgh and arrange with another firm to manufacture the frogs.

In 1866 he met Augustine I. Ambler, of Milwaukee, who had patented in 1862 a sort of chain brake which was to be applied by a friction wheel winding up a chain running throughout the train. When Westinghouse modestly admitted that he, too, had been giving some thought to the subject of brakes, Ambler said:

"You're wasting your time. I have already solved the problem, and my plan is the only one by which a continuous brake can be operated."

Still, George Westinghouse believed there might be some other way, so he planned a steam brake operated by a steam cylinder on the tender. This he improved by planning a steam cylinder on each car; but a talk with his brother, H. H. Westinghouse, proved it would never do. For the moment he had reached an impasse.

Then Came a Pretty Girl

ONE day a girl entered the shop, canvassing for magazine subscriptions. As she was rather pretty, George subscribed. In the very first issue he found an account of how the Mount Cenis tunnel was being bored by means of compressed air drills driven from a compressor 3,000 feet away.

"The very thing!" he exclaimed.

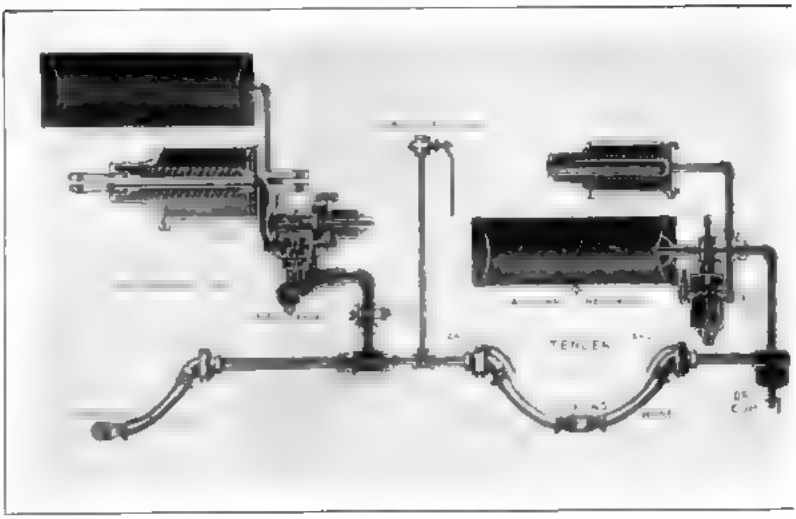
In a short time he had completed drawings for pump and brake cylinders, valves, etc., and the straight air brake was soon ready.

The first air brake patent issued to George Westinghouse was No. 88929, April 13, 1869. This patent was reissued July 29, 1873, as No. 5504.

As reissued, it was made the basis of litigation in which the whole question of Westinghouse's claim to be the original inventor of the first practical air brake was threshed out.

The printed record of this case covers about 750 pages. Judge Walker at Cleveland on June 16, 1875, held that Westinghouse was *not* the first to conceive the idea of operating railway brakes by air pressure; nor was he the inventor of the larger part of the device employed for such purpose.

In other words, he was an independent but not original discoverer of



The Westinghouse System Quick-Action Automatic Air Brake (1887

the fundamental idea of applying brakes by means of air compressed and stored in a tank and conveyed at will by pipes to the brake cylinders.

George was only twenty-two when he drew his first plans for the air brake. As soon as he had filed a caveat to protect his invention, young Westinghouse offered his air brake to the New York Central Railroad. It was declined with thanks

Then he tried the Erie, which was not interested. Neither were any of the numerous other railroads to which the inventor offered his air brake. Individual capitalists also were shy. In short, no one but himself seemed to have any faith in the device

At last, in 1868, Westinghouse persuaded Ralph Baggaley, of Pittsburgh, to defray the cost of equipping a train with air brakes for one-fifth interest in the invention. However, Baggaley never had to advance one cent in cash; all he did was to guarantee bills.

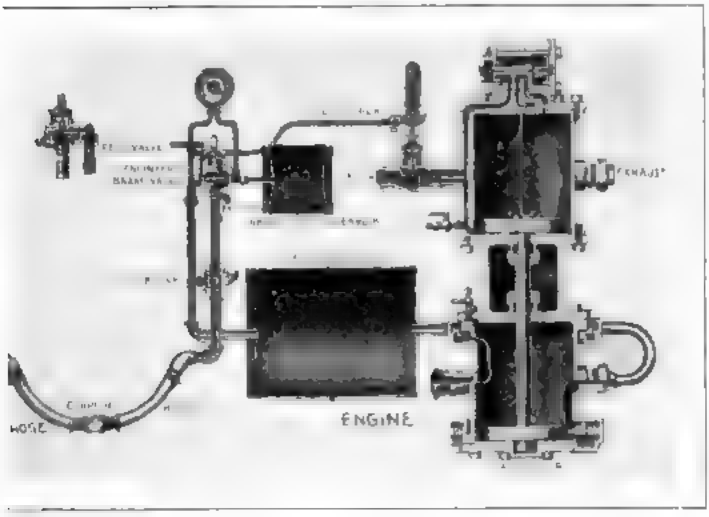
Ten Feet from Death

THE general superintendent of the Panhandle Railroad was talked into giving permission to equip an engine and four coaches with the air brake On the trial trip between Pittsburgh and Steubenville, Ohio, one autumn day in 1868, a farm wagon was seen approaching a highway crossing. The train was running at a speed of thirty miles an hour.

The engineer, Dan Tait, whistled a warning, but thought that the wagon certainly would be struck. Then Tait tried the air brake. He gave the valve handle a yank and, to his amazement, the train stopped with the pilot ten feet from the wagon, which was squarely on the crossing. *The first application of the air brake had prevented a crossing accident and had saved lives!*

The Westinghouse Air Brake Company was organized July 20, 1869, and the works at Wilmerding, Pennsylvania, were completed in 1870. The first order for air brakes came from the Michigan Central, the second from the Chicago & Northwestern.

In 1873 the simple automatic air brake was brought out. This was not a mere improvement on the straight air brake, but a distinct invention. Any accident to the apparatus set the brakes and stopped the train; while in case of a break-in-two, both parts of the train were stopped automatically. This great advance won the Scott Medal from the Franklin Society



Thus the rear of the train ran into the head end with great force, bowling over a group of railroad officials in the caboose. Loads were shifted and havoc generally was wrought. Net result, failure.

Next year the trials were repeated, same result.

"Just wait," said Westinghouse. "I'll get it yet."

Three months later he showed that by enlarging the train pipe and the ports in the triple valve, he could apply the brakes on the last car of a fifty-car train in two seconds after moving the engineer's brake valve handle

After that he took the committee to the testing track First, a stop was made by hand brakes from forty miles an hour in a distance of 3,000 feet. Then, smoothly and without jar, the train at the same speed was stopped by the quick acting automatic air brake in 581 feet. Twenty cars at twenty miles an hour were stopped in 99 feet.

Westinghouse at once sent that fifty-car train on a three-thousand-mile tour. It was a magnificent demonstration that the air brake was at last reliable.

In addition to his own inventions, Westinghouse controlled 2,700 patents on the inventions of others. He became president of thirty corporations, totally capitalized at $200,000,000, and employing 50,000 men.

His private fortune was estimated at $50,000,000, although Westinghouse had begun life with no money at all and always avoided speculations.

He died March 12, 1914.

Westinghouse was a clever salesman as well as a distinguished inventor American railroads accepted the air brake so readily that in 1871 he felt free to cross the Atlantic and lay siege to British conservatism for about nine years.

When Westinghouse returned to America, his pride was humbled. The air brake was in general use in passenger service and also in freight service on some mountain roads where a very few cars constituted a full train. Under such conditions the air brake, as it then was, worked satisfactorily.

But when a joint committee of the Master Mechanics Association and the Master Car Builders Association invited the world's inventors to bring their brakes for trial to Burlington, Iowa, in August, 1886, serious defects developed in the Westinghouse air brake.

Under conditions prescribed, brakes submitted for trial were to be applied to a fifty-car train. Eighteen seconds were required to apply the air brake on the last car, while the head car, when moving at twenty miles an hour, came to a full stop in fifteen seconds.

Slaughter of Buffalo on the Kansas Pacific Railroad (from an Old Print)

Buffalo-Hunting Excursions

Special Trains Were Run to Kansas Sixty Years Ago to Assist in the Slaughter of Sixty Million Bison

By K. C. Howard

"GRAND Buffalo Hunt, under the direction of Lieutenant General P. H. Sheridan. Complimentary to His Imperial Highness, the Grand Duke Alexis of Russia, and suite."

Thus read an official program issued by the Union Pacific Railroad on January 12, 1872. Sheridan was assisted by General Custer, while Colonel W. F. Cody ("Buffalo Bill"), was in charge of the round-up. The affair continued for two days, and the Grand Duke finally brought down a buffalo cow. That night he telegraphed his father, the Czar of Russia:

"I killed the first horned monster that met my eye in America."

Not many of the present generation are aware that middle western railroads once ran buffalo-hunting excursions in order that sportsmen might journey to the plains of Kansas for a few days of shooting

The American bison reached the height of his glory at the close of the Civil War. Then, within twenty

years, he was swept off the Western plains by the onward march of the Iron Horse. Civilization had driven him from New York and Pennsylvania in 1812, and by 1840 he had retreated to the vast prairies west of the Mississippi. By 1865 he had crossed the Missouri, and there, in an area one thousand miles square, he made his last stand!

The railroads, pressing westward with armies of construction workers, needed meat to provide the brawn with which to stretch great spans of steel across the West. Cody was paid $500 per month to supply a Union Pacific construction camp with twenty-five buffalo hindquarters a day.

About 1870 the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe was building west toward Dodge City, Kansas, and within a short time there were more than 4,000 buffalo hunters between Wichita and Dodge City. Some killed for meat, others for hides, and a few for sheer pleasure. Buffalo tongues were eagerly sought as food. Many men slaughtered the animals for their tongues alone, selling them at twenty-five cents each.

The professional hunters each shot an average of about 3,000 bison per season. Hides were shipped over the new railroad lines to supply the rapidly expanding fur market in St. Louis, which witnessed the sale of 300,000 buffalo pelts in 1871. They came chiefly from traders along the Union Pacific. Hides in those days brought three dollars apiece. To-day you might get a buffalo robe for about twelve hundred dollars!

As the freight business from that source diminished, passenger traffic flourished from buffalo-hunting excursions. Thrill-seekers traveled clear from New England to Kansas and Nebraska for the privilege of bringing down the monarch of the plains, taking his head and horns home to be mounted as a trophy for the library, while the hide was converted into a cozy robe.

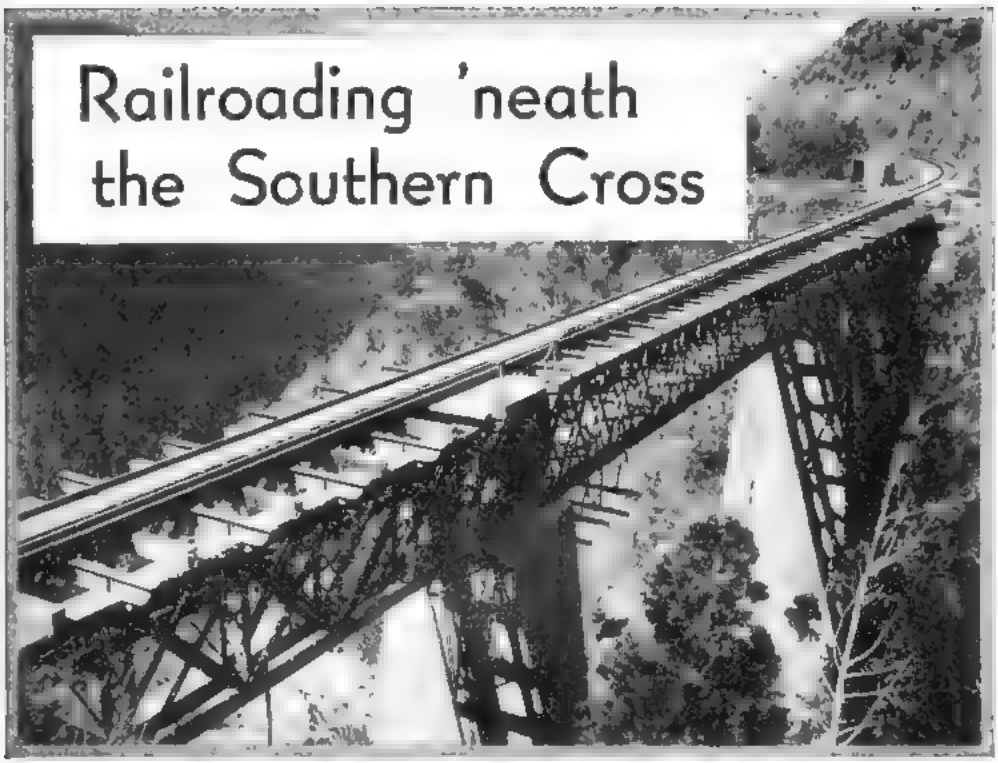
By the beginning of 1873 buffalo were beginning to be rather scarce, although previous to that date trains on the Western railroads had been stalled on the open prairie for from one to three days at a clip, while immense herds crossed the rails on their way to greener pastures. No herd would stop, or temporarily divide itself, to allow a train to pass. *And no train was able to force its way through a bison herd fifteen miles wide and sometimes fifty miles in length!*

Scientists estimate that in 1865 there were 60,000,000 buffalo in the West and Southwest. To-day there are less than 20,000 in the whole of North America, including nearly 12,000 in Canada.

In time the buffalo were split up into two immense herds, the Northern and Southern. The latter was virtually wiped out in 1878 by the slaughter of 112,000 in Kansas and Nebraska. Two years later the curtain of oblivion descended upon the remaining herd, when the Northern Pacific Railway built west from Bismarck into the bison's last stamping ground.

The closing scene of this colorful drama of the West showed gigantic heaps of buffalo bones—stacks 100 feet high and 300 feet long—piled alongside the railroad tracks in Wyoming and South Dakota towns—bones bleached to ghastly whiteness by the pitiless sun of the Bad Lands—waiting to be loaded into whole trains of gondolas, and shipped to Missouri River cities, where they were ground into fertilizer!

Railroading 'neath the Southern Cross



A Railway Bridge on the Other Side of the World, Spanning Surprise Creek, Queensland, on the Cairns-to-Kuranda Line

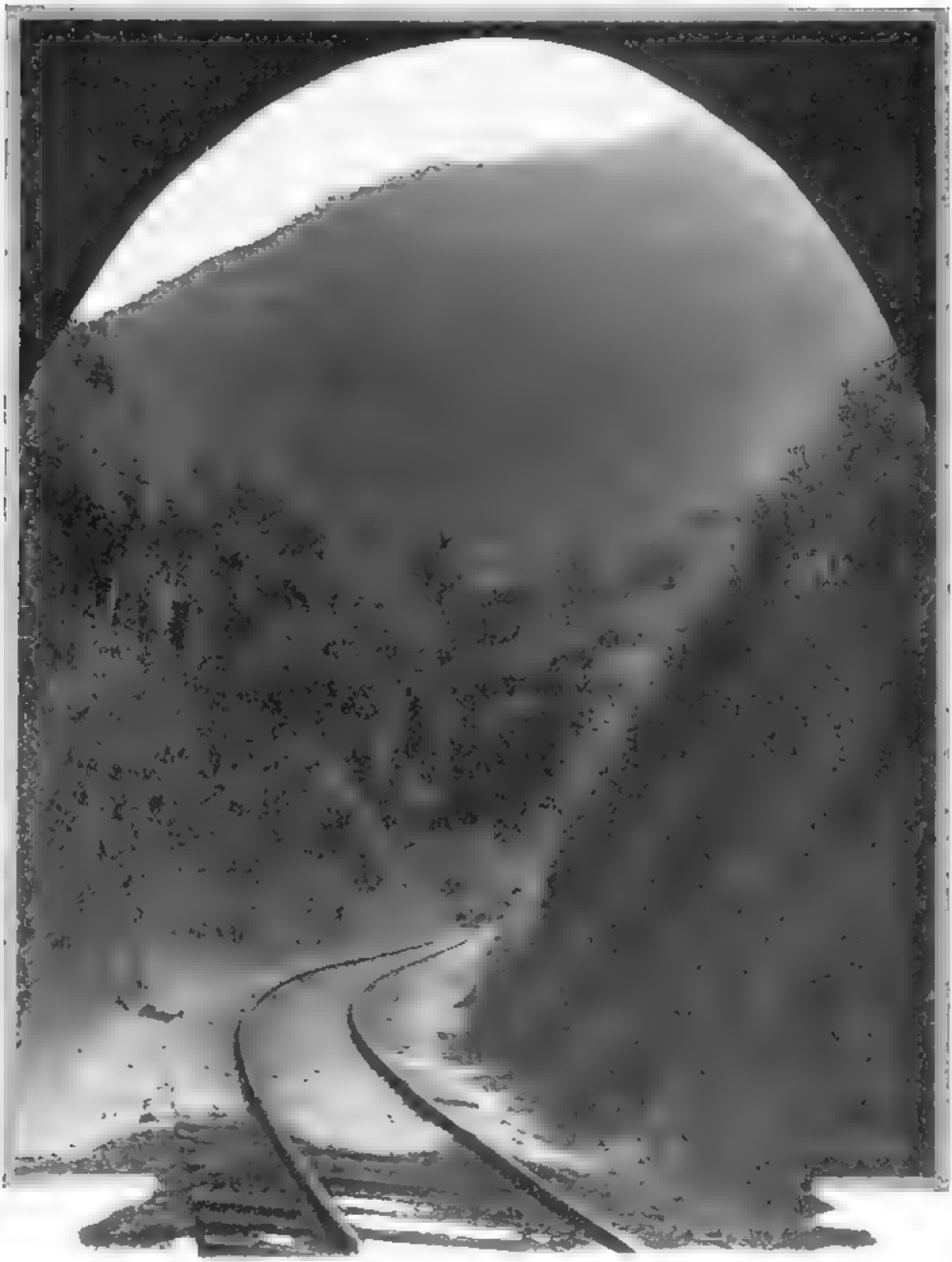
Pity the Poor Trainmen if They Had to Call Out the Names of Stations in Australia

By Lydia M. D. O'Neil

UNDER the heading, "Russian Exile Special," James W. Davis wrote in a recent issue of RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE that "the names of all the stations along the Trans-Siberian Railway were not called out by the trainmen."

The same custom prevails here in Australia, beneath the Southern Cross (My home is in Brisbane, by the way.) Names of stations on the Australian railways are displayed on large signboards at either end of the depot, and the passenger is obliged to look out for his or her own stopping place. One reason may be that cars (or "carriages," as we call them), with connecting passages, are not in common use. Trainmen cannot pass along through the train while it is running. But the more probable reason is that the Society for Prevention of Cruelty would most certainly intervene on behalf of the conductors. Fancy, for instance, a conductor being required to handle a mouthful like this.

"All abo-oard for *Pinkenba, Meeandah, Doomben, Enoggera, Deagon, Boondall, Nudgee, Banyo, Nundah,*



No. 1 Tunnel on the Cairns-to Kuranda Railway in Queensland

Toombul, Wooloowin, Toowong, Taringa, Indooroopilly, Coorparoo, Oxley, and *Darra!"*

Or this list of railway stations:

"Woolloongabba, Boonah, Goodna Tivoolawah, Gin Gin, Cooran, Nambour, Kandanga, Tarampa, Nurwillumbah, Eumundi and *Mingindi."*

Even yet I often get mixed up between *Eumundi* and *Mingindi*, and I have lived in this country for many years.

No, fellow boomers, I distinctly did *not* make up those names out of my own head. In the first place, I haven't got that kind of head. And if you still think you are capable of qualifying as train announcer on the Queensland Government Railways, you might put in fifteen or twenty minutes before breakfast every morning practicing on a few like these:

"*Veronga, Yeroopilly, Booval, Karaby, Woorooka, Nerang, Woroongary, Mudgeeraba, Currumbia, Tugun, Bilinga, Coolangatta, Wonglepong, Benobble, Canungra, Jimboomba.*'

All these stations are from a few minutes to a couple of hours distant from the city of Brisbane, capital of Queensland. But if you don't like town life, and feel that you would like to do your railroading somewhere "back of beyond," here are a few country addresses where your mail might find you:

Yonda, Oomundi, Kuridala, Quanby, Karabbi, Cunnamulla, Muttaburra, Baralaba, Bundaberg, Woman, Murgon, Wondai, Tallebudgera, Goondiwindi, Tipooburra (where the police on patrol duty ride camels instead of horses or motor cycles), *Jondaryan, Wallangarra, Columboola, Muckadilla, Wallumbilla, Wyandra, Dirranbandi.*

And that is only in Queensland. In southern Australia you would have to contend with such tongue-teasers as *Croajingalong, Bongongolong, Terramungamine*—and worse. It is said that Australia is rapidly developing a

Railway Train Crossing the Hawkesbury River at Brooklyn, New South Wales

distinct national physical type, with the jaw tending somewhat to "lantern" type. Is it any wonder?

Talking of tongue-teasers, the particular suburb of Brisbane in which I reside is called Wynnum—easy enough to say, but a few years ago a popular comedian had this song, "You Can't Win the Women in Wynnum"

marvel at the endless number and variety of those cars and wonder what would happen when Helen ran out of names. If that should ever come to pass, I hope she will write me, and I will send her a few years' supply of genuine Australian names, which certainly ought to help maintain the Pullman reputation.

Now, boomers all, in spite of your

Railway Station in Brisbane, Queensland, as It Looked in the Days Before Henry Ford Began to Manufacture Automobiles

Wynnum is a sprawled-out town, divided into four sections, for the sake of general convenience; and their peculiarity, to the American-trained ear, lies in the fact that they are called Wynnum North, Wynnum South, Wynnum West, instead of North Wynnum, South Wynnum, *et cetera*. The railway stations carry the same nomenclature.

When I was a child I was fond of watching the long lines of Pullmans sliding by, many of them bearing names raked out of the history, geography and mythology.

It used to be said that Helen Pullman—or some other Helen—was paid a certain sum, I think it was fifty dollars or thereabouts, for each Pullman she christened. I suppose that was a bit of mythology, too, but I used to

widely-known and universally admired astuteness, your ability to utilize every part of every product, and your watchful care to ensure that no means of producing revenue shall be neglected, I believe the Queensland Government Railways have put one over on you. Kindly set me right if I am mistaken—but so far, I haven't heard of any American railway company *selling advertising space on its locomotives!*

Not long ago this appeared in the Brisbane papers:

"A pictures combine has signed a contract with the railway for the display of a three-foot advertising disk on engines operating within twenty-five miles of Brisbane. The department confidently looks forward to receiving a large sum from this particular advertising medium."

Loading Wheat Cars at Yandanooka, Western Australia. Without Australian Grain, Millions of Human Beings Would Face Famine in Asia, Africa and the Islands of the Sea

Whereupon some bothered bard (not me, boys, I wouldn't do such a thing!) wrote in as follows

I was waiting on the platform when I
heard a well-known cough,
And I saw an engine coming from a
long way off
"Ha—my train at last!" I murmured,
and I rose to board the train,
But the engine tootled loudly, and
kept on! I looked again,
And instead of Boggabilla,
Or Chinchilla, or Woodilla,
That loco bore the blazon, "Coming
Soon! The Squeak of Pain!"

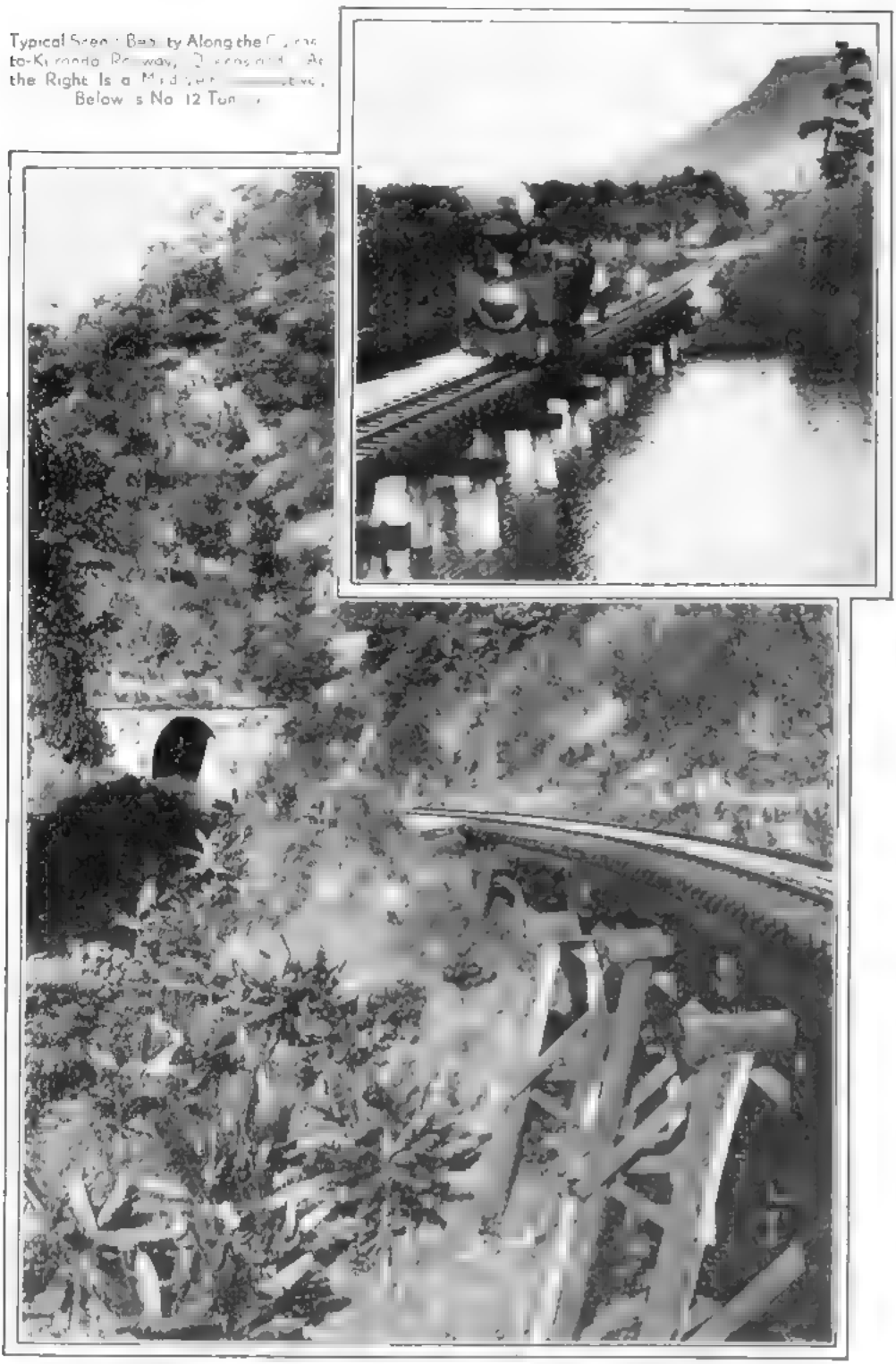
I resumed my watchful waiting as that
starting engine passed,
But I quite forgot to notice how the
blessed thing was classed
Was it PK4 or XZo, or 44(
And why that colored label? It's a
mystery to me!
"Darn!" I muttered, "What the
dickens!
This publicity just sickens
Me completely! When the devil will
they bring along the mail?"

Through the afternoon I waited for
the train that never came,
But the decorated engines seemed to
hint at some new game
Not one stopped, but just went snort-
ing down the gleaming lines ahead,
Bearing shrieking, thrilling posters
loud enough to wake the dead!
And I wondered as I pondered,
And the locomotives thundered
In procession—who had blundered! I
went home, and went to bed!

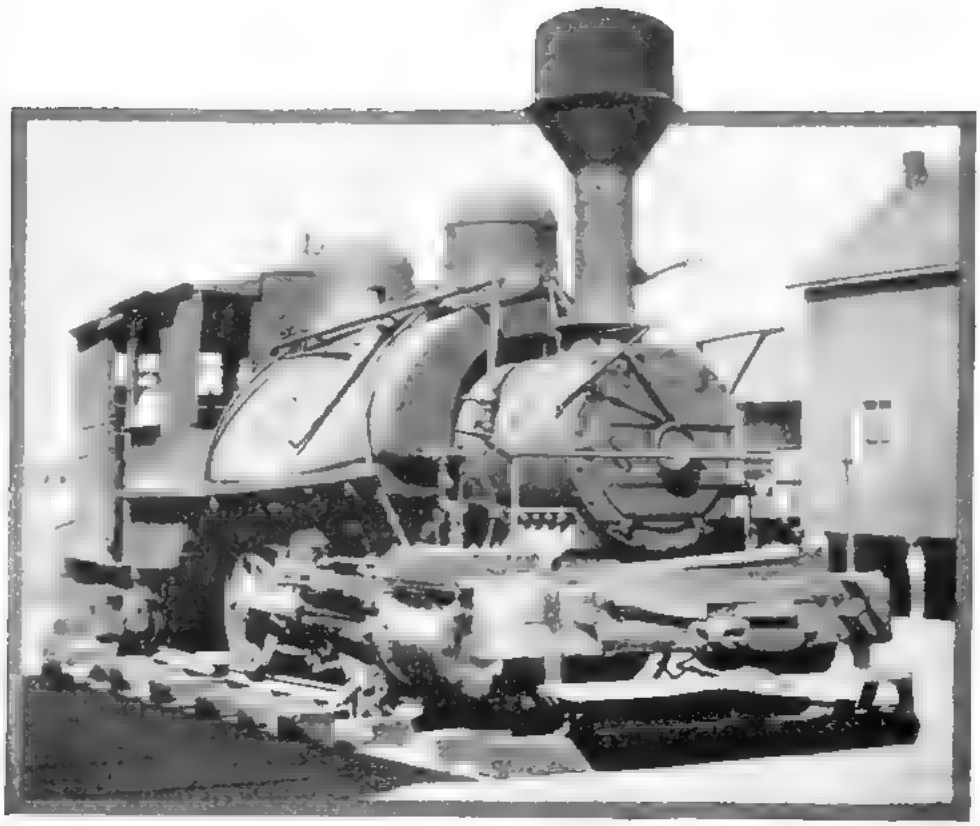
Recently, while waiting at the railway gates for a passenger train to go by, I noticed this three-foot disk, just below the locomotive's headlight—

FAY WRAY
in
POINTED HEELS
TIVOLI
This Week

Next year I expect the advertisers to use time-tables and railway guides in selling "Miladi Lingerie" and "Cougho for Colds."



Typical Scen[illegible] Beauty Along the [illegible] to-Kuranda Railway, [illegible] At the Right Is a [illegible], Below Is No 12 Tun[illegible]



FAMOUS LOCOMOTIVE RETIRED WITH HONOR

THIS is "Curly," the only locomotive remaining from the days of early construction work on the western end of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Curly first went to British Columbia in 1881 as one of a group of five to work on the coast contract of A. Onderdonk. She reached Yale, British Columbia, on the Fraser River, by scow from San Francisco, and is presumed to have been used on construction of the sea wall at the latter city. Ed. Austin, now a retired master mechanic of the Canadian National Railway at Vancouver, was given the job of overhauling this locomotive. He worked on her all winter, turning the wheels with an old hand lathe and an emery wheel, as a result of which she was originally given the name "Emery."

The first train into tidewater at Port Moody, July 4, 1886, was the signal for heavier engines from the east, and in 1888 Curly was sold to the Hastings Mills, the first sawmill interests in British Columbia. She served this firm for forty years in the lumber woods and was all but ruined when a tree fell on her. Only recently she was rescued from an inglorious scrap heap and was set up in a permanent place of honor in the Pacific Exposition at Vancouver. Now she holds the same proud position on the west coast that the "Countess of Dufferin" holds at Winnipeg for the eastern end of construction. *Edmund E. Pugsley*

DO YOU COLLECT ENGINE PICTURES?

(1) What kinds of pictures? (2) How many have you? (3) Where do you get them? (4) What is your occupation? Tell us about your collection. We want information for an illustrated feature article which will appear in this magazine in the near future. We will gladly publish, without charge, names and addresses of readers desiring to exchange locomotive pictures. Address Engine Picture Editor,

RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE, 280 Broadway, New York City

While the Blizzard Raged

A Brakeman Pays a Terrible Price for One Cigarette in a Wild Night on the Kansas Prairies

By Jacques Girouard

Illustrated by Joseph Easley

I WAS in the smoker, on my way to my new job, when the brakeman came forward to lift my hat check and inform me that the next stop was mine.

"You the new operator at Alta?" he wanted to know.

"Yes," I told him. "Not much of a place, is it?"

"Even less than that," he grunted. "It's the loneliest, most God-forsaken wilderness that ever was, and then some. There's a jinx on the job, I do believe. One operator went crazy; the last one committed suicide."

"I'm taking his place," I grinned. "I suppose I'll keep it until somebody bids it in."

"Which won't be likely," he replied. "The boys don't like Alta. I don't blame them. I hate the place myself. I almost lost my life there one night."

"Have a cigarette?" I asked.

He waved the smokes aside with a frown. "I don't use them—thanks. Haven't, since that night at Alta. A cigarette was partly to blame. Before that I smoked as much as three packs a day."

The brakeman's enigmatic remarks aroused curiosity. I replaced the untouched cigarettes in my coat pocket.

"What happened?" I asked.

"It's not much of a yarn," he protested. "Just a sample of the importance of little things to which we don't pay much attention."

And then he told the story:

I was on freight when it happened. Ox Carpenter was the conductor. Bill White was the engineer—he's pulling us to-night. We headed in at Alta to meet a passenger train. At that time Alta was a blind siding, with not a house within three miles, and the nearest town seven miles away.

A blizzard was raging. In all the twenty years I've been here I don't remember another night like it. Wind was whipping across the Kansas prairies at a forty-mile-an-hour clip, driving the snow before it. The weather was almost at zero or worse. And if any one tells you it can't snow at zero weather, you tell them they never lived in Kansas.

After I had thrown the switch, I dropped back to where a hot box was smoking on a car of merchandise. It had been giving us trouble for most of the trip, but we figured it would go through all right. The box was hot and smoking a little, but not bad. I filled it with snow, tamped it in with my foot and kicked the journal lid down again. I felt sure it would go another twenty miles.

Just as I straightened up, the passenger train whistled around the curve and came through Alta as fast as they

could turn a wheel. To my surprise, the engineer whistled off immediately. I highballed to show him that everything was jake with me. The conductor and rear brakeman never showed up at all; they were eating a snack in the caboose.

The train began to get under way. I guessed that the fire boy had opened the switch, which he had. The poor fellow was tired from shoveling some twenty ton of coal so far, and wanted to get in and get to bed, as did the rest of us. Then, too, we had to hurry to make it in before the fleet of passenger trains behind us drove us into another side track for an hour or so delay.

Up I mount to the top of the car with the hot box and stayed there to get a signal from the rear end. You see, there's a bad curve at Alta, and if you have more than twenty cars—which we did, even in those days—you cannot see the rear of your train.

At that, it was all I could do to make out the markers on the caboose as it came through the turn out. That's how bad it was storming.

I knew it would be impossible to see a hand signal or a fusee from the engine, and I didn't want to leave the rear man out there in the storm or have the conductor pull the air and maybe get a drawbar, which is what he would have done rather than leave his flagman.

Finally I saw the twinkle of the rear man's lantern, and I relayed the signal. Bill whistled and widened on the throttle almost at once. I stepped back from the edge of the car, where my feet had been tucked in under one of the grab-irons, and stepped across to the next car.

There I paused to fish in my mackinaw for a cigarette before covering those twenty cars between me and the engine. I got the cigarettes all right, but the wind whipped my mackinaw up in the air, knocking the package out of my hand just as I was about to take one. I made one grab for them, missed, and went tumbling down between the cars before I knew what had happened.

I think I lived a lifetime in the next few seconds. All I could think of was my wife and the baby we were expecting, and how little insurance I was leaving to take care of them.

About that time I struck the drawbar with a bang that knocked the breath out of me. I remember trying to find something to grab and hang on to to save myself, just as I went tumbling down under the wheels!

To this day I don't understand how I escaped. Maybe it was the speed of the train. Or the fact that I tried to roll when I struck the ground, and did manage to roll clear of the train, with only the loss of my lantern and a rubber heel off my shoe.

I scrambled to my feet, bruised and shaken and all atremble. All I could think of was that I was safe. The next thing was to get back on the train before it got to going too fast for me to catch it. Already it was gaining speed with every revolution of the wheels.

Three times I grabbed at or about the places where the hand holds ought to be, as I figured. Each time I missed. There, in the darkness and the howling wind it was impossible to see the hand holds.

After the third failure I grew desperate. I had no desire to be left on the prairies in that blizzard, seven miles away from the nearest town, and not a farmhouse for three miles. I knew I could never live through a tramp in that blizzard and the rapidly drifting snow. And I knew that no-

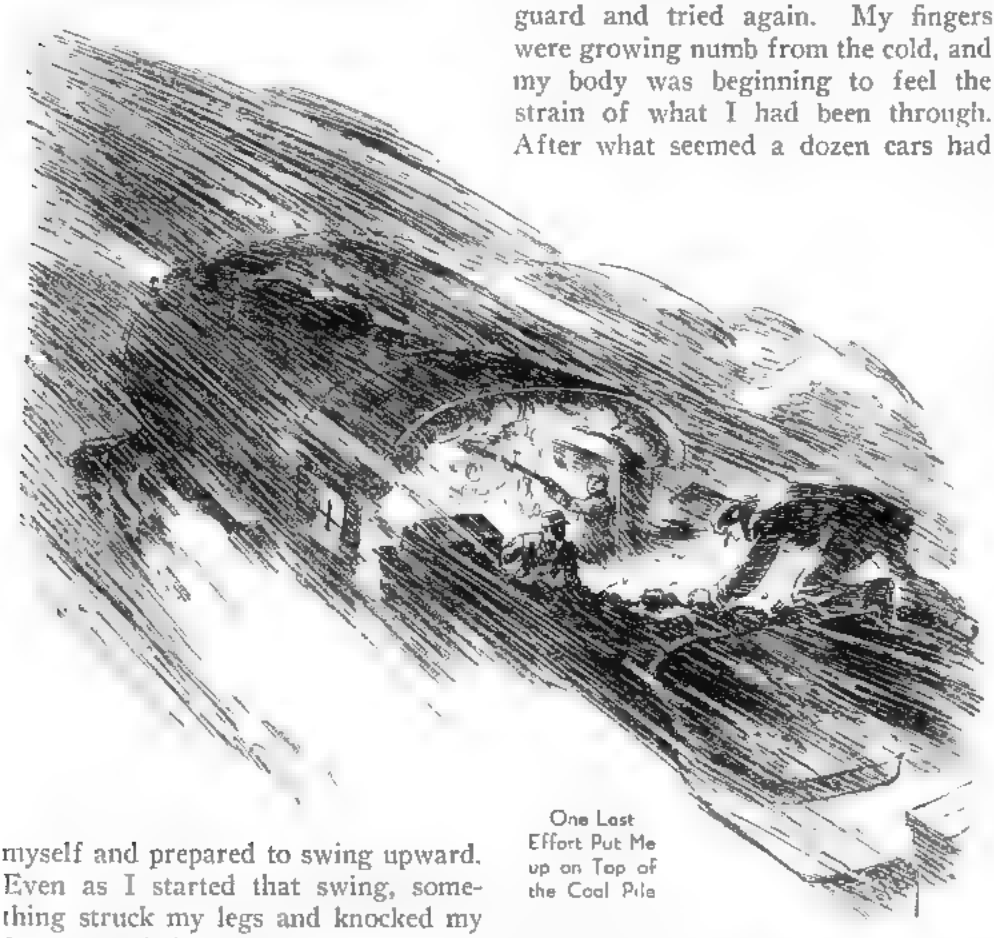
body would be on the lookout from the caboose when it came by.

Another frantic grab and my fingers found a hand hold in the darkness. I clung to it until I could get the other hand up beside it. This done, I threw a foot against a journal box to brace myself and prepared to swing upward. Even as I started that swing, something struck my legs and knocked my feet from their supports.

The next thing I knew I was being dragged through a cattle guard that raked and scraped me from head to foot and threatened to tear my one arm which was clutching a hand hold from my body.

But I held on. I had to. To have let go would have put me under the wheels to be ground to pieces. Not until I was on the other side of the cattle guard did I let go and roll away from the train. I had no desire to be dragged through the cattle guard on the other side of the road in like manner. Up ahead I could hear Bill White beating the engine for all it was worth.

I climbed over that second cattle guard and tried again. My fingers were growing numb from the cold, and my body was beginning to feel the strain of what I had been through. After what seemed a dozen cars had passed me, yet were really not more than three, I succeeded again in getting a hold on a grab-iron.



One Last Effort Put Me up on Top of the Coal Pile

It seemed an age before I was able to pull myself upward to the first rung. And every rung after that seemed to take my last ounce of strength to make it. I was about to despair when I reached the top of the car and fell exhausted, panting and half sobbing.

Oh, yes, I was safe on the train—

thank goodness! The next thing was to get to the engine or caboose. I suppose the caboose was the closer of the two, but it never occurred to me to go back. My place was on the engine, and in that direction I decided to go.

Getting there, however, was another thing. When I tried to stand up I discovered something wrong with one of my legs. Later on I recognized it as a broken ankle. How it happened I never knew. Probably when I fell the first time. Maybe in the cattle guard. It is still a mystery to me how I had been able to use it at all. Excitement, perhaps, helped.

But I had to get to the engine. Long before we reached town I would be frozen stiff out on top those cars. That knowledge spurred me on. I dragged myself to the running board of the car and began a long crawl between there and the engine.

The farther I went the harder it became. By this time the engine had the train on the downward grade and we were fairly flying along. The speed, the weaving of the cars and the cold all added to my intense discomfort.

I was almost spent by the time I reached the head car and sprawled from it to the engine tank like some huge frog. For a brief moment or so I lay there, wondering if I could make it the rest of the way. One last effort put me up on the top of the coal pile. From there I tumbled down into the apron of the cab, due to the fact that the fire boy had the coal gates open.

"Hey!" yelled the fire boy. "What's the bright idea?"

"I'm hurt," I said weakly. "I fell through the cars back there. Help me."

And then I fainted.

In a short time I was at the hospital. They found two broken ribs as well as the ankle. That ankle had to be reset and placed in a cast. Then I was bathed, oiled, taped, and put to sleep. I asked them please not to tell the wife. I didn't want her scared or worried.

I got out from the hospital just in time to be present at the birth of my first son. More than once I have lived over that night at Alta in my dreams. I have often thought that one cigarette was the cause of all my troubles. To this day I hate the very sight of them.

The brakeman paused and got to his feet. Faintly I could hear the sound of an engine whistle ahead of us.

"Alta is the next stop," he said. "Don't forget your parcels."

A NEW HIRAM-THE-BOOMER YARN

"You Got Four-Five Ghost Towns"

The Horned Toad Detour

Hiram Had a Brilliant Idea in Reviving a Ghost Town of the Desert, but He Wasn't Prepared for What Happened After That

By Charles W. Tyler

Illustrated by John R. Neill

THE big idea ain't just to give a toorust a ride—not any more—he could get that on a merry-go-round. Nowadays a railroad that ain't got a Grand Cañon, or a cliff dwellin', or somethin', is sunk. Folks won't even ship freight over it.

You got to take them there dudes out an' show 'em things they can write home an' tell the cock-eyed world about. What good would a trip to Arizona be if a feller couldn't get some pitchers of him standin' beside a Hopi squaw or sittin' on a cayuse with a sombrero an' chaps? He wants somethin' to tell the palookas an' other neighbors that'll knock 'em cuckoo.

Here was "Old Man" Holler, who I give a ride to in a sky crate a spell back in the behalf of the West We Go Railroad. All the time we was squirtin' around up in the clouds, you could heard this jasper in Sheboygan above

seven noon whistles, squallin' to get down. But when we crack up on top of a passenger bulgine, an' he discovers that he can crawl forth, he starts boastin' about what a helufa good trip he had. He wouldn't of missed it for nothin'. No, he wouldn't—in a pig's eye!

An' when the brass collars on this here W. W. G. find out that Old Man Holler ain't goin' to sue 'em, they fall over in a faint. The Los Angulus papers come out with a piece that says this modern an' progressive railroad run an airplane as second section to the famous Golden Orange Flyer, just to accommodate a passenger who missed his connection at Osdick. Immediate the officials stick out their chests so far they couldn't spit over their vest.

On account of they ain't no series complications set in after Old Man Holler got his train, I went back an' seen the brass collar—in a couple of weeks—to see who was goin' to pay for my old Jenny.

Well, they was havin' a conference when I got there, an' a long-faced gimmick that was one of them birds that thunk Sodom an' Gommorey was in Salt Lake City wouldn't let me in—at first. But final I crash the gate by tellin' this bird that Hiram—that's me—had come with a message from the Santy Fe. The message was from a bull on a manifest, who says, boomer or no boomer, if he catch me in the San Berdoo yards ag'in this summer he will knock me loose from my dandruff; he didn't give a damn what I was paid up in.

So I gentle heave one side the last obstacle in my path to success, who was a small, peewee runt of large lung capacity, an' bulge in on this here powwow of moguls.

"*Salud, hombres!*" I says.

"How the devil did *that* get in here?" yell "Old Man" McGinn, jumpin' up an' lookin' around for a brick, I guess.

"Good cripe!" gasp "Old Man" Sloan, the G. M., awed. "I believe it's that yellow-headed tramp who had the flying machine."

"Yuh," I says. "An' what I want to know is, who's goin' to pay for that sky hack?"

"Judas Priest!" whinny Jameston Hull, eighth vice president. "Has it reached a stage where officials of this road can't meet without having a moon-faced chimpanzee breaking up the conference?"

"Who, in the name of all that is sweet and pure, is this bird?" snort a polished gent, who, it panned out, was a general pasenger agent from back East by the name of H. Englewood Een, a bimbo what first of saw the light of day on the Spicket in Lawrence, Mass.

"He is a half-gone, long-lost limb of Satan that afflicts us with a twice-cursed flying machine a couple of weeks ago," rant Old Man Sloan.

"But I have got a better idea than that this time," I says, pullin' up a chair.

"Is it possible," Old Man McGinn beseech the heavens, "that a jury would convict a man for throttling that thing?"

"Throw him out!" snarl this here general passenger agent.

"We don't want any more of *your* ideas!" says "Canary-Face" Hull.

"All Edison started out with was an idea," I says, "an' now look at the juice jacks an' curlin' irons an' electric chairs."

This stun 'em for a minute, an' I go on: "I seen by the papers where business wa'n't so good on the West We

Go no more. The toorusts was all travelin' on the U. P. or the High, Dry an' Windy, or some of them roads which has of got a Zion Park or an Indian reservation or a Carrizzeer George, or somethin' to look at.

"What you birds need for the W. W. G.," I says, "is a detoor."

"Detour?" murmur Old Man Sloan, blinkin' like he was about half stunned.

"You're goin' on a detour in a minute!" yap Old Man McGinn.

"Look at the Santy Fe," I tells 'em. "They got the Indian Detour, so's the dudes can get off the main line an' see some of the West beside a couple of squaws sellin' Oregon blankets. An' the S. P., they got a detour over the Apache Trail. An' the Union Pacific takes the toorusts to the north rim of the Grand Cañon an' in to Cedar Breaks an' Bryce. An' what have you palookas done to make the shorthorns want to ride with yuh?" I says. "Nothin'! Only to drug 'em over the desert from Las Lunas to Agua Malo an' give 'em a immertation of what hell is like in the middle of August.

"Even the Tonapah an' Tidewater, they got Death Valley, which they exploits no end. All them roads, to hear 'em tell it, you'd think they was the guys that painted the lily."

"I suppose you think we ought to have another Cañon of the Rio Colorado?" sneers this man Hull. "Or the Carlsbad Caves, or Yosemite. Something that is easy to get. We would just go out and bring back four or five of the natural wonders of the West. Put the Painted Desert in a grip and the Petrified Forest of Arizona, and dump them along our right-of-way."

"You got four-five ghost towns," I says, "that was famous in their day. Lookit Horned Toad. There she sits in Sombrero Cañon, historic as the devil, with a rusted spur still reachin' right to the depot. The buildin's is mostly in pretty good shape, an' a lot of the fittin's are just as they was when the old camp died. No way to get in except by pack, or on this here railroad grade. If a highway had of run any place near Horned Toad, them automobile toorusts would of had the town complete busted up years ago, an' all the things toted off.

"The wagon road is growed over, an' the bridge acrost Hell Bent Cañon went out when a cloudburst hit it a couple of years ago."

"The tracks were never taken up," put in Mister Hull, "because there was always the hope that the town might come back, if silver returned to a price that would allow of the mines being worked. Only surface mining was done in Horned Toad, and veteran prospectors claim there are rich deposits below."

II

THE general passenger agent, he perks up right away, the same as a cat that smell a dead fish. "This old mining town of Horned Toad is adjacent to the West We Go Railroad?" he demands.

The G. M. admits such was the case.

This Een gent explodes right away. "Why, that was one of the historic places of the West! And you have a spur there still?"

"We maintained it for years," says Sloan, "just to accommodate the slight flurries that took place from time to time, and hoping that two or three gold properties might develop, as they did in Oatman, Arizona."

Old Man McGinn wags his konk doleful. "There isn't any good going to come of this," he croaks.

"You've got a gold mine in Horned Toad and don't know it!" exclaims H. Englewood Een, pounding the table. "The fellow is right. Absolutely."

"You're damn tootin'!" I says. "I thunk up some of the best schemes—"

"—That was ever perpetrated on an unsuspecting railroad," squall McGinn, interruptin'.

"Let's hear more about Horned Toad," says the general passenger agent. "What's there?"

"Well, the old Bottle House," I says. "That's one thing. It was built entire of whisky bottles. They ain't nothin' like it no place.* An' Murderers' Bar, where the 'Beak-Face Kid' slewed seven men. The bullet holes is still in the mirror an' woodwork. An' the Let-'Er-Rip Hurdy-Gurdy House, an' the Road to Ruin Saloon, an' Blood an' Thunder Hall. There's the assay office, with ore dumped on a half-rotted shelf, an' the jail, an' the head frame where the 'California Kid' danced at the end of a rope.

"Boot Hill Graveyard is there—they died with their boots on, you know—but the fence has fell down; an' the slab that was busted by a bullet. The old hearse is in a barn, just as good as ever. All it needs is a corpse."

"Wonderful!" enthuse Englewood Een. "What copy for advertising! The West We Go Railroad controls the only entrance. Gentlemen, Horned Toad is as good as a national park. Play it up."

This has got 'em on the floor.

"Cripe!" I says. "All you got to do is fetch Horned Toad back. Make it the same roarin', shootin', whisky-drinkin' camp it was. The Tombstone of Nevada! The Bodie of California!"

"The tombstone of this goshdummed railroad!" Old Man McGinn s'gests dismal as a swamp.

"Hire a few Wild West extras from Hollywood," I says, "an' some desert rats, an' dust out an' start a pianner—an' yuh got a show better than Dodge City in its bloom. Get a woman to be 'Snag-tooth Mary' at the Shirt-Tail Bar. Have a feller to play Judge Ives, who sat on the bench with a shotgun. Dig up a bird for a bad man, an' tell the cock-eyed world that Horned Toad is havin' a boom.

"Right off word will get out that rich ore has been struck, an' there will be high-graders an' claim jumpers an' tinhorns an' real estate sub-dividers bustin' up the ground to be there early."

"There'll be plenty busting up of the ground, or I miss my guess," gloom the super.

"And where will you come in?" asts the G. M., rollin' a doubtful eye at me.

"Well," I says, "I could be toor conductor. I would of wear a sombrero an' chaps an' a six-shooter an' a tough look, an' hang around the station at Coyote, where the spur to Horned Toad hooks up with the main iron. Then I could go in with the toorusts an' explain the wickedness of this here hell-roarin' camp, an' introduce 'em to the gunmen an' tough Alicks, an' show 'em the rope that stretched the Nelson boys."

"We might try it out, at that," says Old Man Sloan. "This line needs something to stimulate interest and attract tourists."

"And it will keep alive the history and traditions of the West," says this Een jasper, enthusiastic. "Why depend on just annual episodes and pageants, such as they have in the

* Apologies to Rhyolite, Nevada, where stands to-day the only and original Bottle House

'Days of Forty-Nine,' the Mission Play and the Ramona Pageant, to perpetuate the glorious winning of this wonderful country? Why not establish lasting monuments and living tableaux in these ghost towns that are fast bowing to the ravages of time and the elements? Let us preserve them, and begin with Horned Toad. By our example, we may be the means of the preserving and rebuilding of Bullfrog, Aurora, Panamint City, Calico, Ehrenburg and the others. Let's go!"

III

The West We Go, they throw a track gang and a work train up the ten-mile spur to Horned Toad, an' put this stretch of rust into shape to take care of a light switch animal an' a couple of old day coaches, which will carry the dudes in where hell is at its worst.

The idea was that the Golden Orange Flyer would have a Pullman that could be dropped at Coyote. Then the toorusts change to the dink an' are tooken to Horned Toad late in the afternoon, so's they can spend the evenin' seein' the sights, when at least one man will be killed an' two-three mortal wounded. Later in the evenin' the dudes are to be carried back to Coyote to the sleeper, which No. 7 picks up about midnight.

An' everybody should ought to be tickled to death. The toorusts would of saw a bad town with the bridle off, an' the railroad would get more advertisin' than Cleopatra.

Everythin' would of been swell if a old coot by the name of "Pay-dirt" Quickbottom hadn't pick up some float in Whisky Gulch, which eventual leads to the discovery of outcroppin's. Then rich ore is uncovered along the dike—an' Horned Toad has got a gold rush on its hands!

There wasn't no need of the brass collars to import no bad men. They all come anyhow. Them an' about two thousand other birds. Any folks that thinks they ain't no more prospectors out West, they just want to be some place where a gold strike is. Them desert rats wind up their flivvers an' come a rattlin' from all directions.

These here old birds was bouncin' over the ridge into Coyote before Old Man Quickbottom had of got his discovery monument an' corner stakes up. I guess they must smell the "color."

There was "Three-Fingered Jack" an' "January" Jones an' "Seldom-Seen Slim" an' "Owl-Head" Oleson an' the "King of Cactus" an' "Bucktooth Charley" an' "Shacknasty Jim." Them was miners an' old-timers who made all the strikes, just like boomer brakemen make the fruit rushes

Beside these here gents there was "Black Dick" an' "Chuckwalla Ed" an' "Chinless Chick" Bagg, who got his jaw amputated once when he dealt hisself four aces an' another feller two the same hand by mistake.

Then "Bowie Bill," he come, an' "Tombstone Tommy," an' "Two-Gun" Roe, an' "Dead-Shot" Ide. A fine, healthy crowd—like a lot of open switches on the main line when the hot shot was due. Man, you didn't want to run into 'em none!

This here general passenger agent, he was one of them shorthorns who thunk the West complete signed the register an' went out of busines about the time "Pat" Garrett blowed up "Billy the Kid" with gunpowder. An' the only thing they was to be afraid of between Kansas City an' Hollywood was chiggers.

After I was over to Horned Toad an' got a look at the bunch that was

blowin' in, I says the West We Go Railroad didn't need to hire no bad men; the woods was full of 'em. But Englewood Een, he figgered variety would of be the spice of life; so he switches out some movin' pitcher gunmen on Hollywood Boulevard who wa'n't doin' nothin', an' ships 'em to Horned Toad to pull their stuff.

When the miners an' other tough eggs that come to Horned Toad seen them movin' pitcher birds struttin' around with six-shooters on, I guess they figgered there was liable to be some claim jumpin' an' other diversions; so these jaspers they buckle on their own forty-fives, an' are prepared for the worst.

The brass hats, they observe developments an' are complete devoured by all this here intrickery. They figger all the other railroads will be green with envy as soon as they see how the toorusts is clamorin' for the raw West, which same is depicted as natural as life at Horned Toad.

Well, the day this here service to Sombrero Cañon an' Whisky Gulch is inaugurated, there was two Pullmans dropped off the Golden Orange at Coyote, instead of one. The W. W. G. had to have five coaches to take care of the dudes an' sight-seers an' miners. The boom had already been goin' on two weeks, with the railroad runnin' a couple of mixed trains a day to accommodate the freight and passenger traffic, on account of there not bein' no road.

Horned Toad was sure livin' again —saloons, dance halls an' hotels. There was twenty-one barrooms, which tied it with Las Vegas an' Reno.

Old Man McGinn, he goes around with a long face, lookin' for hell to pop up any time. I'm goin' to tell you, he wa'n't disappointed none.

"The first thing that goes bust!" he state, "I'm going to take that yellar-headed sunova biscuit all apart. The damn, long-legged piece of tripe!"

IV

Ol' Man Sloan an' Jameston Hull an' the general passenger agent an' a lot more officials come out to help open up the reg'lar dude special to Horned Toad, includin' the railroad chief of police an' a couple of special agents. What they needed most was the State militia or the Marines.

Anyhow, the Horned Toad Special highballs out of Coyote an' goes puffin' out the spur. The dudes is all excited, an' keep cranin' their necks an' gapin', intrusted every time the runt bulgine grunt around a curve. Final the drag leave the flats an' goes squirmin' in amongst the hills, which it don't look like there was any way through 'em at all.

The brass collars, they act like the neighbors' children with some new toys. Old Man Sloan, he's tellin' the shorthorns all about the history of this here minin' camp, which dates back to the eighties, an' the general passenger agent has got a bunch on a platform with their mouths open the same as Hoosick Tunnel, while he speaks boastful of the jaspers in Horned Toad who don't think nothin' of shootin' a man for his underbritches.

"Is—is it rea-a-lly safe?" quavers a panicky lookin' jane from Boston, shootin' scared side glances out into the cañons we're goin' through.

"Absolutely!" yap this bird, Een. "As wicked as the bad men are, we have employed the worst killers money could hire to protect our interests and our passengers." An' he flip his hand at me. "Why, take the 'Apache Kid' there. He's the 'Wild Bill' Hickok,

the 'Bat' Masterson, the Slades and the James Boys, all in one. Show the folks the notches on your guns, Apache."

An' I did.

"He accompanies all parties personally," blat the general passenger agent, layin' on the hooey. "Those bad men in Horned Toad, they know the Apache Kid is on the job and in consequence confine their killings to those of their own i.k."

For a Dignified Brass Collar, That Gent Was Certainly Agile

"Will there be a shooting?" gasp a pale-faced bimbo, incredulous

"I am afraid so," state Mister Een. "There usually is in the course of the evening."

"If there is *one* shot," whinny one of them large, ample females that could of give Dempsey first sock an' then knock him kickin', "I know I'll die!"

Well, she had plenty chances to do her stuff, that woman did. You could heard her dyin' in Las Cruces above a gale of wind

The train totter out of a rocky cut an' skirt a sort of bowl in the hills. You could see prospect holes now an' head-frames an' tumble-down, rusted corrugated iron buildin's.

"I'm thrilled to death!" shrill a young flapper. "I do hope something exciting happens."

"Not a chance!" snort a big, red-faced bimbo. "This bad man stuff is all the bunk! Hump! Why, say, I'll guarantee to take on any gunman that puts in an appearance. Yeah. You betcha!"

V

Just then the runty peanut that is haulin' the drag heels around some juttin' ledges an' lets go a sharp squawk from the whistle. The hog-head, he slams in the yavvy an' wraps the brakeshoes around the wheels. Everybody surges forrard in a bunch; then moans back into one another's lap, clawin' for seats an' any handy object, like a gent's coat-tail or a lady's gown.

Before this here train which operates the Horned Toad Detoor gets all stopped, there is a lot of yellin' an' shootin' an' some birds on horseback come gallopin' down both sides of the train.

"Everybody off!" shouts a tall bird who was the leader. "Make it snappy, 'fore we have to kill somebody! Down on this side, an' line up beside the cars. String out there—hands above yuh heads!"

He punctuates the invitation by shootin' out some winders.

"Come a-runnin', yuh dudes!" bawl another of the riders, a feller with a bandanna handkerchief tied over the lower part of his face. "Bunch up an' hit the dirt!" *Bang! Bang!*

Another winder goes an' some splinters is ripped from a corner of the old day coach.

Emotions start a parade acrost H. Englewood Een's face. It appears he is undecided whether he'll bust out laffin' or sobbin'.

"I declare!" he gasp, startin' to mop his brow, an' tryin to lick his chops at the same time. "What-is-this? What-is-this? A little-surprise? Well-well-well! Ha-ha!"

"I'll fire every damn' one of 'em!" yap Old Man Sloan, excited. "Every fool one, the minute we get to Horned Toad!" He hit the platform an' bounce off the way a tennis ball would, wavin' his arms an' flappin' his jaw. "You're endangering lives and destroying railroad property! You're drunk."

Just then a bullet hit Old Man Sloan's pet black bonnet an' scale it way up on the side of a hill, leavin' the G. M. boundin' up an' down, but plumb at a loss to suitable express hisself.

"It's all right, boys!" holler Jamestón Hull, flourishin' down the steps an' wavin' one of them placatory hands you read about in light fiction. "That is enough for to-day! Ha-ha! Be a little more careful where you point these guns."

Bang! An' a bullet smacks the ground beside Old Man Hull's right foot. He soar. An' when he lights, another hunk of load bats up dirt beside his left.

Bang! For a dignified brass collar, that gent was certain agile. Before the third bullet sog the soil under this bird, he is bouncin' so high he can look over the tops of the cars. An' every time he wing upward, he is wakin' up babies in El Paso.

"Stoppit!" he squalls. "Dammit all, what are you trying to do?"

The big red-faced dude who was goin' to make a monkey out of any tough Alicks that come around, he totters down the steps an' his knees is knockin' together until it sounded like a pair of castanets.

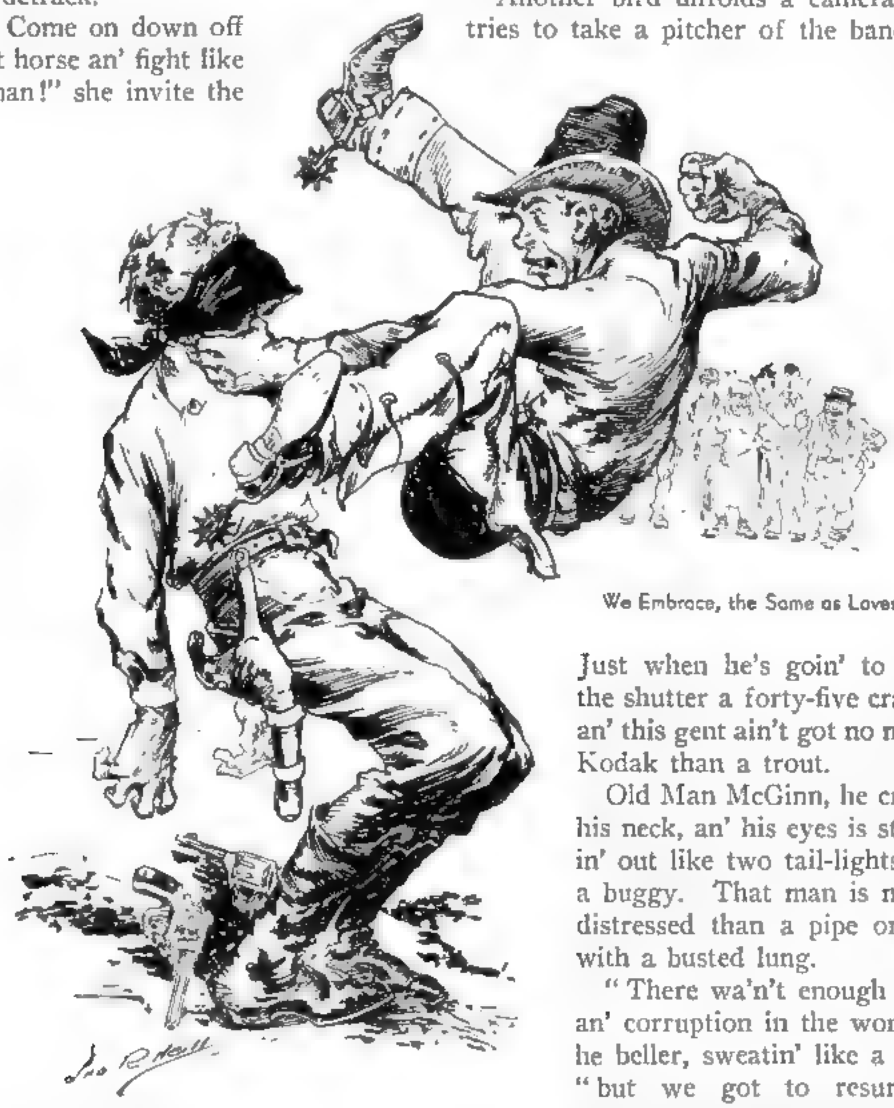
"You can have anything I've got!" he whimpers. "Only spare my life!"

The woman who was goin' to die if one shot was fired, she heave off an' start lookin' around for a club, an' what she called them train robbers would of melted brasses out of cars on a sidetrack.

"Come on down off that horse an' fight like a man!" she invite the leader of the outlaws. "If I get my hands on you, you long-legged, dish-faced skunk, I'll knock the living daylights out of you! Shooting a gun at folks and trying to scare poor, defenseless women!"

The little flapper busts out laffin'. "Wouldn't it slay you?" she says. "They're better than a show," An' she throws one of 'em a kiss. "For you, big boy!"

Another bird unfolds a camera an' tries to take a pitcher of the bandits.



We Embrace, the Same as Lovers

Just when he's goin' to trip the shutter a forty-five cracks an' this gent ain't got no more Kodak than a trout.

Old Man McGinn, he crane his neck, an' his eyes is stickin' out like two tail-lights on a buggy. That man is more distressed than a pipe organ with a busted lung.

"There wa'n't enough hell an' corruption in the world," he beller, sweatin' like a pig, "but we got to resurrect a tough town an' hire some bad men. I knew that yellar-headed half-wit would get us in a unmerciful mess!"

VI

"WHERE the devil *is* our gun fighter?" squawk Old Man Sloan.

"What become of the misnamed, long-gone, bug-eyed tramp that started this whole thing?"

"You'd better look out!" screams a lady passenger at the train robbers. "The Apache Kid is on this train, and he'll make short work of you ruffians!"

Me, Hiram! The boomer from Aroostook, Maine. I'm the Apache Kid, two-gun man! *Good* night!

If I do my stuff, them train robbers will unmerciful make a sifter out of me, an' if I don't try an' get the W. W. G. out of this jam, them brass collars will work on me, no less.

The chief of the railroad police an' the two special agents is in the combination baggage-smoker shootin' out of the winders. But all they do is keep the bandits away from the head end.

Between the yellin' an' screechin' an' cussin' an' guns boomin', this here outfit has got all the atmosphere an' local color it should ought to want.

Anyhow, I could seen where this here was one of them delicate situations that call more for unerrin' tact than it did for shootin'. Like them railroad bulls up ahead wastin' gunpowder an' throwin' lead all over the State of Nevada.

I figgered that discretion was the better part of valor, an' I had a damsite more of it anyhow. So I push by the toorusts out on the platform that are squawkin' an' jostlin' an' otherwise gettin' their money's worth, an' get off the train—with my hands up so far that if I closed my fingers I would of had a buzzard by the legs.

"Good grief!" gasp Old Man Sloan. "He's surrendered!"

"There's the Apache Kid!" accuse an old hen, pointin' at me. "There's the railroad's brave gunman. Look!"

"Shoot *him!*" bawl Old Man McGinn. "An' win a reward."

The masked robber, who was the leader, he tosses the reins to another bird an' swings to the ground. He herds part of the passengers out from the cars now, so's they will be between the other robbers an' them railroad bulls. That slaps a binder on the police, an' they quit shootin', on account of they might hit some of the dudes.

The bandit *jefe* points a gat at me, an' snarl: "Unbuckle them six-guns, ya yellar squaw, an' drop 'em at yore feet. Then pass around that sombrero. We're goin' to gather up a little collection, you an' me."

"I—I can't," I stammers. "I got the dithers."

Well, he look at my hands almost shakin' the finger nails off an' my legs doin' the wobble, an' he sneers: "The Apache Kid, eh? Why, yo're jist a immertation of a yaller-bellied, crawlin' lizard. I've tromped better 'n you into the dirt, yuh dressed-up dude wrangler. Makin' a play for the shorthorns, wa'n't yuh? Tough! Bah! Turn around! Gimme them guns!"

I turn around, an' he grabs one of them six-shooters I'm wearin' for atmosphere an' jam it in his empty holster. Then he reach for the other gun I got. He sticks this one inside his belt, an' laffs, cockin' his eyes around to see how the passengers like havin' the Apache Kid's fangs pulled.

Then I clum 'im!

I got on a pair of big fancy spurs, which same are about the size of a car wheel an' have got long, sharp rowels. I haul off an' sink one of 'em in this bimbo's shin, clean to the hilt. He let out a screech of agony an' claw at his leg. But by now the pain has gone to his head, when I smack his snoot so hard his eyes get cocked.

He try to sock me between the horns

with his gat, but I'm inside the wallop. We embrace, the same as lovers, an' I use my knee on 'im, while he gnaw happily on my ear.

I reach down an' pick the gun out of his holster an' bend the barrel around the side of his head, practical' deformin' a good Colt. He drop his six-shooter, an' Old Man McGinn grab it. The other robbers close in, but they're afraid to shoot, on account of this long-legged jasper which I have folded to my bosom

I stick the muzzle of the gun I got into his ribs, an' yell at the rest of 'em to head-pin in this man's war an' drug their freight, or that palooka swarms aboard old San Gabriel's bungaloo, ventilated the same as a smoke-stack.

That sets 'em. This tough Alick, who previous behaves in a unbecomin' an' bloodthirsty manner, he suck in a few hunks of climate an' bellers so loud a woman in Tulsa thought her husband had got home.

"Just One Wallop! Please, Just One!. . . Where Is He?"

"Wait! *Get back!*" scream this previous tough gent. "He's got a gun stuck in my belly!"

"An' that ain't the half of it!" I yapper. "This peashooter is goin' off!"

That here bird just ain't got lung capacity enough to plead his case. He has of got all outdoors short-circuited.

VII

By this time the echo of the battle of Horned Toad has reached the ears of numerous good, bad and indifferent birds in the fair minin' town out around the bend, an' there comes a-caperin' amongst the rocks an' rills hard-rock miners, tin-horns, high-graders, faro dealers, Hollywood gun-slingers, border badmen, claim jumpers, wranglers, desert rats an' a few offshoots of hell in general.

The movin' pitcher gunmen figger, I guess, that this here is a slight prologue, which welcomes to Horned Toad the first trainload of dudes from the main line at Coyote. So they gleeful shuck their pea-shooters an' unravel large an' copious volleys.

The train robbers have got it figgered out by now that the stick-up has soured on 'em, an' they make a dash toward a ridge just as the jaspers from Hollywood sprout into view, whangin' away with blank cartridges.

Two birds dive in a shallow dis-

covery hole, an' a miner figgers they're jumpin' his claim, which he dust 'em out with a Winchester.

A couple of ladies go in a clutch, an' by thus mergin' their vocal activities, they complete' outnumber a radio network. The woman from Boston le'p in the arms of a big he-man, which hampers his style a whole pile, an' he drops her on a prickly pear an' goes boundin' over a ridge the same as a antelope would. He ain't been seen from that day to this.

Jameston Hull, eighth vice president, has by now assumed complete command of everythin'. He is makin' more motions than a shack with the hives switchin' the Emporia yards single-handed.

Old Man McGinn, he is amusin' hisself with that there six-popper which he has accumulated, but it won't shoot.

"Be the creeping, crawling Judas Priest!" sopranner the super, tears runnin' down his cheeks. "Have I railroaded all my years to see a damn' wandering so-and-so of a boomer despoil the works of man an' love's labor?"

H. Englewood Een, who previous looks on the West as entire devoted to subdivisions an' raisin' Muscat grapes, he enjoy a period of reorganization, mentally, that practical lays him waste.

This man, Een, who spend his life advisin' toorusts where to go an' how to get there, gives a demonstration of prowess that would of made a hummin' bird cockeyed. As quick as a bullet singin' by his ear convince him that this is a *real* train robbery, an' not no horse play by imported gunmen from the "Water Hole," Cahuenga Avenue, Hollywood, H. Englewood dive under one of the coaches an' pop out the other side with his knees cuffin' his ears every time he leap.

The fellers runnin' toward the scene of the hold-up from the sweet, demure town of Horned Toad, they open fire on the train robbers. The bullets are buzzin' here an' yon, with a fair-to-middlin' percentage bustin' glass in them day coaches an' furrowin' in the woodwork.

What a to-do!

Old Man McGinn has by now got the same symptoms a man would have who had four years' trainin' for a bug-house. He finally came on a pick-handle near a shaft and old windlass. He grab it, an' commence peerin' furtive in all the likely places where a bird should ought to be who had of got a guilty conscious.

"Just one!" he is jibberin'. "Just *one* wallop! Please, *Santo Dios,* grant a man a simple request. *Where is he?*"

Anyhow, we final' get organized, an' noses counted. Outside of a couple of beaks that got busted an' a few clothes ripped up the back, everybody is able to chirp bold how they enjoyed seein' the old West. There ain't nobody would admit they was scairt. An' what they ain't goin' to write home!

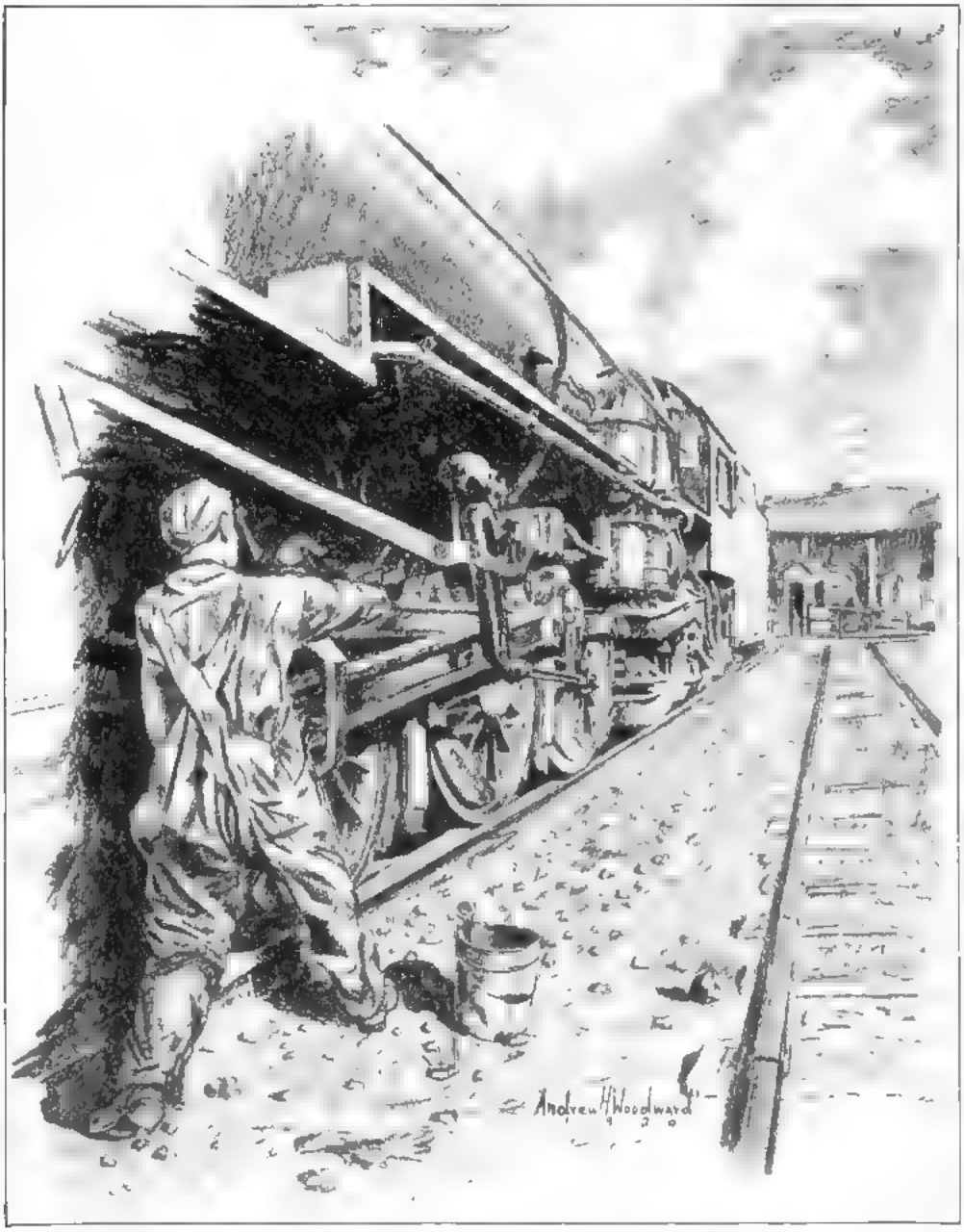
The brass collars blink dazed, an' try to figger it all out. They have sure got some good advertisin' copy for the Horned Toad Detour, an' that makes 'em happy.

"It's funny how those train robbers stepped in as they did," said Sloan, waggin' his head. "First trip, and everything."

"I knowed they was goin' to do it all the time," I says, figgerin' now was a good place to advertise my accomplishments.

"Maud Cripus!" croak Old Man McGinn, runnin' around to see where he dropped the pick-handle. "This is the last straw!"

FILLING THE CUPS



An Interesting Crayon Study by Andrew H. Woodward, P. R. R. Locomotive Fireman. Every Operating Man Knows the Story Told Here. "Andy" Draws upon the Wealth of Material in Familiar Scenes of Shops and Roundhouses. RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE Last May Reproduced Another of His Pictures, "On the Pit"

This Exhibition Freight Train Was a Popular Feature at a Union Pacific Athletic Meet in Ogden, Utah. Children Shrieked With Glee as "Choo-Choo" Passed the Ogden Union Depot (Shown Above). The Parade Included a Miniature Passenger Train Also

Along the Streak o' Rust

A New Department of Rail Personalities; Men and Women With Unusual Records of Achievement

HISTORY of western railroading is without a parallel in the exploit of Joseph Oman, tower man at Arcadia, California, who opened the switch against his own tower house, risking almost certain death to save a heavily loaded passenger train.

In October, 1911, Oman was about to set his signal at "clear" at 4.44 P.M. He was clearing for the westbound Santa Fe passenger train, due at Monrovia station one minute later.

But he staved his hand

Roaring, grinding down the steep grade from the west came a huge avalanche of terror—a runaway cut of freight cars—riding the track a mile a minute!

Instantly the tower man visioned the westbound train, with hundreds of passengers, waiting on the tracks at Monrovia, a bare mile to the eastward. Its crew was unaware that death was bearing down upon them, and there was no way of warning them in time. The tower stood directly in the monster's path, beyond the only switch, but Oman held his post and pulled a lever which sent the runaway freight plunging into the ditch, knowing full well it would of necessity demolish the tower in which he himself stood!

"I must ditch her!" he cried

Unwavering, he watched the first car take the switch. Then he jumped, tried to make the stairway.

A second later he was hurtling through the air and landed thirty feet from the tower. Eyewitnesses were of the opinion that when the head car struck the tower base, at the exact moment Oman jumped, he was catapulted by an "air cushion" created by the impact of collision.

The derailed cars piled one upon another in quick succession, a mountain of wreckage, with Oman's shattered tower atop the heap. The tower clock, unearthed later from the ruins, still pointed to the tragic hour of 4.44!

The runaway string consisted of nine cars, which had been set out at Lamanda Park, four miles west of Arcadia. Seven of them were heavily loaded with crushed rock and cement for city work being done on a near-by boulevard. The combined weight of cars and loads totaled 500 tons.

The cars were so completely demolished that it was impossible to determine why the air brakes had not held It was finally decided that the train line air must have leaked off, allowing the standing cars on the siding freedom to start.

Lamanda Park is some 250 feet higher than Arcadia. From Arcadia to San Gabriel River there is a heavy down grade; hence the speed of the runaway would have increased terrifically had it been allowed to pass the tower.

The concussion was heard for a radius of half a mile. People came running from all directions. They saw the ruins and looked for the tower man's body. They found Mr. Oman dazed but fortunately he was not badly hurt

"My God, I must ditch her! My God, I must ditch her! My God—" he was muttering.

Tenderly they lifted the hero and gave him the best possible care. His courage had saved many lives and won him a permanent niche in railroading's hall of fame.

Mr Oman was fifty-four at the time, having been employed by the Southern Pacific since he was fourteen. He suffered a slight lameness from having been pinned under his engine in a washout in the Colorado desert in 1886

On April 1, 1924, he was retired after fifty-two years and five months of service and is now living in South-

Joseph Oman as He Looks To-day and as He Looked 19 Years Ago Amid the Wreckage of His Tower House

ern California. When asked about his heroism, Mr. Oman said modestly:

"Any railroad man would have done the same thing. It seemed to be my duty. That's all there was to it."
—*Gertrude L. Willett.*

* * *

CONSUELO TREVIÑO

THE Mexican colonies of southern Texas recently chose as their *princesita*, or beauty queen, Señorita Consuelo Treviño, whose brother, Tomas Treviño, is a car department laborer for the International-Great Northern Railroad at Kingsville, Texas.

The editors of RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE feel that the Texans who selected Consuelo for this unusual honor showed good judgment. We would like to receive for publication other photographs of beautiful girls who have attained distinction in railroad circles.

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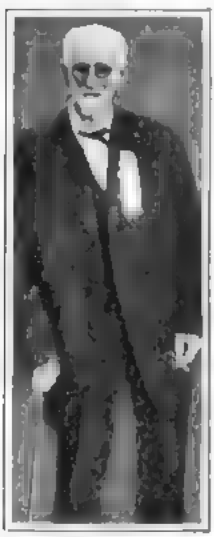


JOHN CLARK

BESIDES being the Frisco's oldest veteran and one of the two original ex-employees to be placed on the honor roll when it was established in 1913, "Daddy" John Clark is believed to be the only Civil War veteran pensioner of the Frisco Lines.

Clark is happily married, with two sons, Walter and Roy. Both are Frisco conductors and have served on the Rich Hill Branch, where "Daddy" worked for twenty-four years. A third son, "Ed," was killed at Olathe.

Mr. Clark was badly wounded in the Civil War, but to-day, at the age of eighty-seven, he enjoys good health, excellent eyesight and a vivid memory.

After some experience on the Wabash Railway, Clark began his career as conductor on the old Frisco, between Dixon and Springfield, in May, 1871, hauling construction material. He had some trouble in obtaining tickets from the redskins when three coaches loaded with them were run to the Indian burial ground at Neosho, but finally persuaded the half savage passengers to "shell out."

"Daddy" and "Mother" Clark are enjoying life's afterglow in their cozy little home at 1410 North Forty-First Street, Kansas City, Missouri. Upon the walls hang portraits of five presidents who were personally known to Mr. Clark, namely, Lincoln, Grant, Garfield, McKinley and Roosevelt.

Mrs. Clark is widely loved for her prison social service work, and has been instrumental in obtaining paroles for many juvenile culprits.

* * *

THOMAS W. MALONE

FOR heroism in rescuing a woman who had stepped in front of a locomotive at Belle, West Virginia, near Charleston, a medal of honor has been presented to Thomas W. Malone, a yard clerk of the New York Central.

The award was made by President Hoover on recommendation of the Interstate Commerce Commission and its committee, after application had been filed by P. E. Crowley, president of the New York Central.

Our photograph shows "Tom" wearing the medal, which is the thirty-fifth decoration of its kind awarded under the law of 1905. The young hero is a resident of Quincy, West Virginia.

* * *

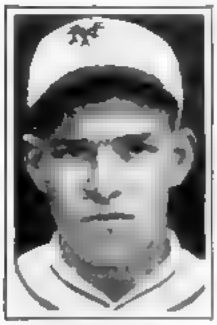
DANIEL O'BRIEN

ELMIRA, N. Y., has good reason to be proud of Daniel O'Brien, recently retired Lackawanna engineer. "Dan" has a unique record in that he was born and raised in Elmira, drove locomotives a total distance of about 1,152,000 miles (equivalent to upward of forty-six times around the globe) in forty years, without one accident all within the Elmira city limits!

Dan joined the D. L. & W. as an engine wiper in 1883 and did the job so well he was nicknamed "Shiner." His entire service of forty years was confined to one yard, which accounts for the peculiar fact that he traveled so far in

so small a radius His address is 1008 Lake Street, Elmira

Mr and Mrs. O'Brien have five sons, the Rev. Edmund O'Brien of Rochester, N Y ; Lawrence, Henry, Daniel, Jr., and Ford, the last three being employees of the Lackawanna, and one daughter, Mary



MELVIN OTT

MELVIN OTT, a star of the New York Giants, whom John J McGraw called "the most valuable player in the National League," was at one time employed as a check clerk on the Illinois Central System at New Orleans.

He made a sudden leap to baseball fame after his skill on the Gretna (Louisiana) High School team had been recognized in 1925 by Harry Williams, millionaire lumber baron, friend of McGraw and husband of Marguerite Clark, retired film star

The following spring Melvin signed up with the Giants at the age of seventeen, as the youngest player of the major leagues! While in New York he resides at One Hundred and Forty-Fifth Street and Broadway At New Orleans in the winter times he works extra on his old railroad job.

Reports were current that he would marry Miss Mildred Wattigney, a New Orleans schoolteacher, at the close of the 1930 baseball season

* * *

JOHN M PALMER HATTIE E. PALMER

WITH a total record of ninety-three years and eight months in the service of the Long Island Railroad, John M Palmer and his sister, Hattie E Palmer, were retired honorably on the same day with the distinction of being two members of the same family who have each served one railroad continuously for more than forty-six years'

At the age of seventeen John was partially incapacitated by a grade-crossing accident while attempting to drive a grocery wagon across a Long Island track. Austin Corbin, then president of the L. I R R., promised to give young Palmer a job if he would learn telegraphy, which he did He was hired February 1, 1883, and later was appointed station agent at Greenlawn, then at Main Street station, Flushing, then Bushwick, and more recently at Jamaica.

Hattie became a L. I R R "op" January 10, 1884, at Cold Spring Harbor, was transferred to College Point, then Bridge Street, Flushing, and Murray Hill, Flushing. On April 7, 1917, Miss Palmer succeeded her brother as Berwick ticket agent; seven years later she was shifted to Nostrand Avenue station

She was connected with the Murray Hill station so long and was so well liked there that commuters nicknamed it "the Palmer House."

* * *

COL. W. H. HARRISON (Above) and W. B. SHERWOOD

TWO popular "home guards" of the Louisville & Nashville are Col. William H. Harrison, of Lexington, Ky., and W B Sherwood, of Ewing, Ky., each of whom has spent nearly fifty-two years continuously on the same job

In November, 1870, Colonel Harrison was appointed traveling passenger agent of the Louisville, Cincinnati & Lexington Railroad, with headquarters at Lexington, and handled the work so effectively that he has retained the same position ever since, even though the L C & L. was absorbed by the L. & N many years ago

Mr. Sherwood took charge of the Ewing Agency January 1, 1880, at which time he was the only operator on the road using the old Morse register to take messages off the ticker At first he was combined railroad agent, Western Union manager, postmaster and express agent! To-day, hale and hearty, and very much on the job, he can pound a key or trundle a truckload of milk cans with the best of them. He is also a successful farmer

Another L & N employee in the fifty year

class is Dr James H Lecher, company surgeon at Henderson, Ky., since May 1, 1880

* * *

HOBERT PRESNELL

MEET Hobert Presnell, of Cincinnati Hobert is a fireman on the C., N O. & T P Division of the Southern Railway. He saved the lives of two Cincinnati boys, William and Donald Casson, aged six and eight, respectively.

Presnell was on duty, waiting beside his engine for orders, when he noticed the two lads on the point of drowning in the Ohio River about forty yards from shore Leaping down a fifty-foot embankment, in which he suffered a sprained left wrist and a cut over the right eye, Hobert dove into the river and rescued the unconscious children just as they had gone down, locked in a death embrace. Jack Conroy, a switchman, rendered first aid

* * *

DANIEL GLEASON

BY a miracle of science, Daniel Gleason, of Salt Lake City is able to see again after nearly fifteen years of total blindness! "Dan" was a popular conductor on the Denver & Rio Grande Western until cataracts drew a black curtain over his vision a curtain which has just been lifted Now, at the age of seventy-two, Mr Gleason is going around meeting old friends, seeing things, and getting a big kick out of life. He marvels at the progress railroads have made in recent years.—*Glen Perrins*

UNCLE CHARLEY

Respectfully Dedicated to "Uncle Charley" Schultz, Senior Passenger Engineer, White River Division, Missouri Pacific, Cotter, Arkansas

CHARLES SCHULTZ

WE waited down at Cotter for the southbound to come in
"She's an hour off the advertised," says Charley with a grin
"That means I've got the bridle off an' can take 'er down the line.
If 6604 will stand the gaff, we'll be in on time"

She's an hour five behind the time, when Charley takes his seat
He's got some running orders that are mighty hard to beat
"They gave us right o'er everything; this engine's pretty fair;
So hit the deck there, tallowpot, I'm gonna burn the air."

With a seven-pound reduction, he rattles through the points,
He widens to the chain again. She's eating up the joints
6604's a-wheeling jack there ain't no keeping down
So gangway for Old Charley, boys, he's shore a-leaving town

The board is set at Diaz. He's two minutes to the good
He's done made up that hour and five, just like I said he would
When he heads her in at Newport, he's a-runnin' on the card,
And Bill Jones, the skipper, says, "We're on time again, old pard."

He's brought his train safe in again, just as he has for years;
He's living still a railroad life, with railroad joys and tears,
For he's a wheeling hoghead, though they say he's getting old
He still can get 'em o'er the road, his heart's good as gold

Herbert A. Messick

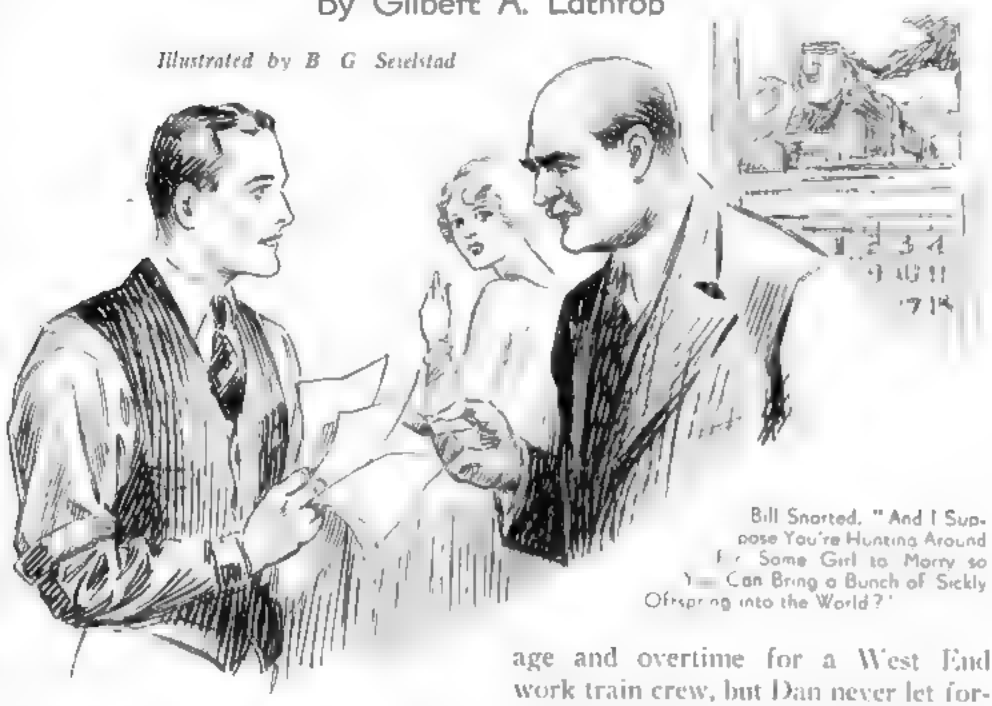
Some of America's Loveliest Girls Are Daughters of Railroad Men. For Instance, Miss Irene Doyle (at the Right) Who Was "Miss Kentucky" in the 1930 National Bathing Beauty Contest at Miami. Her Father, John W. Doyle of Paducah, Ky., is an N., C. & St. L. Conductor. Miss Ethel McFadden, (Below) Was "Miss Tennessee" in the Same Contest. Her Father Is Eugene McFadden, of Paris, Tenn., an L. & N. Engine Carpenter

Hell on Wheels

Bill Hall, the Chief Clerk, Was a Prize Rawhider, and What He Did to the West End Office Force Was Plenty

By Gilbert A. Lathrop

Illustrated by B G Seidstad



Bill Snorted, "And I Suppose You're Hunting Around For Some Girl to Marry so You Can Bring a Bunch of Sickly Offspring into the World?"

"DAN LEMON" was making up a pool. Dan was that way. He did love to gamble. This pool was one of the most idiotic things I had ever seen. I'd watched Dan in a disinterested way while he had laughed and talked Toby, the roadmaster's clerk, into entering it, and while he'd kidded Mabel into blushing so her red cheeks looked almost scarlet.

Dan had hit every one in the office except "Bill" Hall and me. Bill was out in the dispatcher's office. I was wondering about Bill when Dan came over to my desk.

I made a pretense at figuring mileage and overtime for a West End work train crew, but Dan never let formalities like that interfere with him.

"Want to get into a pool?" he asked, setting his notebook down so it hid the figures on which I was working.

"What kind?" A fellow had to be nice to Dan whether he wanted to or not.

"I'll explain it to you. Before I do, though, I might as well tell you that all the lower numbers are taken. This pool is a bet on the number of months Bill Hall lasts here as chief clerk before some one knocks his block off. I picked two. That means I win the pool if he lasts two months. See the idea?"

I saw it. And I saw also that every

number from one up to twelve had been taken. By the greatest stretch of my imagination I couldn't believe Bill Hall would last thirteen months without having some irate employee tramp all over his face.

"I'll give you thirteen," said Dan, as though I'd already agreed to get into the pool. He wrote my name in his notebook and put the number "13" after it. "Chances one dollar each. Want to shell out now, or wait till pay day?"

While I fished around in my pocket after the dollar, I glanced over the list of names who held chances on the pool.

"Benny" Speare had number eleven. If Hall lasted eleven months without getting beaten up, Benny stood to win the pool. Eleven months! It made me want to smile and choke up at the same time.

Benny Speare had been our accountant for the past fifteen months. He had come from the East. We all knew the day he arrived that Benny was in bad shape. Dan Lemon had remarked:

"Benny Speare is packing some load. He's the most likable young duck I ever saw, and is he an accountant? I'm here to tell the whole world he is! But he's packing some load."

We could all see that. A man don't double up and cough from deep down inside like Benny did for nothing. When one of those coughing spells hit him, it was pitiful.

But how we swore by Benny! He was a natural born genius with figures. He fell into the job of accountant as naturally as a duck takes to water. A tall, twinkling-eyed, even-featured kid between twenty-five and thirty. Yes, sir, we all fell for him. He was so willing to leave his work and do anything around the office.

If Mr. Hall lasted long enough for Benny to win the pool, I, for one, was willing to bet that Benny would never live to spend it. He seemed too far gone.

He'd told all of us about himself. "Sure, I've got a pair of bum lungs. They're not so bad that they couldn't be cured by my working out in the open, but I've got to live. This office work is all I know, and this climate is dry and agreeable, so I'll stick around with you."

Then he'd laugh, and when Benny laughed no one had the heart to try to cross him.

Being that kind of kid, it's small wonder that Mabel fell head and heels for Benny. I knew she would, the minute she saw him. Girls can't hide love when it hits them. Mabel saw a man who needed mothering. That settled it.

Benny fell just as hard for her. It was a case of love at first sight. The two of them settled down to saving money so they could marry the following spring.

If old "Jack" Morse hadn't up and died when he did, Mabel and Benny would have married as they planned, but old Jack commanded too much reverence and respect in the office to pull any weddings so close to his death. Mr. Morse had been chief clerk to the superintendent for twenty-seven years when he passed on. He had worked in the O. S. Railroad offices for years before he was promoted to chief clerk.

All of us had been positive that Dan Lemon would fall into old Jack's shoes. Dan was heavy enough for the job all right, but a shake-up in general offices had taken away his chance. So William Hall was sent down to be our chief clerk

Hall had arrived the day before Dan Lemon made up that idiotic pool.

That's how long it takes a bunch of people to form an opinion of some newcomer. Mr. Hall had been our chief clerk three days, and now we were all gambling that he wouldn't last over thirteen months at the most.

I knew I didn't have a chance in the world. Dan Lemon stood to win with his number two. Dan was lucky. He generally won all the pools he made up.

II

Mr. Hall arrived at the office promptly at 8 A.M., his first morning. When he entered every eye turned toward the door and every heart fell.

We saw a man about fifty, with grizzled strands of hair which tried to hide an otherwise shiny pate; heavy dark eyebrows which cropped out in tufts, eyes as cold as chilled steel and just as direct and boring.

Hall had a large nose, close-cropped mustache which didn't hide his thin-lipped mouth, and the heaviest lower jaw I had ever seen on a man. He seemed to be chewing something, but we soon learned it was merely a habit with him. When his jaw moved he made little clicking sounds. We discovered that those clicking sounds were his false teeth.

The newcomer gave us a contemptuous look. Then he stepped to the center of the office, placed his fists on his hips and glared around, working his lower jaw and clicking his teeth all the while.

"I'm the new chief clerk," he said. Then he made some funny little grunting noises. "My name's Bill Hall. You'll find me easy enough to get along with as long as you do your work. When you don't do your work, you're going to conclude I'm hell on wheels!"

Benny Speare put his hand over his mouth. I could see that he was about to have another coughing spell. Mr. Hall saw it, too. He fixed on Benny an icy stare and kept it on him.

I saw Benny color up. His cheeks grew spotted and red. Then he began to cough, soundless, tearing coughs that made a fellow ache all over for him.

When he was done Bill Hall walked over toward him. "Who are you?"

"Benny Speare."

"What do you do?" Bill asked.

"Accountant."

"Lunger, aren't you?"

I felt myself turn cold. Bill Hall could see what Benny was without putting the question to him in that manner.

But Benny smiled and nodded.

Bill snorted. "And I suppose you're hunting around for some girl to marry so you can bring a bunch of sickly offsprings into the world?"

You could have heard a pin drop after that. I looked down to find that I was grasping the edge of my table so hard that my fingers ached. Dan Lemon wiped a trickle of sweat from his brow and lunged outside.

Mabel took a step toward Bill Hall, then halted. She was whiter than a sheet of paper. Benny's face grew haggard and drawn. He wet his pale lips with the tip of his tongue.

Bill Hall turned abruptly and marched toward his desk. He still made funny little grunting sounds to himself.

That's the day I overpaid "Tommy" Owens, an engineer, sixteen dollars and had to hold it out on him the following month, and I shorted "Dave" Ginley, a brakeman, twenty-two dollars, which I had to pay with a voucher.

Dan Lemon came back in while Bill Hall was fingering through the correspondence on his desk.

Bill took up a message. "Who is this man Ed Shepp," he snapped; "and this fellow Charley Hansen?"

I knew what was coming. Ed Shepp was a west end conductor, a dandy good railroad man, but he had got himself into a jack pot about two weeks ago, and the office had been writing him letters about it. We often did that with our good men when they pulled some minor offense. Often that mode of procedure accomplished more good than giving the men demerit marks.

Ed Shepp had been "filed" by Dan while he had been acting chief clerk. Charley Hansen was a heavy-fisted Swede who fired a helper engine on the big hill. Dan had filed him also.

Dan explained to Bill that both cases had been closed by him, and the message was overflow.

"They won't be let off that easy from now on," was the retort. "The only way to keep these train and engine men on their toes is to ride 'em! I'm going to do that little thing from now on!"

III

Chief Clerk Hall started out that very day. He began writing to every man who came under his notice the most insulting letters I had ever heard dictated. We had a mighty good bunch of railroad men. Now and then one of them made a mistake, but on the whole they were a pretty efficient gang

The chief clerk on the O. S. holds despotic sway over the office force under him. His word is law. A wave of his hand and somebody loses a job. His authority extends even to the train and engine men. He can get their scalps by working it in a roundabout way, and he can also save their jobs for them if he wishes. I had a mental picture of Bill Hall saving any man's job!

When he was not "riding" some erring train or engineman with his letters, Bill began eying Benny Speare in a sour, calculating manner. It began to look as though he had taken a decided dislike to the accountant.

Dan Lemon confided to me that Bill Hall had had a long, confidential talk with Benny. It seemed that Bill had found out about Benny and Mabel getting married. It was none of the chief clerk's business, but Bill made it his. The talk must have jolted Benny, because he grew quiet, and seemed to be doing a whole lot of thinking. But Benny had a little spirit, I'll say that for him, and Dan claimed that Benny had told Bill to mind his own affairs.

Three weeks from the time Bill Hall had taken over the helm I knew what was coming. Benny Speare was hanging by the skin of his teeth. Bill had made that fact plain to every one of us. Dan Lemon had already bought a wedding present for Mabel and Benny, but he told me bitterly that he had packed it away in a closet and forgotten about it.

"Benny isn't going to get married as long as his job is hanging by a thread the way it is," confided Dan. "The ax is going to fall any day, now, and when it does—"

He left the balance unsaid, but I saw how his skin tightened over his knuckles and showed white and drawn.

Dan was right. Benny had quite a streak of pride and common sense. Ever since that first day when Bill had made the crack about marrying and bringing a bunch of sickly offsprings

into the world, Benny had cooled down. He had taken to avoiding Mabel. He didn't do it conspicuously, but it was plain enough to all of us.

Well, it came. Bill Hall fired Benny Speare one month after he had come there as chief clerk. It wasn't so much of a shock to us, because we all knew it was due to arrive.

Bill didn't make any display. In fact, he didn't mention it to Benny. He merely notified Speare by message under the signature of the "super" that he was fired.

Benny got his notice at night. He came down the next morning to line up the man who was taking his place. He didn't notice Mabel; just hung his head and acted like he wanted to avoid her.

When Benny came around to my desk to say good-by, I noticed with a jolt how transparent his skin had become in the past month. It was almost like wax, and his eyes were large and feverish.

We shook—I could almost feel the bones in his fingers through the flesh—and Benny said:

"I won't be here to collect that pool if I win it, so I've made arrangements with Dan to give it to Mabel, just in case—"

"We hate to lose you, Benny," I told him. It was all I could think to say just then.

"I hate to leave you. A mighty fine bunch of folks to work around," he remarked.

"Where are you going?"

He made a sweeping gesture with his right hand. "Out there some place," he said softly.

"You have money so you'll get along?"

"Plenty. Good thing, too, because—"

He paused and looked at Bill Hall. I tried to figure just what kind of look he gave the chief. It wasn't anger or hatred, I'd swear to that.

"Well," Benny resumed, as though he hated to say it, "I'm blacklisted. Didn't get a recommendation. All the chief would give me was a note that I lost my job for incompetency. I did make a mistake—three or four of them, what with worrying—so I wasn't deserving of anything else."

"But—but, damn it!" I closed my mouth. Swearing is something I rarely do, and it made me feel like an addle-headed idiot to voice my feelings that way.

When I regained composure again Benny was over telling Dan Lemon good-by.

IV

Work in the office went on just the same. Bill Hall chewed on nothing and made noises with his false teeth as usual. He might have grunted to himself more, but that was all. He couldn't have helped but see how we all felt toward him after that.

And Mabel? There was the real heart throb. She came down to work morning after morning with her eyes red and swollen. No one said anything to her, because words were too weak in a case of her kind.

Dan told me three weeks after Benny had left that Mabel had received no word from him. I began harboring a trace of anger against Benny. He could at least have written to Mabel and told her where he was.

"I'm going to make that skunk step out, and then I'm going to bust him," said Dan. "I'm not only going to bust him; I'm going to put him in the hospital!"

Dan rapped the words through his

teeth. His eyes were as red as rubies, and his whole body was convulsed with anger.

I began to draw some whirligigs on a pad of scratch paper. Then I heard Dan take a long, deep breath. I glanced up. Bill was entering from the dispatcher's office. And I knew Dan was going to bring things to a head right there.

Something made me reach out and freeze my fingers around his wrist. I held to him as though my life depended on it. Bill passed us, grunting to himself. He didn't give us a glance.

I felt Dan relax. He reached up and wiped a trickle of sweat from his face. Then I released his other hand.

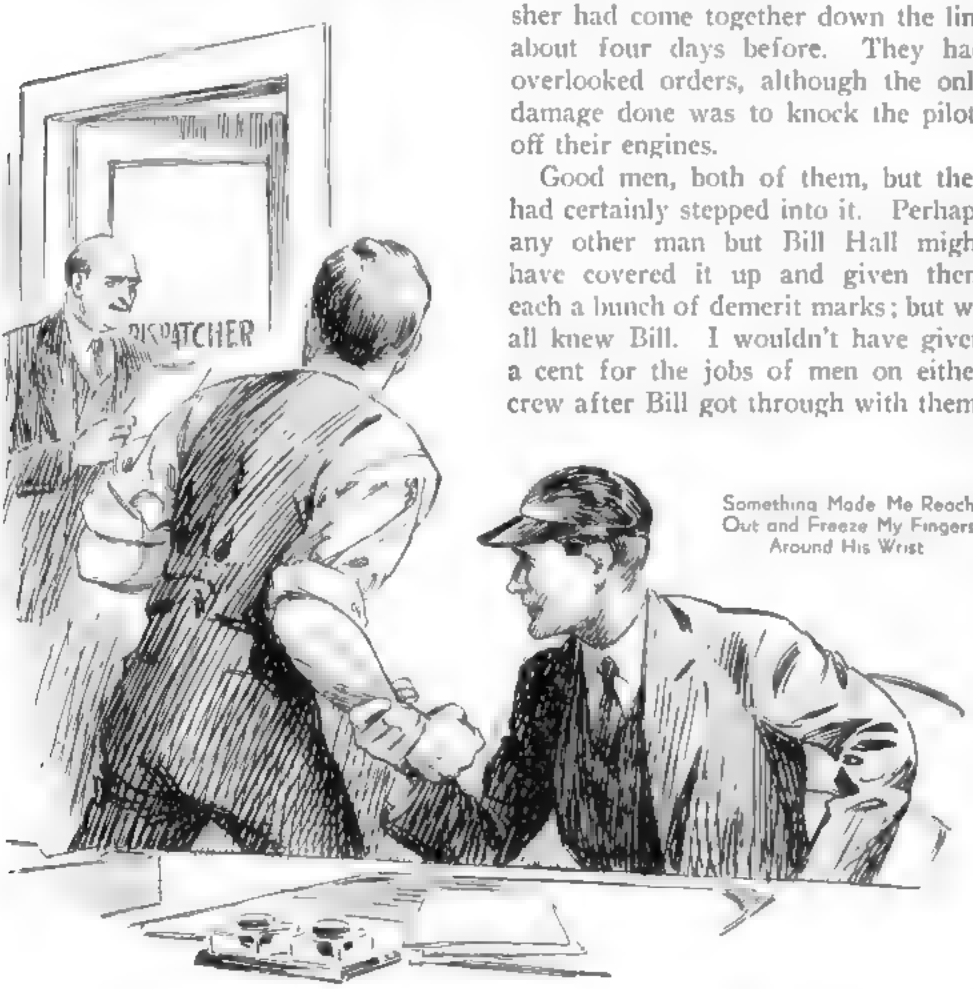
"Lemon!" That's the way Bill always called for one of us. He never used "Mr." Just barked a man's last name.

Dan went over to Bill's desk. I was afraid he might fly up even yet, but Bill handed him a sheaf of papers and remarked:

"Here's the dope on that main line meet between Edwards and Mosher. The superintendent, Mr. Jackson, will be here in a few minutes. Put these in shape for quick going over."

"Gus" Edwards and "Sam" Mosher had come together down the line about four days before. They had overlooked orders, although the only damage done was to knock the pilots off their engines.

Good men, both of them, but they had certainly stepped into it. Perhaps any other man but Bill Hall might have covered it up and given them each a bunch of demerit marks; but we all knew Bill. I wouldn't have given a cent for the jobs of men on either crew after Bill got through with them.



Something Made Me Reach Out and Freeze My Fingers Around His Wrist

Mr. Jackson came in before Dan had the papers lined up. He plunged into his subject at once.

"I'm afraid I'm going to have to let Edwards and Mosher out," he announced.

Every ear in that office was ready to hear Bill Hall agree and add some caustic comment of his own. Instead, he said:

"On the surface, theirs is a dismissal offense." Then he chewed and grunted, while his right eye puckered up so his face looked like a carved gargoyle. "But we can't let any of the men in that mix-up go. They made a mistake, had running orders which were confusing. Both of them have families. Both of them have been with the O. S. for years. My opinion is that we had better hang on to them. They've had their lesson."

There was something about Bill Hall that made a man fall into his way of thinking whether he wanted to or not. I could see Mr. Jackson visibly weaken

The upshot of it was that the men on the crews were reprimanded and the cases against them dropped. All of it had been brought about by Bill Hall!

There were some startled clerks in the office that day. And there were some puzzled ones. For the first time since he had arrived Bill Hall had shown us a brand-new side to his nature.

Don't think that it made him look any better in our eyes. It didn't. The feeling of fear was in the breast of every one of us. None of us knew but what Bill would fire us just as he had Benny Speare.

Then Dan Lemon messed up his reports and stepped into it properly. Bill had every reason in the world to fire Dan over that, because Dan had been making pointed remarks about Bill where he could hear. What did Bill do? He helped Dan straighten out the tangle he had got into and didn't make a single comment.

Bill also worked many evenings overtime, on his own, helping the fellow who had taken Benny's job keep his work straight. He had fired Benny Speare for a great deal less than the mistakes that fellow made every day.

"Have you heard from Benny since he left, Mabel?" I asked her one day nine months after Bill Hall's arrival.

She shook her head sadly.

If Bill Hall lasted four months more I stood to win the pool Dan had taken up that day. Nine months, and I realized with a start that not another man on the division had lost his job!

Even with the feelings there were against Bill Hall, things were moving like clockwork. The train service was operating one hundred per cent. Everything else in which Bill had a hand was the same.

V

Spring came around again. Bill had been with us twelve months. It was almost a year since Benny had been fired. No one had heard a word from him.

The brass hats from general offices were making their annual inspection tour. The day before they arrived, Dan Lemon came over and placed a paper on the top of my desk. Typewritten on this paper was the following:

> We the undersigned clerks in the offices of the West End Division of the O. S. Railroad respectfully request that you remove William Hall as chief clerk at this point. He is very unpopular here, and his presence creates nothing but friction in these offices.

I signed my name at the bottom of the list

I heard that subdued grunting above me. It was accompanied by the click-

"In case you don't feel like presenting that paper to the brass hats, Lemon, I'll do it for you."

There was the faintest suspicion of a dare back of his words

The special hauling the brass hats

A Bony Hand Reached Down and Fastened to the Paper I Had Just Signed

ing of teeth. A bony hand reached down and fastened to the paper I had just signed

Then, without a word, Bill Hall read the paper through. *Taking out his pencil, he deliberately wrote his name below mine and handed the paper back to Dan Lemon!*

You can imagine how we all felt. We looked for Bill to blast all of us, but he didn't. He walked over to his desk, his jaws working as usual. Seating himself, he fixed Dan with his penetrating gaze and remarked:

pulled in the following morning about ten thirty. They arrived at the same time as eastbound Number Four. I saw them outside of the office looking things over.

Dan was nervous, but there was a set to his chin which told me he was determined to go through with what he had started.

"You can go out there and give your petition to Mr. Weir, the general manager, Lemon," Bill said to him.

Dan went out, his face white. I felt the perspiration run down over my

spine. I guess the only one in the office who was unperturbed was Bill Hall.

Dan spoke to one of the brass hats outside, and they stepped off where they could talk without being overheard.

Some one walked in from the dispatcher's office. I twisted my head around and looked. Then I blinked and looked again.

Benny Speare stood just inside the door! His sun tanned face wore a smile of happiness. Unless you had known Benny well before he had left, you wouldn't have recognized in him the picture of health who beamed at every one of us.

Then Mabel saw him. With a little cry of joy she was in his arms.

After their greeting, Benny walked straight over to where Bill Hall was sitting. His right hand was thrust out. Bill was grunting and chewing harder than I had ever seen him. He seemed almost embarrassed.

"Got here, huh?" Bill spoke gruffly.

Benny nodded. Then he whirled to face the rest of us

"I don't know just how you folks feel about Bill Hall," he said in a ringing tone, "but no matter how you do, after I tell you what he's done for me, you'll feel different."

"That's enough, Benny," grunted Bill.

Benny thrust out his chest. He thumped it hard with his fists. "See that?" he continued, ignoring the chief clerk. "A pair of lungs like bellows. Nothing wrong with those lungs. And Bill Hall gets credit for it all. He fired me because I was too stubburn to realize that I'd never get well if I stayed cooped up here in this office. He blacklisted me so I couldn't get a clerking job anywhere. I've herded sheep, slept in a tent for the past year. Bill knows where I've been. He offered me money to carry on with if I wanted it. I had to promise him I'd keep my mouth shut. But I want all of you to know what he's done for me. I didn't write to Mabel because if the cure was not effective I was going to drop out. No man should want a girl to marry him when he's in the shape I was."

Bill Hall got to his feet. For almost the first time since he had come to our office he wore a smile.

"Benny's right, in a way. I hated to see a lunger marry, and I stopped it. To-day is my last day here with you. Benny Speare takes the job I'm leaving. He'll be your new chief clerk. I go back to general offices again. I'd say nothing to Dan Lemon about that petition when he gets back here. Just drop the whole thing. Dan's a good man, but hot-headed."

The day after Bill Hill left I signed another petition. Dan Lemon got it up. He had handed me the pool of thirteen dollars which I'd won. I gave it to Benny and Mabel for a wedding present. The new petition read as follows:

> We the undersigned contribute the following sums to be applied on a gift for William Hall as a slight token of our appreciation and regard.

Not only clerks were on it. Every train and engineman on the West End was down for some amount.

Dan Lemon headed the list for five dollars.

"Not a bad kind of an old scout when you got to know him, was he?" Dan asked me

"Hell on wheels," I said with a smile.

They Put It in the Book to Prevent Wrecks and Injury, but It Did Something Else for the Dispatcher

Rule 108

By Griff Crawford

Illustrated by Harry C. Temple

"You Always Wanta Bet on a Sure Thing," Said Java

HIS real name was Archibald but the boys found that unsatisfactory and nicknamed him "Java" due to the fact that a bucket of coffee was as much a part of his equipment as the train sheet. With some of the steaming liquid close at hand where he could reach over and take a swig or two at intervals of two or three minutes, Dispatcher Java Mosby was at his best. Right now Java needed the stimulant badly. He had a proposition coming up.

"Le's see," he meditated to himself. "Tremont holds 115 cars and second 106 will be there for No. 10 and No. 11; No. 10 and No. 11 will meet at Springston; the local says he's ready to go, so by givin' him clearin' time on 10 and a meet with second 106 at Tremont, I can get him out of the way at Springston so No. 11 won't have to back out. He's got 22 cars, second 106 has 88—that's 110—they both oughta clear like a top." He looked at the time card to be sure about the capacity of the siding under discussion. "That's a darned good move. It'll save the local an hour and won't delay anybody."

He turned the bell on Springston. "You sure that bird's all set to get right out?" he asked the operator.

"Yep. Waitin' on you," was the reply.

"O K, copy for him." Java placed the orders as he had outlined them, giving the way freight a meet with second 106 and twelve minutes on No.

10 to insure him plenty of time to make the move.

"Now, tell them to walk on it," he instructed the operator. "Nos. 10 and 11 are meetin' at Springston and I want him out of the way and leave the passing track clear for 11 to go through, and if he sticks second 106 it's goin' to be too bad. Tell 'em to hurry."

"Now," said Java, turning to Elmore who was working across the table from him, "I've got my tail in a crack. I've violated every bulletin in the book and it's up to fate to pull somethin' and get me in bad."

"You mean," corrected Elmore, "get you in worse. Whatcha done?"

"Well, in the first place I've given the local a meet with second 106—a symbol train—that's a prison offense if caught. In the second place, I've given the same darned local twelve minutes on the Sunshine Limited to make Tremont—that's shot at daybreak if caught." He gulped down a swig of coffee and continued. "The situation is tense, Billy. If it works out, O. K., I'm a good man—if not, I'll be answerin' correspondence when Gabriel blows his tooter and maybe afterwards."

"Didn't a fortune teller warn you some time ago to beware of a big, dark man who would cross your path?"

"Uh-huh. She musta meant Trainmaster Boggs, I reckon; he's already crossed it several times and once he came mighty near blottin' the trail out entirely."

"You understand, of course, a dispatcher must not delay trains in either direction on any track at any time, don'tcha?"

"Sure. Which makes me think Springston oughta be handin' me an 'OS' this very minute." He turned the bell and when the operator answered said hopefully, "How about the local?"

"They ain't gone yet."

"Ain't *gone?* Well why in the blinkety-blank-blank ain't they?"

"Minute. I'll see." The operator returned to the phone shortly. "They pulled down to the west end and went to eat."

"Eat? Gone to eat? You mean that slab-sided mongrel of a 'Pig' Templeton has gone to eat holdin' the orders he does?"

"Uh-huh. They got the engine spotted right in front of the 'greasy spoon,' now."

Java reached for the bucket and gulped down a swig that choked him. He came out of it sputtering and uttering words that were inelegant and reeking with brimstone. Then he evicted biting sarcasm.

"Poor fellow," he said, referring to Pig Templeton, the local's engineer, "poor, starvin', hungry imbecile. He ain't had nothin' to eat for nearly three hours now. He must be nearly famished and I wished to heaven he was and removed from this vale of tears complete and permanent."

"How's it workin' out?" asked Elmore.

"Right up to standard. The hogshead smelled pork chops over at the greasy spoon and is indulgin' his infernal appetite; second 106 is now reposin' more or less peacefully at Tremont and No. 10 will be there right on time but won't leave that way. He'll stand there twelve minutes on his wait order and by the time his flag gets in it will be fifteen minutes and No. 11 will get delayed at Springston because No. 10 was delayed at Tremont and then will have to back out because that one-horse local has an engineer that has to eat

"Le's See," He Meditated. "Tremont Holds 115 Cars and—"

every time he sees a restaurant sign But why worry? Didn't the brave engineer have his pork chops? What else matters? What does it matter that second 106 will get a solid hour? Pig Templeton has his stomach full, anyway."

"Beware of the big, dark man, Java."

"Why mention that? Why try to cheer me thataway? Mebbe you can tell me why an engineer gets hungry as soon as you souse somebody for him and he gets his orders and pulls down to where you can't change 'em? Mebbe you can tell me why the gnawin' hunger always grips them right at such opportune moments? One hundred men in the A. E. F., like Pig Templeton would have done more damage to the supplies crossin' th' ocean than all th' U boats Germany had."

"The reason," explained Elmore, "is exactly the same as comes over a train crew when you get yourself in a jam. They get their orders and pull down where you can't get hold of 'em any more, then discover they have to brass a couple of hot boxes. The answer to both problems is the same. Find it to one and you get it to both."

"Think of the wrecks, company property and human lives that might have been saved these long years caused by crews runnin' red signals when the company, by spendin' a few cents and havin' a little foresight, could have saved it all."

"Howdja mean?"

"By puttin' a small sign on each signal—just a little sign would do. Small letters"

SHORT ORDERS—HOT CAKES—PIE—COFFEE

"It might work," Elmore agreed.

"Work? Of course it would work; you couldn't get an engineer by a sign like that in a thousand years. An eat

sign sets the air automatically—same as a train control apparatus."

II

"Fix th' 1876."

Java looked up to see a conductor waiting for orders.

"Run as No. 403, with none," said Java, fixing up a clearance card and delivering a single slow order.

"Another nice thing," he turned to Elmore, "got to clear your own trains, here. I'm getting tired of this business. Wished I had a good corner with a supply of lead pencils. I'd try it out."

"Ya goin' to write that crew up for eatin'?" asked Elmore.

"Am I? Oh, boy, and how! If them babies has to eat every other station I'm goin' to see if the company won't put a diner on th' run and double crew th' train. Thataway, one crew could be eatin' all the time and they could keep goin' right along."

For five minutes he scratched away, telling his tale of woe to the powers that be, then he read it approvingly and laid it aside to be completed when he had the actual delays to attach to it, to substantiate his claims. The gastronomic tendencies of the crew were to receive proper and official attention.

It turned out fully as bad as he expected and he resumed the epistle with increased indignation, addressing it to H. M. B., otherwise known as "His Majesty" Boggs, the efficient and ill-tempered trainmaster. The communication ended as follows:

. . this resulted in following delays:

No. 10, Tremont seventeen minutes—wait order and flag;

No. 11, Springston, twenty-four minutes meet No. 10, seven minutes back out acct local on siding;

2nd. 106, Tremont, 1 hour 10 mins., No. 10, No. 11 and the local.

All this delay caused account local not going to Tremont for No. 10, the reason being that Engineer Templeton stopped to eat. For your information wish to advise that he had eaten at Wilkeston only three hours before.

He reread the complaint, put it in an envelope addressed to H. M. Boggs, "Personal," and threw it on his working file to be handed in when he went off duty.

There was no conversation for a time. Both districts were heavy and the dispatchers worked away to get things lined up and going. Java took a minute or two off to get a new supply of coffee from the lunch counter across the street. Finally they were caught up and social relations were resumed.

Elmore threw out a question:

"Didja write 'em up to th' boss, Java?"

"Boy, you said it; when they throw me down thataway, I'm old man avenger himself."

"Mebbe th' operator was wrong about 'em eatin'? Mebbe—"

"Not on your life, Billy; eat! eat! eat! That's all they think about. That, and overtime."

"Sometimes operators say things—"

"Billy, you're doin' that to devil me, that's all. Don't kid yourself. When a local crew starts out, say at nine o'clock and they get over to Higby, which is a long, gruellin' run of nearly fourteen miles, th' agent happens to remark that th' 'Busy Bee' is servin' fried chicken at noon. So they stall around, switchin' cars over and over, till it's eleven-thirty and they can get th' regular meal and away they flag to th' 'Busy Bee'; then, they make another nerve-rackin' run over to Banner, twelve miles further and that agent speaks about th' Home Hotel havin' fresh strawberry shortcake. Bingo!

They drop everything and make a fast run to the Home without a minute's delay, and so on acrost th' district till they finally tie up—on duty fifteen hours and fifty-five minutes. Nine of which has been eatin'. Don't kid yourself."

Elmore grinned, he delighted to get Java started on his pet peeve which was his reason for reopening the conversation about the writeup. He puffed contentedly on a cigarette for a time, then something occurred to him and he looked closely at the new time card which had taken effect at midnight the night before. He looked twice, his eyes widened, then he called across to Java.

"What time is No. 403 due out on the new card on your district, Java?"

"Four-thirty."

"And you cleared a man about 1:45 as 403?"

"Great Jupiter! Java came up out of his chair, gulping. I—*did!* I forgot all about th' time bein' changed on th' new card." Java stared at his companion, then blinked rapidly and he took a big drink from the ever-present bucket. "Sure as fate, and them cussed fools on that crew didn't have any more sense than I have. Th' dumbbells! Left town more'n two hours ahead of schedule.

"I got that local comin' back extra buckin' 403's card, too, and no way to get hold of 'em, Pig Templeton an' that bunch."

"Well, I saw your bogus 403 pull out. It was around 2:10, you say th' local's comin' back, extra, buckin' 'em?"

"Yeah; they turn at Karnes now."

III

A CONSULTATION was held with an idea of devising ways and means to prevent an accident. There were no open offices, no way to warn the approaching trains. The two dispatchers tried country phones, everything, but no results. Then they commenced to figure where they would meet, where the head-on would occur. They agreed, figuring an average speed for the second class train, and guessing that the local who probably had little if anything to do on the return trip, the approximate spot would be at or near Wadlow—probably between there and Tecumseh.

"Right in them curves and cuts," wailed Java, "they can't see one another a train length in some places in there." He indulged in another dram of coffee. "Guess I'd better order th' big hook and try and get hold of some doctors to go along."

"Mebbe they'll get stopped, Java," counseled his partner. "Let's wait a few minutes. We oughta know mighty soon. If they ain't already met they will quick, now."

"Let's hope it's on a straight stretch of track and th' air's workin'" Java walked up and down the room. "How in the name of high heaven could all of us have slopped over like that? Five men on the crew and myself—all overlookin' our hand at the same time."

"It always happens that way," said Elmore. "Seems when one man makes a bust everybody else connected with the deal does the same thing. I don't know why."

"Them boys are friends of mine—every one of 'em on both trains and I've got 'em all in trouble," Java moaned. "Mebbe some of 'em killed."

"I know, kid, but brace up. Something may break in th' right direction. Keep a stiff upper lip."

"It ain't my job," Java continued. "I'll take th' whole blame if nobody

gets hurt. I won't kick. Th' job can go to thunder."

His words were interrupted by Wadlow breaking in on the wire. "DS-DS-WD."

"They've hit! Answer him, Elly, I'm loco!" Java paled.

"I-I-DS," Elmore replied.

"Who's going to pick up my stock?" inquired the agent. They had expected entirely different words from these and Elmore ignored the inquiry.

"Have you seen any trains around there lately?" he asked.

"Something by here south about twenty minutes ago. I thought mebbe he was going to get the stock and I started over to the depot but he didn't stop."

"Anything in sight north," inquired the dispatcher, eagerly.

"There was an extra in the hole here for the south bound. He pulled out before I got down. It sounded like th' local."

"Didja hear that?" Elmore shook Java. "Didja hear it? Th' local was in th' hole when that illegitimate 403 of yours went by."

"Why?" Foolishly Java asked the question.

"God knows. Luck, I reckon." Elmore lit a cigarette. "Anyway, there won't be any big hook needed."

"Let me have th' wire now. I'm O K, again." Java resumed with Wadlow where Elmore had left the key open. "You say the north bound left before you got down to the station? You didn't see any of the crew?"

"No, they were out on th' main, just closin' th' switch when I got to th' office."

"O K," said Java. "I'll run that south bound's engine back from Plymouth to get your stock. I guess he didn't have instructions to pick it up."

With nerves now steady he called Plymouth and issued an order for engine 1876 to run extra Plymouth to Wadlow and return to Plymouth, arranged other necessary orders and when the misguided 403 arrived at Plymouth more than three hours ahead of time its crew had not tumbled to what was going on until the train got the orders to go back after the stock. Then, as there was something queer about it, the conductor commenced to figure and it came to him what had happened. To make it clearer Java had made a note to the conductor: "Want you back to leave Plymouth on time," and he instructed the operator to underscore the words on time.

"Ask Java if he's got anything up his sleeve," said French, the conductor.

"He says no, but wants to know if you understand why he underscored on time?" the operator reported.

"You're derned cluckin' I do. Tell him I savvy."

IV

Elmore walked around the table and grinned at Java. "I'll bet a horse you didn't put a copy of that order you just give th' 1876 in th' order book."

"You always wanta bet on a sure thing," replied Java.

"I'd give a pretty to know how them birds come to be in the hole at Wadlow for that wild train of yours."

"So would I, and I'm goin' to find out soon as they get in. It's a miracle they wasn't plowin' along around some curve and havin' a head-on. That's the first and only time I ever knew of a local bein' in th' right place at th' right time. There was no reason on earth for 'em bein' on that siding—none in the world."

"What didja give 'em on th' real 403?"

"Gave 'em right over 'em in here at th' first office. They wasn't up against th' time till they got to Reed, but they never let out a cheep about th' 1876. I reckon they will when they get in."

Some time later the door opened and the entire crew of the local trooped in. Pig Templeton was in the lead and looked over the counter at Java savagely.

"What in blazes was that we met at Wadlow?" he demanded. "That 1876?"

"What did he look like?" grinned Java.

"From his classifications, or lack of 'em, he might have been 403, but he was three hours ahead of time if it was."

"What was he supposed to be?" asked Phillips, the conductor.

"Well," admitted the dispatcher. "I slopped over, boys. It's on me. I forgot about th' new card changin' th' time and I cleared 'em as 403 at 1:45 p. m., when they wasn't due to leave until 4:30, and they pulled out."

"They slopped over, too, then?" said Pig.

"Yeah! But I led 'em into it."

"What crew was it?" asked Phillips.

"French, Phelps, Scrimms, Pawcett and Bixby."

"Huh umph." said Pig.

"Ummmmm," said Phillips.

"That same bunch forgot about us overlookin' our hands wunst," mused Pig. "Plumb forgot to mention we had to back up two miles and get on a sidin'. Reckon if they hadn't forgot it we'd all be out of a job now, eh, Phil?"

"They ain't no better at forgettin' than I am," declared the conductor. "I'm th' best danged forgetter you ever see."

"My memory's short, too. Awful short. How are th' rest of you fellers on rememberin'?" Java turned to the fireman and brakemen.

"It's a regular disease with me," admitted one of th' shacks. "I can't remember anything but pay day."

And so it seemed all were affected by the same malady. Not one of the bunch had a memory worth bothering with.

"How about you, Java?"

"I'm th' poorest hand to remember things," he admitted. "You'd be surprised; why, th' day I was to get married they had to send a cab after me to go to the weddin'. I'd forgot all about it and on th' way to th' church I had the cussedest time tryin' to remember who I was goin' to marry. That's how good I am at rememberin'." He looked up at the clock. "Boys, you've had a hard trip—a nerve-rackin' journey and I know you must all be hungry—take this little order—" he wrote on a piece of clip and handed it to Pig, "take this to yon beanery and fill up to your heart's content—all of you. I pay th' bill."

"I am hungry," admitted Pig. "Hungry as a wolf."

"Wait a minute," said Java as they turned to go, "wait a minute. Tell me how in the name of all that's holy and good you happened to be in the hole at Wadlow for that crazy train?"

"Rule 108," said Pig emphatically. "A strict observance of rule 108, that's how."

Java racked his brains trying to think how rule 108 read. Suddenly the wording came to him:

"In case of doubt or uncertainty the safe course must be taken."

"You musta heard 'em comin' or saw their reflection, or somethin', or was it a hunch?" Java asked.

"Neither of them things, Java,"

Pig replied. "You see, I was in doubt an' uncertain. I doubted whether we could make it over them hog-backs with that old kettle we had, and that made it uncertain where we would make for 403 and what time we'd get in, which made me in doubt and uncertain where we could get somethin' to eat, so I just headed in at Wadlow to keep from havin' to whistle out a flag an' we all went over to th' beanery there an' had some ham an' aigs, hot cakes, coffee an' a slab of pie to sort of bolster us up till we got in. That's how come we wasn't on th' main stem gettin' the under frames knocked outen us."

"You took th' safe course. I see, and while you was over fillin' up that fake 403 passed?"

"Just as we got back from our light lunch he rumbled by. Yes."

"God bless th' appetites of hogheads," declared Java. "Yours especially, Pig. Lead this starvin' bunch to th' beanery and dine as my note suggests. You must be nearly famished again."

As they filed out of the office Java reached over and procured a sealed envelope from his working file. It was addressed to H. M. B., and further marked "personal." Slowly he tore it to small bits and let them drift down in the wastebasket. Any one would have a hard time piecing them together and reading what had been transcribed thereon.

"And now," said Elmore, "look out for the big dark man."

"You can't cheer me up talkin' thataway," admitted Java.

V

JAVA was worried for a while that something might slip on the illegitimate 403 episode. Days became weeks and nothing had been heard about it. Then Java received a note from Mr. Boggs asking his presence in the private office of that official. The dispatcher did not connect the 403 party with the summons at all. He wondered, vaguely, what it might be about and why he was accorded the distinction.

There were a number of things in Java's mind that could have caused him to be hauled up on the carpet, but he could not guess which, or how many of them. He entered the office of "His Majesty" puzzled.

For a full minute the train master looked at him without uttering a word. Nervousness took a grip on the dispatcher's being. Finally Boggs said:

"Well, Java, tell me all about it."

"Tell you all about what?"

"Still playin' it close to your bosom, eh?"

"I don't getcha, boss. I'll swear I don't know whatcha mean."

"I refer to the light engine, the 1876, which was run from Plymouth to Wadlow some time ago to pick up stock."

"Oh, *that!*"

"Yeah, *that!*"

"Oh, yeah; I'd forgot about *that*. I run 'em over there to get that stock to keep th' company from havin' to pay a claim."

"How did they come to pass it up when they went by there?"

"You see, I forgot to instruct 'em to get it."

"Oh, so that's how it happened?" Boggs frowned.

"Yeah," said Java, "it was my fault," he did not like the way Mr. Boggs kept looking at him. "Nobody's fault but mine."

"That's all there was to it, then?"

"Yeah, that's all, just forgot to instruct 'em."

"403 was running ahead of time that day, wasn't he?"

"Seems like he was. Yeah, I'm pretty sure he was."

"Running extra, or how?"

"Why, certainly extra. How else could they run when there wasn't any schedule to fill? Sure, extra."

"Around three hours ahead of the schedule, I believe?"

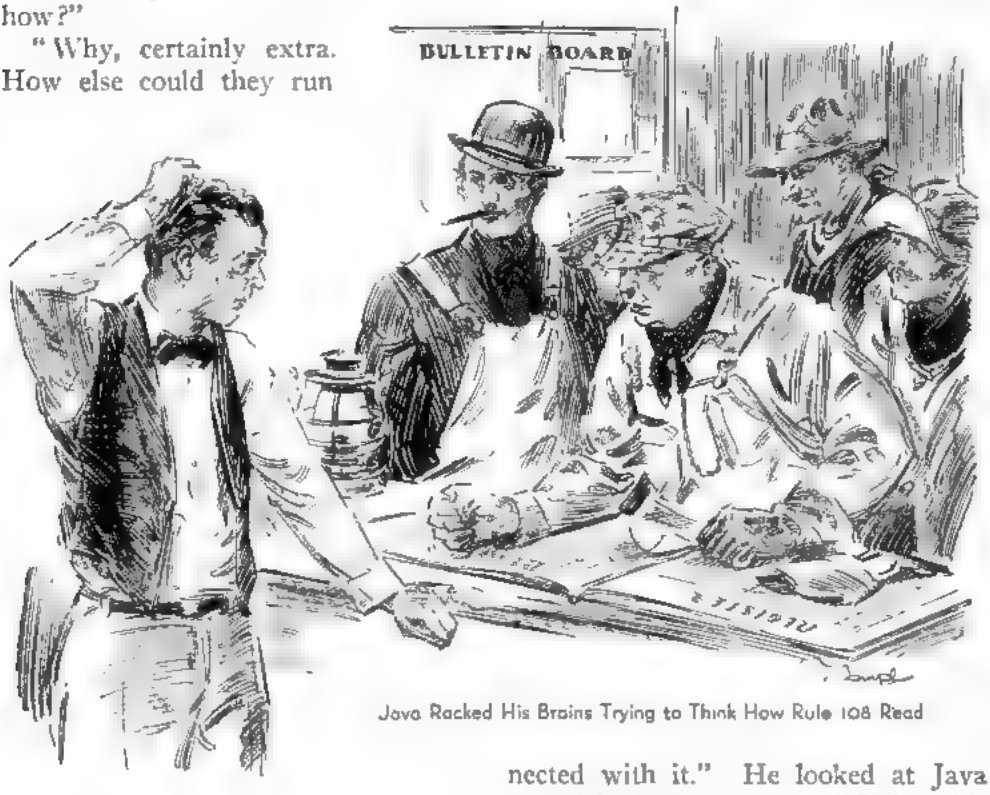
Darn old Boggs. Why couldn't he take the explanation given him and let it go at that? Why must he nose around asking questions when everything was O K?

"I—I—don't remember, le's see—"

"Come clean, Java," barked Boggs. "I got the goods on you and the whole bunch that was mixed up in that deal. I know all about it. How you all slopped over and how it was covered up. You didn't show their orders in the order book, didn't carry the movement of the light engine on the sheet. You faked the 'OS' out of the terminal and covered up everything connected with it." He looked at Java appraisingly a moment. "I dug this thing up myself after hearing a stock shipper bragging about how we ran a light engine back to get his stock and I couldn't find any record of any such move, so I got suspicious. Both of these crews and yourself are slated for dismissal. Mostly due to the fact that you did not report it as you should and as the rules of the company require. What possible excuse can you have for following the course you took?"

"I—I—it was trying to live up to the rules that caused me to cover it up." Java said hesitatingly.

"Trying to live up to the *rules?*" Mr. Boggs half rose from his chair.



Java Racked His Brains Trying to Think How Rule 108 Read

"You did everything but try to obey them."

Java scratched his head. He was sparring for time. There must be some way out of this thing. "We interpret them different, of course," he began. "Take rule 99 for instance—many claim—"

"What has rule 99 to do with this case?"

"Nothing," admitted Java. "I was calling attention that we look at the meanings different—sometimes."

"I don't know what you're driving at," said Mr. Boggs.

"I don't either," Java admitted to himself, but aloud he continued, "we don't look at things alike, always."

"We'd better look at 'em alike when it comes to train rules and regulations if we're going to railroad," snapped His Majesty. "Just what rule do you imagine you were obeying by not reporting this occurrence?"

Again the dispatcher scratched his head. This time with results. Inwardly he thanked Pig for the inspiration. He hated to steal his thunder but this was an emergency case, and with all the show of perfect candor and confidence he replied:

"Rule 108."

The official wrinkled his brows, trying to remember the particular wording. He picked up a book and thumbed through it until he came to the one in question. Slowly he read it and looked up.

"Did you say 108?"

"Yes sir, that's it."

A puzzled expression came over His Majesty's face as he looked at it yet a third time. Then he voiced it aloud, "*In case of doubt or uncertainty the safe course must be taken.* Is that the one you mean?"

"Yes, sir."

"Will you please tell me by what stretch of the imagination you contend you obeyed any part of that rule?"

Java fumbled around for a reply.

"You see, I consider that one of the most important rules in the book—"

"And yet you violated every precept of it?" he shook a finger at his dispatcher. "Do you know the meaning of *safe?*"

"Webster says it means 'Free from danger; injury or damage; secure; no longer dangerous; sure'," Java supplied.

"Well? What's that got to do—"

"I'm getting to that." Java sat forward. "You are looking at the definition as simply applying to prevent wrecks, personal injury, etc., while I lean to the broader, more modern view."

"Will you answer my question?"

"Certainly. You see, I was in doubt, uncertain."

"In doubt about what?" the train master snapped. "Uncertain about what?"

"My job! I realized that if you were aware of the circumstances my position would not be 'free from damage'; it would not be 'secure'; you'd have tied a can to me as big as a wash boiler as soon as you got to the office; and so, racked by this doubt, by this uncertainty—I took the safe—at least the safer—course and covered the whole thing up. It's a darned poor rule that won't work both ways, boss."

There was no change in the poker face of the official. Whatever emotion or reaction he had to this announcement was completely hidden. He waved a large and vigorous hand toward the door, intimating that the interview was, for the time being at least, ended. As Java reached the door and turned to bid a quiet good-by greeting he al-

most fainted, for about the hard-set lips of Mr. Boggs was the tremor of a smile—almost a grin.

"Well, I'll be d a m n e d!" He looked up at Java now. "That's a new one on me."

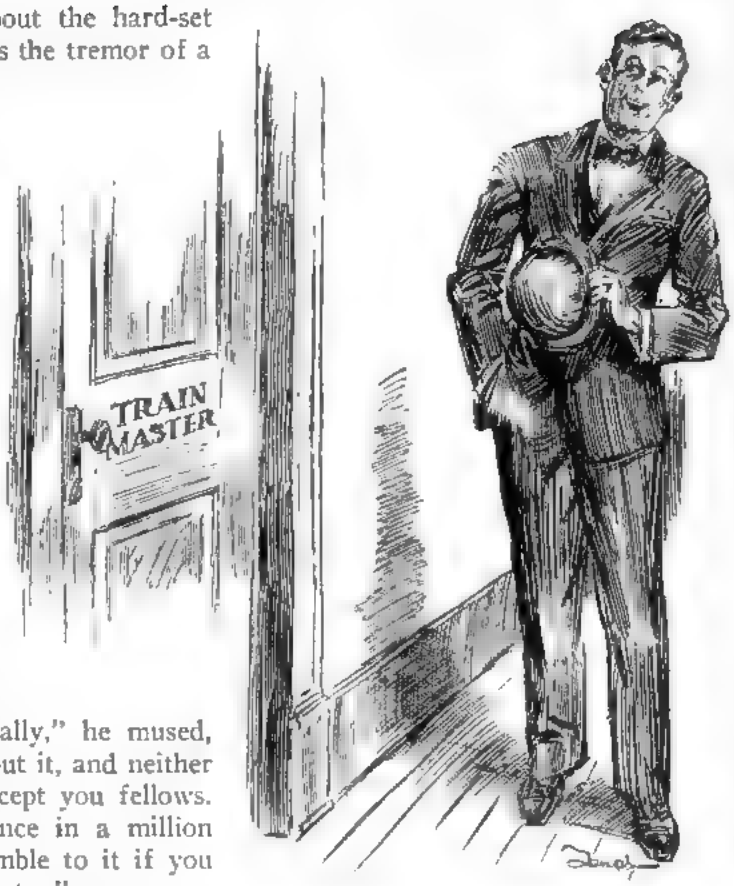
"Yes, sir," admitted Java agreeably. "T h e r e's many angles to—"

"I ought to fire every one of you fellows," interrupted His Majesty, "especially you." He toyed with a p e n c i l a moment making m e a n i n g l e s s marks a c r o s s a scratch-pad. "Officially," he mused, "I know nothing about it, and neither does any one else except you fellows. There's not one chance in a million any one else will tumble to it if you keep your mouths shut—"

"We have; all of us," Java reminded him

". . . sometimes I forget—easy—and this, I guess, is going to be one of the times. Get out of here!" He finished savagely.

As the renewed Java went down the hall he heard sounds of laughter through the door he had just closed.



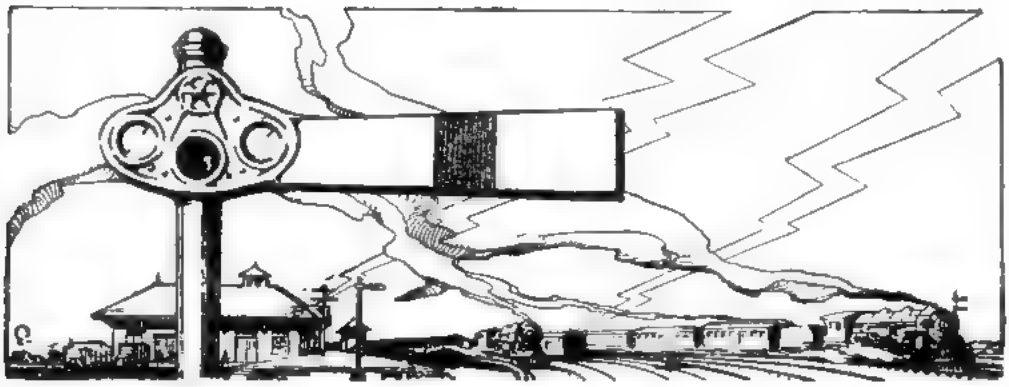
"Good Old Rule—It Saved a Wreck, Probably Some Human Lives, and Eleven Men's Jobs"

"By thunder! He *can* laugh, and he's white! White as snow." He chuckled to himself. "Good old rule—it saved a wreck, probably some human lives and eleven men's jobs. Heaven bless old Pig and his infernal appetite."

UNIQUE CLOCK IN LONDON STATION

LAST year London's Piccadilly Circus station was completely rebuilt to accommodate the 30,000,000 people who use it annually. It is entirely underground, connected to platforms by moving stairways, and contains some of the smartest shops in the West End. It has been proclaimed as one of the engineering wonders of our time The station clock, recently placed in position, tells the time in any part of the world at a glance Its face is a detailed map of the world —*Dwight Lloyd.*

True Tales of the Rails



This department, formerly called "My Greatest Thrill," is devoted exclusively to true stories told in the language of the men who have lived them. Readers are invited to submit unusual personal experiences of thrills, drama or comedy. These stories should be typewritten, double spaced, between 500 and 1,500 words. Names and places may be disguised, but each story must be verified. Prompt payment on acceptance.

Orders Are Orders

By James W. Earp*

Illustrated by Joseph Easley

MY biggest thrill came at a time when I was filling a temporary trick as dispatcher on the Mohawk Division of a Western streak of rust. Just passing through and grabbed off the job, with no thought of it being permanent. The road men were as fine a bunch as one would care to meet, even though they did have the habit of smoking into towns on nothing but a red fusee and a prayer, as I was to learn in the course of time.

Business was good, and I had some eighteen trains on my sheet. Four were passenger. Next in importance were two hot shots: No. 98, eastbound, running in two sections, and No. 96. Both were second-class trains, and superior by direction as between trains of the same class according to the time-table rule.

Another second-class train was No. 95, the westbound red-ball merchandise. The chief had told me to delay No. 95 that day rather than hold up the eastbound hot shots a single minute.

Sandwiched in between these runs was No. 87, the local freight, a third-class train on the time-table. They were running far behind schedule, and it was necessary to keep them moving if they were to make it in under the

*A story told to Mr Earp by a former dispatcher who is now a chief dispatcher for one of the Western roads

"hog law." For that reason I gave them the following order at F:

No. 87 meet First 98 at G and No. 96 at H.

At the time it looked like a good meet. The local was light as to tonnage, and I figured they could meet the two 98's at G, as those two trains were close together, and run to H for No. 96 without delaying that train at all.

Hardly had the local left F when the operator at K reported Second 98 being delayed by a hot box. On top of that the operator at E gave me the OS on No. 95. A glance at my sheet told me that No. 95 stood a good chance of being delayed unless helped, so after calling K to see what Second 98 was doing, and learning they were still delayed, I put out the following order at F:

No. 95 meet First 98 at G and Second 98 at H.

After that I turned my attention to the other trains on my division, planning to look after their needs and then help the local freight to H for Second 98. By the time I got back to that, K was giving me an OS on No. 96, which had run around Second 98, and also on Second 98. Then the operator at G announced the departure of First 98, and the fact that No. 87 and No. 95 were on the siding there.

I started to call H, only to find that station was closed after 4 P.M. I was a blind siding and J was closed after 5 P.M. It was now 5.10. My low whistle of dismay brought the chief to my side.

"Now what?" he asked with a smile.

I pointed to the sheet.

He frowned. "Looks to me like you've sewed up things. If the Old Man ever sees that after the delay, we'll never get through explaining."

I studied the sheet for a solution. Then I began to call G on the wire.

"Better tell them to hold No. 87 and No. 95," the chief suggested.

"I was going to tell him to inform the conductors and engineers on those trains to use each other's orders to go to H," I replied. "One can flag on the other."

The chief gave me an odd glance. "Do what?"

I repeated my idea. A vigorous shake of his head and he pointed to the orders again.

"Tell G to hold them," he commanded. "And be quick about it. Then study those orders again. Don't you see what might happen?"

I did not. As yet I had not tumbled to the dire possibilities contained in those orders. Before I could say anything G had answered, and I obeyed the chief's instructions. Back came the amazing information that Nos. 87 and 95 were already disappearing over the hill toward H!

"Great heavens!" groaned the chief. "They've combined orders against Second 98 and 96. And if those two trains get the same fool idea we never will get through cleaning up the mess." He turned to me. "See?" he demanded, pointing to the orders.

"Yes," I replied, still unseeing. "But Second 98 and 96 can't leave H, because they have a positive meet with 87 and 95."

"So have 87 and 95 at G," said the chief. "But Second 98 and 96 may get the idea of combining their orders to go to G for 87 and 95—and in all probability they will."

It was then that I saw what could easily happen. Each engineer and conductor would figure out he could

use the other orders to make up for what he lacked in orders. No. 96 would figure he could go to G against 87, because No. 87 had nothing on Second 98, and since No. 96 was ahead of Second 98.

And it would be easy enough for Second 98 to figure on going to G for No. 95, although he had a positive meet with them at H. All he had to do was put a flag on No. 96 and follow it.

I say, it could easily happen. But I never dreamed it actually would happen. Not even after the operator at G reported Nos. 87 and 95 gone. It would be foolhardy to think that the crews on the opposite trains would figure out the same plan.

"You don't know our men," said the chief when I mentioned that possibility. "They are always figuring out how to get over the road. And they'll do it just as sure as two and two are four. I know them too well."

He was reaching for the phone even as he talked. Something came up into my throat to choke me as he called long distance.

"It's a chance," he told me. Then to the operator: "Get me H on the phone as quickly as possible, and tell Operator Bland, there, to get to the station and hold those two trains there. And for God's sake, *hurry before we have a bad wreck!* Yes, Bland has a phone. Only Bland in town. And hurry!"

He turned back to me. "It's our best bet," he said. "It is barely possible we may get hold of Bland in time. If not, we might as well get ready to clean up a bad mess. Lots of curves between G and H."

Silence reigned in the little office. On the other side of the desk I could see the East End dispatcher eying me with pitying looks. The ticking of the standard clock on the wall seemed to be tolling a death knell. I could picture in my mind the little local freight running like a greyhound toward H, with No. 95 just behind them. Opposing them were Second 98 and No. 96.

That was the picture I drew. I think the chief could see as I did. Only a miracle could avert a head-end collision and two rear-end collisions in case the crews on Second 98 and No. 96 decided to combine their orders to go against Nos. 87 and 95.

"I hope they don't get the same idea," I said chokingly to the chief.

"You and me both," he replied.

It wasn't a pretty picture that I drew in my mind. And from the looks on the face of the chief he was drawing the same in his own brain. To try and forget what dire possibilities were in store, I studied the two orders in my book.

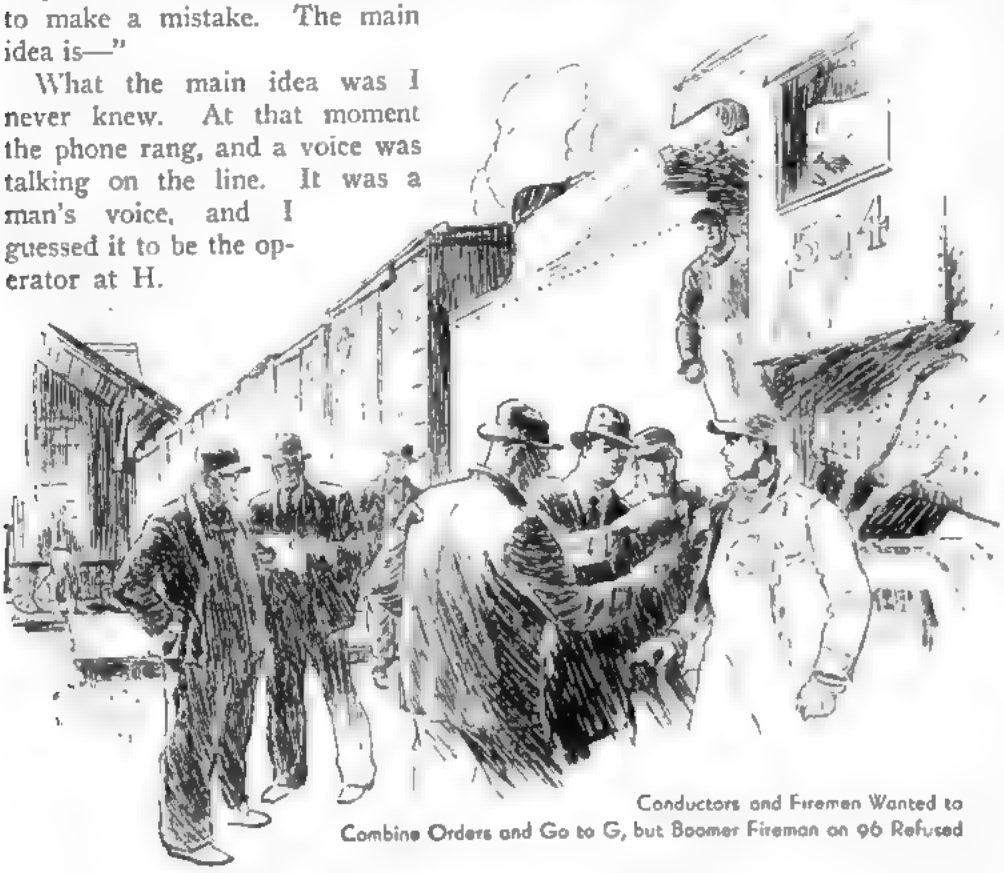
The more I studied them the more I wondered how I could have pulled such a boner. All I had to do was put myself in the places of Second 98 and No. 96 to know that they could figure on combining those orders, just as Nos. 95 and 87 had done, and go to G against those two last named trains, just as the two former trains could figure that they could combine their orders and go to H. Only one loophole stood open for me. It came like a brilliant flash of lightning.

"Those orders," I told the chief, pointing to my book, "give absolute meeting points, and according to the standard code a meet order is a meet order."

He nodded. "I know. Those orders as given ordinarily would just tie up the works completely. But we must reckon on the human equation as well

as on orders. Technically, I suppose, all you've been guilty of is a boner. Practically and in reality, you've left a loophole for the train and engine crews to make a mistake. The main idea is—"

What the main idea was I never knew. At that moment the phone rang, and a voice was talking on the line. It was a man's voice, and I guessed it to be the operator at H.



Conductors and Firemen Wanted to Combine Orders and Go to G, but Boomer Fireman on 96 Refused

It was. The chief's gleeful exclamation drove some of the chill from my body. His terse commands to get hold of the leading train's conductor at all costs and hold him was met by a click of the instrument that told me the operator was off to obey.

"They're still standing on the main line at the station," reported the chief, turning back to me. "The operator thinks No. 96 has engine trouble, as all the crews seem to be at the engine. Second 98 is behind them. Maybe for once in our life a hot box or engine trouble is going to be lucky."

I hoped so, but said nothing. I was trying to keep my other trains moving with as little delay as possible. At my elbow was the chief, dropping a suggestion here and there, helping me with a kindly word and smile. To this day I regard him as my best friend, and one of the coolest, keenest minded railroad men I ever knew in an executive position. He has gone high since those days, but the higher he goes the more I'll be rooting for him

Ten minutes passed. Twenty. I was beginning to have nervous chills The sounder at my elbow calling and signing H's call gave me the ague for fair. It was the chief himself who took this message:

> Got them. Holding them for orders. Nos. 87 and 95 also here. What'll I do with them?

The chief tapped out a reply:

Let them go. Also Second 98 and No. 96. What was trouble?

The operator answered:

Conductors and engineers wanted to combine orders and go to G, but boomer fireman on 96 refused. Boomer said it couldn't be done, not even under flag. While arguing, 87 and 95 showed up. Conductor on 96 reporting Fireman Cronigan for insubordination. Advise.

This was the chief's response:

Tell Conductor Hall to bring fireman to A and report at office. Advise him fireman is right as to orders.

Oh, yes, there was an investigation. But not a kangaroo court. This investigation was more like a school of instruction than anything else, with the Old Man sitting in to lend his knowledge to us for future use. There was a little censuring, but not much. The boomer fireman received the only praise of the session. And it was the Old Man himself who gave that.

"Sure," agreed the veteran boomer. "I knew it all the time. That's what I tell them. All they could think about was a flag, but when I tells them a meet is a meet, they gives me the horse laugh. An' they gets real peeved when I says they can't combine orders to go no place. With me, *orders are orders!*"

"They are," said the Old Man.

An Exciting First Night

By L. P. MacCabe

Illustrated by Joseph Easley

ON the night of October 2, 1916, I came near to shaking hands with the Grim Reaper in the big West Springfield yard of the Boston & Albany. At that time I was still in my teens, but had knocked around some.

Like all youngsters, I had a lot to learn. Earlier in the day I eased into West Springfield from Albany and the Hudson Valley, in search of work on the B. & A. The T. M.'s chief clerk was a gruff, one-armed ex-shack of the old school. When I asked if he wanted any brakemen, he snapped out, "No!" Then I asked if he wanted a clerk. He rasped another "No," but squinted at me and reached for a book and pencil which he handed to me with these words:

"Be around at five to-night. I don't think you're any good, but I'll take a chance on you."

My heart pounded with hope, for here was my first chance to become a rail, also to end my unemployed status, which did not bring meals any too close together.

Promptly at five I showed up and met the day number-grabber. He showed me the tracks, and explained what numbers to grab, along with my other duties, which consisted of anything and everything that no one else was willing to take on. There were errands to run over many weary miles, back and forth in the large yard in

quest of stray waybills and mail. There was scouting for wood for the fires that the day gang let die out.

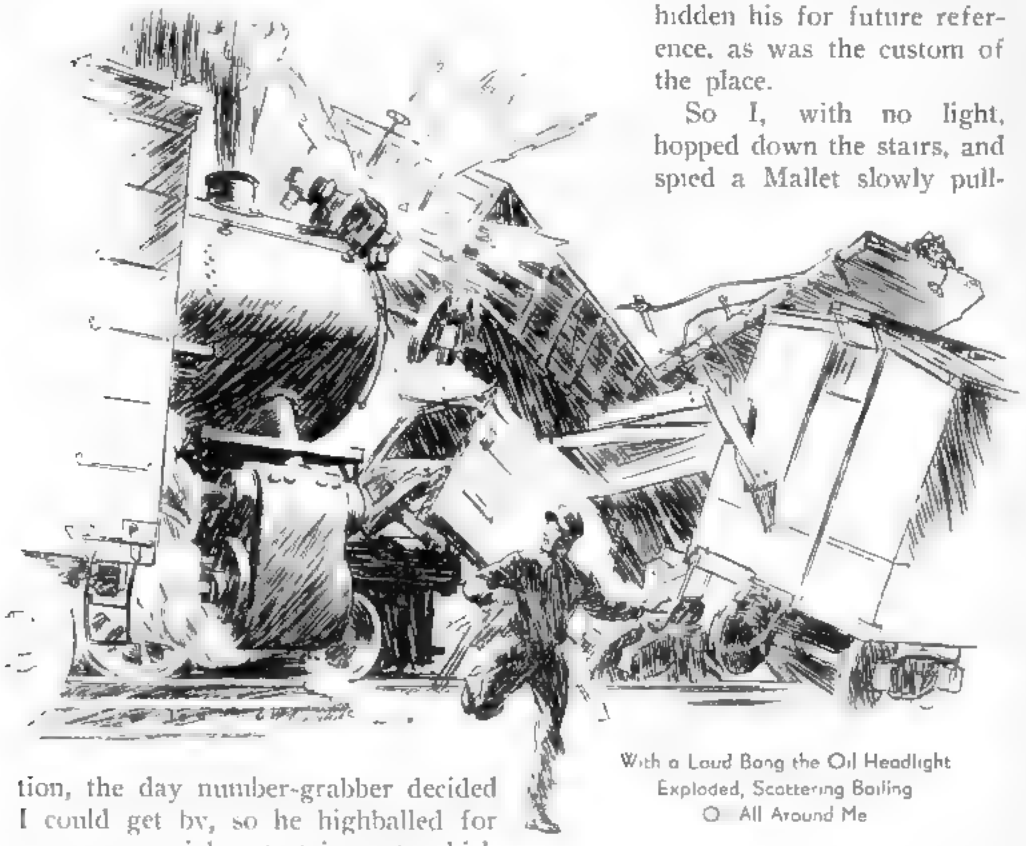
After a couple of hours of instruction, the day number-grabber decided I could get by, so he highballed for more congenial entertainment which the main street offered

Left to my own devices, I promptly headed for the east yard office and a little spot. There I awaited the next move on the part of the night yard mixer, who was clawing through a pile of waybills and papers. Finally his gaze lighted on me

"Get up to the west end office as fast as you can," he thundered, "and get those beef and perishable waybills that just came in on X B 2 (a fast freight from the stockyards of Chi.) Also get a light, and don't be running around in the dark, as nobody can tell who you are or what you are doing. How in hell do you expect to see the numbers with no light?"

I had forgotten all about a lantern. The day number-grabber had hidden his for future reference, as was the custom of the place.

So I, with no light, hopped down the stairs, and spied a Mallet slowly pulling in from the east with seventy or eighty cars. As she pounded in over the lead crossovers and switches, I flopped nimbly on the front footboard like an old-timer



With a Loud Bang the Oil Headlight Exploded, Scattering Boiling Oil All Around Me

Well satisfied with myself, I reached in my pocket for the makings with which to curl a dream. In the glare of the big, old, oil headlight I proceeded to build a cigarette, noticing that the engineer was rolling them along in good shape between two solid walls of box cars which nearly brushed the huge low-pressure cylinders on both sides of me.

While we pulled in on Track Seven, far up on the other end of the yard, a big switcher was shoving off twenty-two empties. A switch tender lines the iron for Track Seven, whereupon the foreman's light flashed a head pin signal. The head end man pulled the head pin, and down through the yard sailed that string of twenty-two riderless cars.

Then, as I was ready to touch a match to my fag, came the thrill. Standing on the front footboard, I saw the long string rapidly approaching. The parade was headed by a couple of wooden flat cars and some low-side steel gondolas.

Vainly I sought a means of escape, but it sure looked bad for me, and time was dog-gone short.

Suddenly, as I was sweating gum drops and wishing I were a bird, a small break appeared in the box cars a short distance ahead on my left, and the same side of the footboard I was on

If we could only make that space I would be safe! The engineer on the Mallet, thinking he had a clear track, plugged along, shutting off his lubricators apparently without a care in the world.

Like a frightened jack rabbit, I clung to the grab-iron and prayed we would make that hole in the cars. We did, but only by a split hair! As the leading flat hit the engine I dove for the gap, and with my coat right out straight, I brushed the end of that cussed car.

Well, there was plenty of action right then. The wooden flats folded like accordions, and the steel low-side gondolas climbed up over them and punched a hole in the front of the boiler.

With a loud bang the oil headlight exploded, scattering burning oil all around me. As the big Mallet continued, cars collected like snow before a plow, and the box cars which blocked my escape toppled over in a blinding cloud of dust and with a roar.

Well, I felt like a convict pardoned and snatched out of the electric chair just before the current was turned on.

Although my eyes were almost popping out of my head, my legs got busy and I flew for more peaceful surroundings. Not being too familiar with the yard, I headed for the first light I could see. It proved to be quite a distance away. As soon as I could get my air pumped up I gasped my story, and an excited switch tender notified the night G. Y. M., who hotfooted for the scene of the rumpus.

Then I remembered what I had come after, and a few steps took me to the west end yard office, where I got the rush waybills and left post haste. On my way down through the yard I passed the wreck, now ablaze with lights, and I noticed some of the boys digging in the splintered wood and twisted steel more or less feverishly.

"What are you looking for, gents?" I asked.

One shack spoke up, "We're looking for that new number-grabber who just hired out to-night."

"Well," I said, "you don't need to look any more; here I am."

About this time the night G. Y. M. appeared in front of me and remarked, "So here you are! Well, you must have a rabbit's foot or a few horseshoes in your pocket, for luck is with you. Now give me those perishable slips and, young feller, never again ride the front footboard of a road job!"

For nearly fourteen years I have followed that advice.

She Hit a Poplar Tree, Devoured a Chicken Coop and Caved in the Wall of a Bedroom!

Hot Freight

By F. A. Goldsworthy

Illustrated by Joseph Easley

IN August, 1915, I was grabbing tickets on the Utah-Idaho Central Railway, a juice road between Ogden, Utah, and Preston, Idaho, a distance of about ninety five miles.

We pulled into Logan, Utah, right on the dot. After I had finished loading and unloading the passengers, I was about to give the motorman a highball when the station agent came out and informed me that the dispatcher said to look out for a freight which had pulled out about a half hour before.

Between Smithfield, Utah, and Preston, the road was under construction, and the train ahead of us was loaded with bridge timbers and steel rails. I mention the load on account of what happened afterward. The contracting company which was extending the road used several small locomotives in hauling the material to the end of the line, as at that time only part of the road was electrified. About two miles out of Logan station was Sixth Street Hill, with an average grade of five per cent, but in a few places ten per cent.

I had a one-car train, and as I pulled out of town I collected seventy-two pasteboards, although there were only sixty-eight seats. Then I went out on the head end to pass on the word about the freight. By this time we had reached Sixth Street Hill, and we had gone but a short distance when our headlight revealed the rear end of the freight near the top of the hill.

"More delay," muttered the motorman

But he slammed his controller on nine points, cocked his feet up on the controller case, and let her ride. The motors hummed as we rapidly climbed the hill.

I remained in front with the motorman, as I had no passengers to get off before Hyde Park. Besides, I wished to be where I could take my dig at the crew on that freight for holding up a fast string of varnish. I was watching the freight and forming in my mind a swell balling out for the crew.

The motorman had just lit a smoke when suddenly his feet hit the floor with a bang. He threw off the juice and our speed slackened.

"Look at those scissor bills!" he growled. "Backing down hill without a flag, and no one riding the hind end! Some railroading, I don't think."

In the gleam of our headlight I noticed suddenly that the cars were doing an unusual amount of side swaying. They hit a low spot in the track, and I saw a big bridge timber snap a side stick and fly upward.

"The cars are running wild," I cried, "*and headed straight for us!*"

Just then they reached a slight curve. I could hear the scream of the flanges as they bit into the rails, and I could see that there were three cars and no locomotive attached!

By the time they had straightened out from the curve, we woke up. My "side kick" jerked off his controller and brake valve handle, and walked rapidly back to the rear of the car. I followed, and to this day I do not know what made me lock all outside doors.

The motorman placed his controller and brake valve handle in position. Then he gave her the works and we started down that hill like falling down a well. I glanced back, and my heart came up to my neck. Believe me, I was scared, and I don't mean maybe.

The freight cars were much closer, and were lurching and swaying from side to side, with the exception of the lead car, which was a steel flat loaded with eighty-pound steel for the main line. It was riding the rails like it was glued there.

That was the fastest ride I ever took, but we seemed to be standing still, the way those flats were coming down on us!

By this time the passengers had become aware that something was wrong. Women screamed, and so did some of the men. There was a crash of glass and I saw a man hurl himself out of a window.

He was not injured so badly as you might have expected from a leap off a train going at not less than seventy miles per hour. We discovered later that he had broken two ribs and an arm, of course, had some bad bruises. Even at that he was lucky.

Meanwhile, those cars had closed up on us rapidly, and were now only about fifty feet away!

A woman passenger yelled through the glass door: "Let me off or I will report you. Stop this car at once!"

She stamped a foot in rage.

As I looked back through the milling mob of passengers, I felt a surge—a heave—a blinding flash—a crash—then perfect silence!

Then I heard the motorman cussing a blue streak and trying to unlock the door, so I knew I was still earthly. He got the door unlocked, and I believe every one of those passengers stepped on me in rushing out. But I didn't mind; I was glad to be alive.

At last I got up and saw what had occurred. Not one passenger was hurt except the man who had leaped through the window. Our car had jumped the wire as we hit the curve, and was about sixty feet from the

track, partially buried in the front lawn of a near-by house.

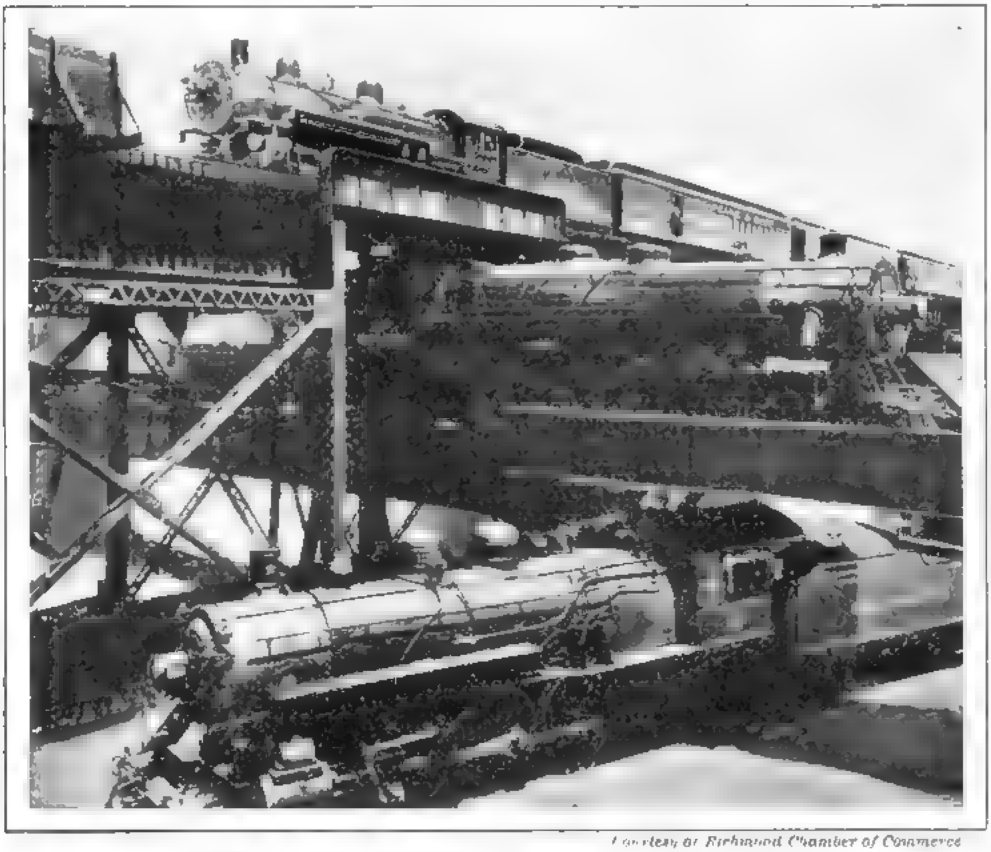
We had made the curve all right, but the runaways had just touched our rear and crushed the headlight. Then they had jumped the track, plowed across a highway, smashed the rear right wheel of a passing automobile, and slammed into a pile of new ties, making fine kindling wood of them.

By that time the two loaded cars had got tired and turned over on the side. But the baby with the load of steel was just getting started good. She hit a poplar tree about two feet thick, cut it down, devoured a chicken coop, and came to rest with her drawhead about a foot from a man's head resting on a pillow, after she had torn down a porch and caved in the wall of a bedroom!

The "pillow" man told me afterward that he had been in bed only a short while. He had been to a "whoopee" party, and had retired, to be awakened rudely by seeing that flat car in his bedroom.

The crew on the freight had cut off the three cars to double the hill and had not set the hand brakes.

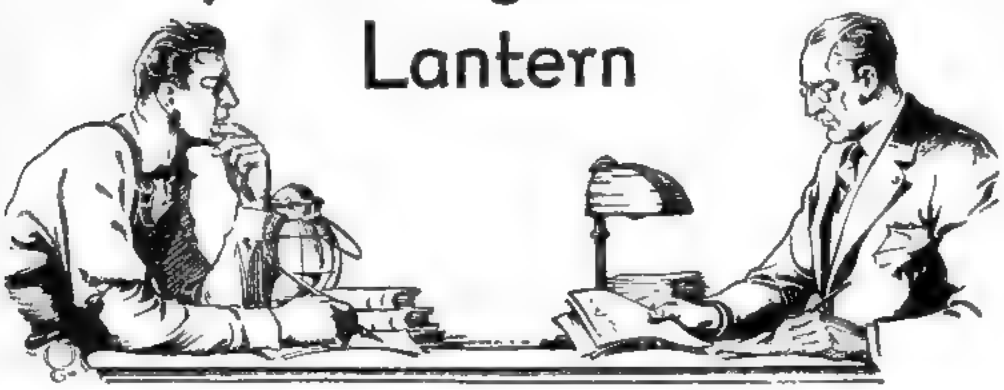
A THREE-LEVEL RAILWAY CROSSING



Courtesy of Richmond Chamber of Commerce

This Unusual Photograph Was Made in the Busy City of Richmond, Va

By the Light of the Lantern



WE want to be as useful as possible to our readers, but, because of the great popularity of this department, we are obliged to impose certain restrictions. It is limited to the answering of questions of an informative, technical, or historical nature only. Letters concerning positions WILL NOT be answered. All letters should be signed with the full name of the writer, as an indication of his good faith. We will print only his initials. The editor begs that readers sending in questions will not be disappointed if the answers do not appear as early as expected. Delays are often unavoidable for two reasons: the magazine is printed two months in advance of the date of issue, and it frequently takes weeks to secure correct answers, owing to the complexity of the questions.

L. J. D., Washington, D. C.—Your request as to the relative speeds obtainable from the Pennsylvania's K-4, K-2, E-6 and the Baltimore and Ohio's P-7 type locomotives, does not permit a specific answer because the speed of any locomotive depends upon the physical condition of the roadbed and the tonnage average in the handling. Of the locomotives you inquire about, the New York Central's 5200 type are probably the fastest on the western hemisphere where grade conditions are not severe. The Philadelphia and Reading's fastest locomotives are their Pacific types and the same can be said for the Central of New Jersey.

WHAT years saw the line of the old E. T. V. & G. built from Knoxville to Atlanta and from Cleveland, Tennessee, to Chattanooga? Also when was the cut-off built from Cohutta, Georgia, to Woltewah Junction, Tennessee, and where was the K. & O. Railroad built from and to and during what years?—M. C. H., Childress, Texas

The E. T. V. & G. Railroad was one of the forerunners of the Southern Railway Company which was formed in July, 1894, by a combination of the lines of the E. T. V. & G. and the Richmond and Danville systems.

The E. T. V. & G. was itself a combination of the East Tennessee and Georgia Railroad Company and the East Tennessee and Virginia Railroad Company and several branch lines which were acquired about 1870.

The East Tennessee and Georgia Railroad was opened from Dalton, Georgia, to Knoxville, Tennessee, in 1855, construction having been begun at Dalton, Georgia, about January 1, 1851. The road was completed to Loudon, Tennessee, on August 9, 1852, where construction was held up by the difficulty of bridging the Tennessee River, through service between Dalton and Knoxville being maintained by an agreement with the steamer Loudon, which operated on the Tennessee River between Loudon and Knoxville. In 1859 a line was built from Cleveland, Tennessee, to Chattanooga. The line from Knoxville to Chattanooga was then operated as the main line and the original line from Cleveland to Dalton as a branch.

The East Tennessee, Virginia Railroad completed its line from Bristol, Tennessee, to Knoxville in 1856. The two lines were consolidated in 1869 as the East Tennessee, Virginia & Georgia Railroad Company which was reorganized in 1886 as the E. T. V. & G. Railway Company.

Beginning about 1871 this company undertook a policy of rapid expansion which included the acquisition of the Selma, Rome and Dalton, the construction of a new line from Rome through Atlanta to Macon, Georgia, and the acquisition of the Macon and Brunswick. In order to shorten the line from Chattanooga to the South, the Tennessee State Line Railroad, extending from Woltewah Junction, Tennessee, to Cohutta, Georgia, 11½ miles, was opened for operation in 1883 and consolidated with the E. T. V. & G.

The Knoxville and Ohio Railroad built the

present line of the Southern Railway System extending from Knoxville to Jellico, Tennessee, 65.3 miles. Construction was started in 1861 at Knoxville, but the line was not completed to Jellico until 1882. In 1881 before the line had been completed it was taken over by the E T V & G and with it passed to the Southern in 1894.

S. P. D., Parkersburg, W Va.—The principal limiteds on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad are the Capital and the National. The former is an all Pullman train operating between Washington and Chicago with club cars and through sleepers to and from New York. The National is operated between New York, Washington, Cincinnati and St. Louis and is all Pullman. There are a number of other limited trains operating between New York and Washington on this road and we would be glad to supply you with information on any specific train

ON page 562 of your July issue was an illustration of the switching locomotive preceded by a horseman. This looked like a six-wheeler with a shed over it, but no smoke was visible and the tender could not be seen. What type of locomotive was this?

(b) Does the Chicago and Northwestern operate a motor car line and how long is it?

(c) What is the Johnson bar?

(d) What are the advantages of the Southern Pacific's cab-in-front engines and how are they stoked? G. B K., Chicago, Ill

(a) The locomotive referred to is known as a Shay-geared engine. This type of locomotive has tremendous pulling power and little or no speed. These engines were designed particularly for heavy hauling on steep grades and around mountains, mines and saw mills. The engine you refer to is in service on Eleventh Avenue and West Street in New York City and was covered with the superstructure in the old days when horses and drays were frequent on those streets. The main design of the covering was to keep the engine from scaring the horses.

(b) The C. & N. W. operates motor cars on several of its branches.

(c) The Johnson bar on a locomotive is the reverse lever. It is commonly applied to the big hand throw type, but nobody knows exactly, or at least no one we have found, the origin of the name. (See page 602.)

(d) The locomotives on the Southern Pacific you refer to were designed principally for work through long mountain tunnels in the Sierras. They are oil burning engines and are stoked by the usual method for that kind of fuel. Being oil burners it is naturally unnecessary that the tank follow the cab part of the engine.

G. W., Wilton, Conn. The honors for size when you include track facilities, area and everything else, are pretty equally divided between Pennsylvania Station and Grand Central.

Nothing has been definitely done toward the electrification of the New York Central between New York and Buffalo.

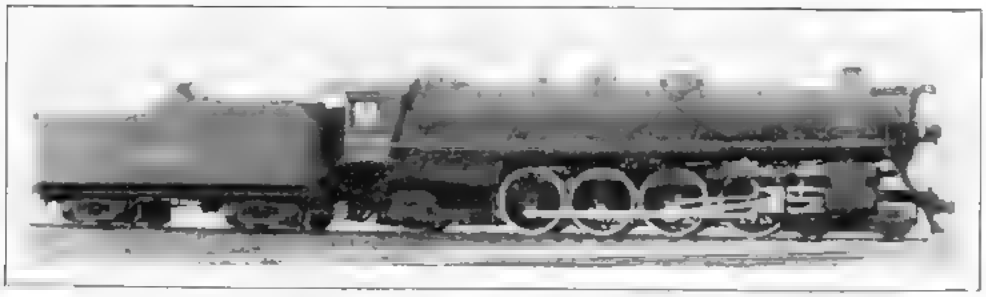
E. M., Heber Springs, Ark.—The Southern Railroad operates 2,287 locomotives, the Pennsylvania 6,352, the Southern Pacific 3,239, the L. & N. 1,358, the B. & O. 2,438, and the Milwaukee 1,779. The Southern Pacific's general offices are located in San Francisco and the Southern Railroad's general offices are located in Washington, D. C.

J. J. W., Arlington, N. J.—The main line of the Union Pacific owns and operates 930 locomotives, of which 37 are oil burners. The tenders you refer to are equipped with what is known as an auxiliary locomotive, in other words, a booster. The wheels on the tender are connected to be propelled by steam in a cylinder along the same principle as that employed in the operation of the regular locomotive. The engineer can admit steam to the tender engine from his cab and cut it off once he has his train rolling.

E. A., Van Nuys, Cal.—The 9000 class on the Union Pacific and the 3000 class on the C. & N. W. Railway both were covered thoroughly in RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE for July, 1930. Pictures were printed and specific dimensions were given.

W. J. B., Philadelphia, Pa. No photographs of the engines you requested are available. The principal dimensions of engine 616 on the Reading Railroad, which is a ten-wheeler or 4-6-0, are: Cylinders, 23 x 28, driving wheel diameter of 68½ inches, boiler pressure of 200 pounds and a total length over all, including engine and tender, of 70 feet 2¾ inches. The locomotive weight in working order is 235,400 pounds. The grate surface is 90 square feet and the engine is equipped with a Caprotti valve gear.

The G-2 class on the same railroad, numbering from 175 up to and including 179, are Pacific type, have 25 x 28 cylinders, 80-inch drive wheels, 230-pound boiler pressure and a total length over all of 81 feet 3½ inches, including engine and



600 Class Engine Built for the Vermont Central by the American Locomotive Company

tender The weight of the locomotive in working order is 306,360 pounds. It has a grate area of 94 5 square feet and develops tractive power of 42,800 pounds

The G-1-S B class is also Pacific and numbered 200 to 204, inclusive. This engine has 25 x 28 cylinders, 74-inch drive wheels, a boiler pressure of 220 pounds and a total length over all of 84 feet, including engine and tender. The total weight of the engine is 288,120 pounds The grate area is 94.5 square feet and the tractive power is 44,200 pounds

A. G. F, Philadelphia, Pa Please see the answer above to W J. B of Philadelphia

H. E. C., Waterbury, Vt —We are reproducing herewith photographs of the Central Vermont's 600 and 700 class locomotives. The principal dimensions of the 700 series as illustrated are Cylinders, 27 x 32, driving wheel diameter of 60-inch, 250-pound pressure Total wheel base of the engine and tender is 82 feet 2½ inches, the weight of the locomotive in working order is 41,000 pounds and the tender 260,000 pounds The grate area is 84 4 square feet, the maximum tractive power of the engine without the booster is 76,800 pounds, with the booster 13,100 pounds additional

On the 600 class the cylinders are 26 x 28, the driving wheel diameter 73 inches, the boiler pressure 200 pounds and the total wheel base of engine and tender 77 feet 3½ inches, the total weight in working order of the locomotive is 325,000 pounds and the tender 191,500 pounds The grate area is 668 feet and the maximum tractive power is 44,000 pounds. This engine is not equipped with the booster

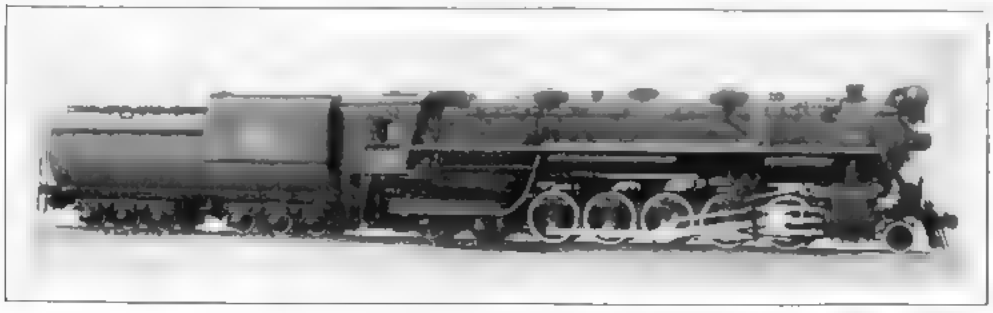
There is only one of the 1200 class Mallets on the Maine Central still in service

The maximum grade on the district from Bartlett, New Hampshire, to Fabyns, New Hampshire, is 116 feet to the mile

R. S., Sewell, N. J --The Milwaukee uses electric power on all its passenger service on its electrified lines in the mountains. The Great Northern's electrification is through the tunnel up in the Cascades These roads employ a few multiple unit cars such as are used in eastern suburban service

J. M., Waverly, N Y.—The 1500 and the 1600 class locomotives are the largest in service on the Lackawanna Railroad. Both have been previously illustrated in RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE. The Roller Bearing engine built by the Timken Company was covered in full in the September number of this publication

A. W C., Delhi, N Y.—Your information that the D & H James Archbold locomotive numbered 1402 was the largest in the world is



And Here's a Jack of the 700 Class on the Same Railroad

erroneous. This locomotive is much smaller than the large mountain and Mikado types used in the Rocky Mountain regions and a great deal smaller than the Chicago and Northwestern's 3000 class. The 1402 on the D & H. has high pressure cylinders 20½ x 32 and low pressure 35½ x 32. It is of the consolidation or 2-8-0 class and has 63 inch drive wheels. It carries a boiler pressure of 500 pounds The total weight of the locomotive in working order is 356,000 pounds and the weight of the tender in working order is 226,600 pounds, giving a combined weight of 582,600 pounds. The total length over all is 93 feet ¼ inch The fire box is one of the interesting things on this engine. It has a heating surface of fire tubes and flues 2,325 square feet, while the heating surface of the arch tubes is 66 square feet. The heating surface of the fire box, exclusive of the arch tubes, is 1,048 square feet and the evaporated heating surface total is 3,439 square feet. The heating surface of the superheater is 1,037 square feet. The grate area is 82 square feet. The tractive power, simple on this locomotive, is 85,800 pounds, the tractive power compound is 71,600 pounds and the tractive power of the booster is 18,000 pounds

F. W. B., Canton, Ohio—The term 4-6-2 as applied to class of locomotives designates what is known as the Pacific type. These engines are used mostly in high speed passenger service The per cent of grade is calculated by the number of feet elevation from the basic point in each 100 feet.

H. L. A., Chicago, Ill The first Golden State Limited on the Chicago Rock Island and Pacific Railroad was run out of Chicago on November 2, 1902. The train crew consisted of James Dickie, conductor, Adam Deisher, brakeman, the engine crew were Fred Brewer, engineer, and Albert Cameron, fireman. The only surviving one of these four men is Brakeman Deisher, who still runs on the head end of this train and who will be pensioned within the next three or four years. The crew for the initial run of the Golden State in 1902 was picked as there was no seniorityship rule in effect at that time The first train left the Grand Central Station, Chicago, because the present La Salle Street station was then under construction

Train Orders, Questions and Answers

By G. W. Plantz

THE first district of a division westward extends from A to H. The second district of the division extends from H to R. Extra 1747 west is due to arrive at H at 4.25 A.M. Extra 1808 east is en route from R to H and at L the dispatcher desires to put out a train order to Extra 1808 east which will more or less help Extra 1747 west on its way. There are no open telegraph offices from L to H and Extra 1808 east is due to arrive at L at 3.40 A M The normal running time from L to H for such a freight train is two hours. When the 1747 is ready to leave H, which the dispatcher figures to be around 4.45 A.M., it will be necessary to give the engine a new order to run extra from H to R

Now the question is what kind of an order would the dispatcher put out at L to Extra 1808 east to provide some kind of a meet with the 1747 west when the dispatcher was not certain what time the 1747 west would leave H? It is contended that the problem could be solved by the dispatcher issuing an order to the 1808 to wait at K until 4.55 A.M. and at J until 5.10 A M for Extra 1747 west, but at the time such order would be issued there would be no Extra 1747 west on the second district nor would one be authorized yet by train order. Maybe you can straighten out this mess. Brakeman

The meeting point between the extras mentioned is best explained by quoting the train order which should be used as provided under "Form C, example 3" (not standard, but in general use)

"Extra 1808 east has right over Extra 1747 west R to H" to which could be added "and wait at

L until 3.40 A M
K until 4.10 A M
J until 4 45 A M
I until 5.20 A M. for Extra 1747 west."

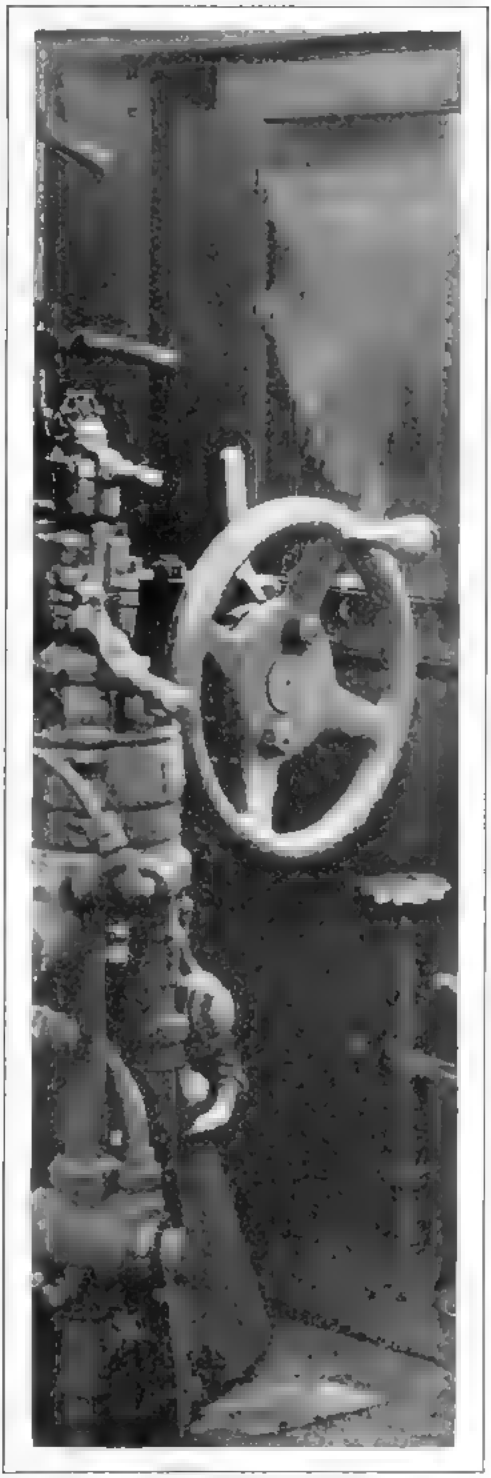
This would permit Extra 1808 east to keep going regardless of Extra 1747 west, provided they do not pass any station before the time given unless Extra 1747 west has been met.

It also permits Extra 1747 west to leave H and go to any station mentioned provided it can do so and clear the time of Extra 1808 east at such station 5 minutes as provided in this same example "3"

Either sub-division (or district) could be concerned in such an order, but not both

Train order "Form A" could be used "fixing a meeting point," of course, but would not be advisable if the leaving time of Extra 1747 west was uncertain as it might sew up Extra 1808 east

Running orders for Extra 1747 west could be issued separately or could be incorporated in the "right of track" or "meet" order with Extra 1808 east, but should not be issued before those orders if Extra 1808 east had already been created by train order



Cab Interior Showing Screw Reverse Wheel and Collar Arrangement

The Johnson Bar

When They "Hossed Her Over" in the Good Old Days It Took a He-Man on the Engine

By John G. Walker

THIS is the story of the Johnson bar. If you have never been around a locomotive you probably don't know what it is, unless you have had some one explain it to you. Those of us who have spent the better part of our lives in locomotive cabs know all about it.

That the Johnson bar has a story may also seem strange, since it is nothing more or less than one of many appliances to be found in an engine cab The Johnson bar is the reverse lever, and where it got its name originally, nobody seems to know. Men can tell you, however, of a thousand and one unusual situations in which the Johnson bar has figured. It has played its part in tragedy, drama and humor With the throttle it goes hand in hand in every fiction story that has ever been written with the locomotive as a background. How many times the author has said "so he closed his throttle and hossed her over," will never be known.

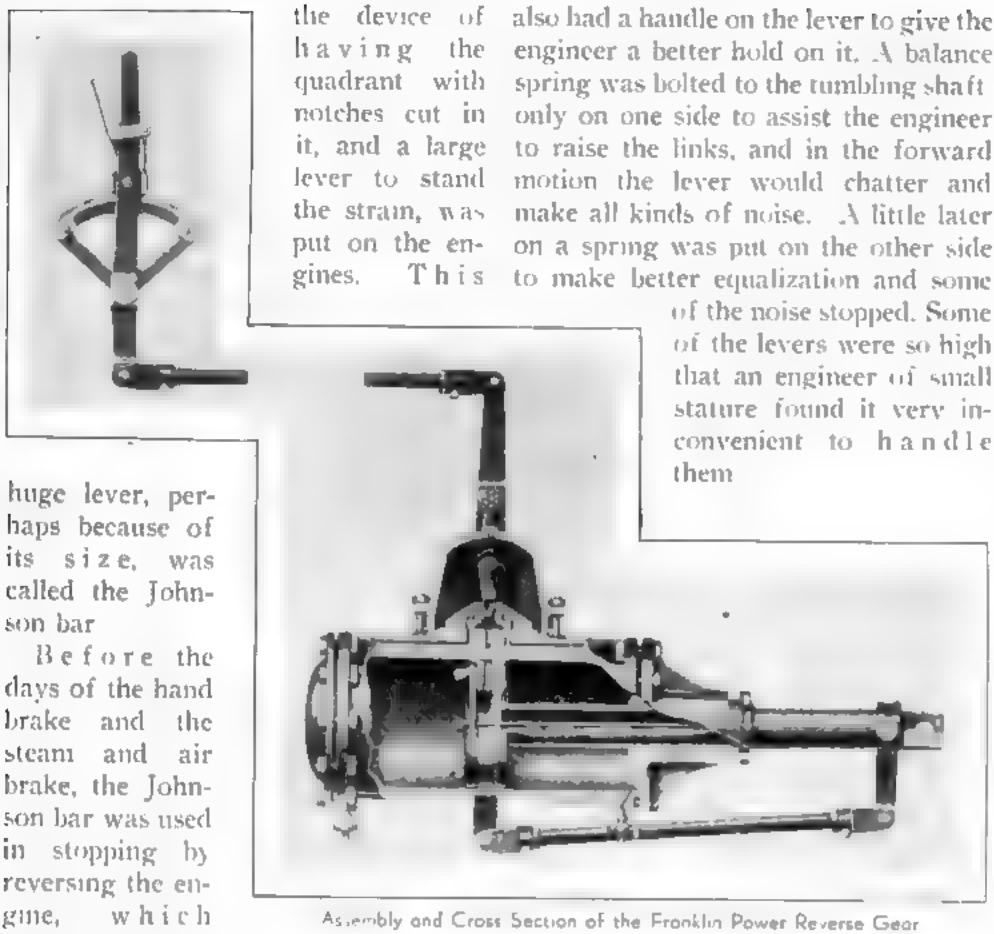
The Johnson bar came into being during the earliest times of locomotive building. It has kept step with the times, and has played its part in the progress of railroading.

When the steam locomotive was first invented there was no such thing as

The "Johnson Bar" Has Shrunk to Small Proportions Since the Power Reverse Came into Use

valve motion. All engines worked on full steam stroke, or, to compare it with your automobile, those old-time jacks rolled along in low gear. As the engines got bigger, however, and more speed was attained, a wise inventor conceived the idea that by using a link motion conection with the valves, and then raising the links after the engine got in motion, it would move more freely while the steam would expand in the cylinders and overcome back pressure.

In order to hold the links in this position, some of the earlier jacks had a piece of iron in a curved shape, the same as a quadrant, with a slot cut in the middle of it almost the full length, and a bolt running through the reverse lever and the slot. A thumb screw was placed on the end of the bolt in order to hold the lever in position, but as the locomotives grew larger, this lever was not sufficiently strong to hold the weight of the links, and was overcome with vibration. Then



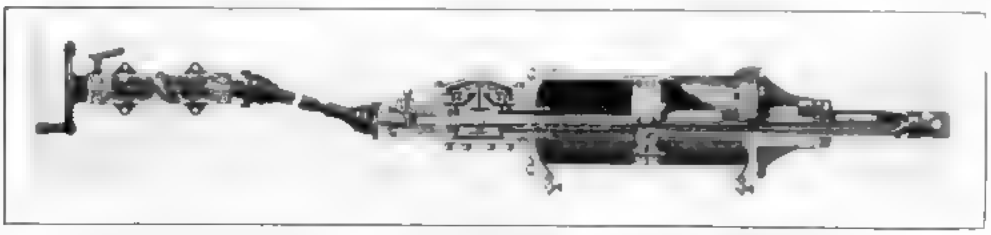
Assembly and Cross Section of the Franklin Power Reverse Gear

the device of having the quadrant with notches cut in it, and a large lever to stand the strain, was put on the engines. This huge lever, perhaps because of its size, was called the Johnson bar

Before the days of the hand brake and the steam and air brake, the Johnson bar was used in stopping by reversing the engine, which would ruin piston packing on the engine of to-day

The quadrant was built of heavy cast iron, and had deep notches cut in it The dog was made of a piece of iron or steel that fitted in the notches. The forward and back ends of the notches were farther apart than they were near the center. Some of the old-time engines also had a handle on the lever to give the engineer a better hold on it. A balance spring was bolted to the tumbling shaft only on one side to assist the engineer to raise the links, and in the forward motion the lever would chatter and make all kinds of noise. A little later on a spring was put on the other side to make better equalization and some of the noise stopped. Some of the levers were so high that an engineer of small stature found it very inconvenient to handle them

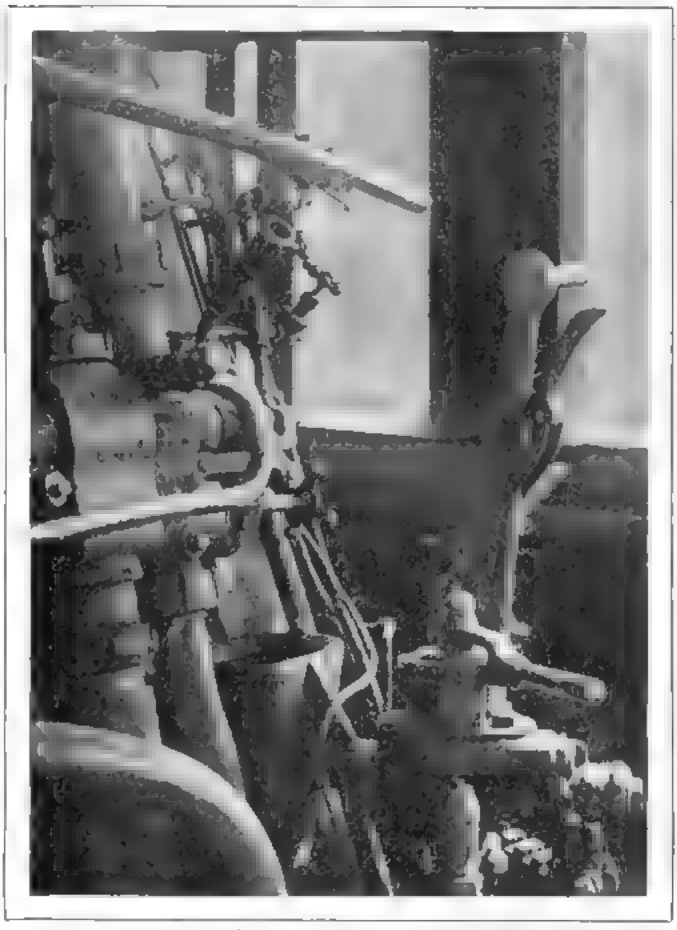
While most of the old-time engines have been consigned to the scrap pile, occasionally one can be seen around a locomotive shop moving engines and tanks with the same old Johnson bar They can also be seen at the water front terminals at New York City, and at different terminals throughout



The Franklin Precision Power Gear Employs the Wheel in the Cab Instead of the Lever

the large cities where not more than one or two cars of the modern type are handled. The writer has personally seen one of these engines with marks and dates on different parts fifty-one years old, and it was still in service with the old-time Johnson bar on it

When larger locomotives came along, changes were made on this lever to meet the requirements. The quadrant was made with notches the full length of it, all of the same size, and the same distance apart The dog also had several notches cut in it to meet the ones in the quadrant and the lever was cut down somewhat in length.



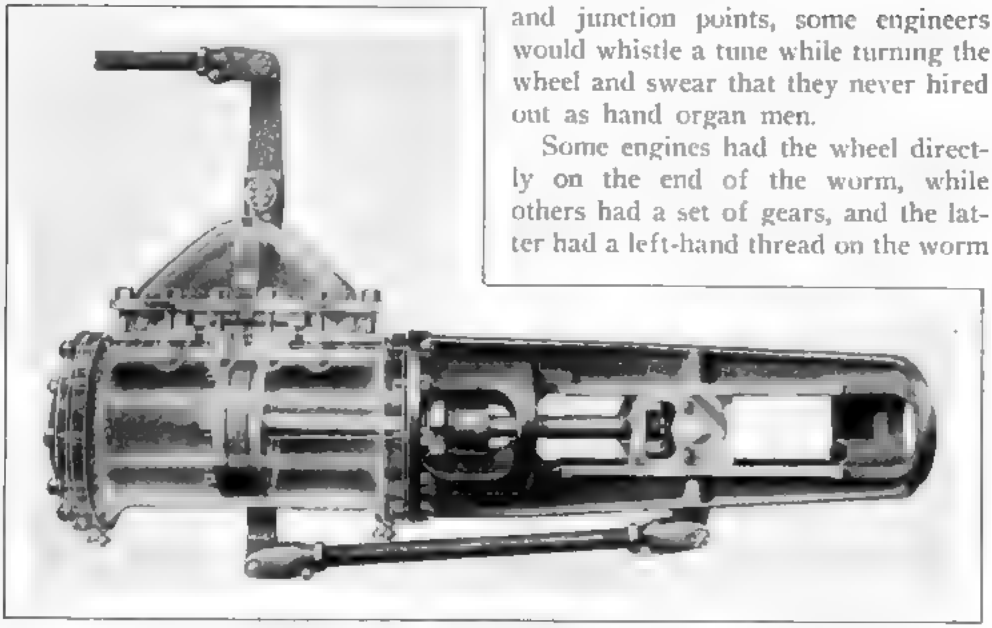
Here Is a Close up of the Old Hand-throw Johnson Bar The Smaller and Older the Engine, the Bigger These Levers Were

On high speed trains, because of shallower notches, the lever would jump out of the rack, and it was necessary to slow down to get it back to the required cut-off. A monkey wrench was placed between the thumb latch and the lever, but it had its bad effect, as the chattering of the lever sometimes would break off the thumb latch after which the engineer was in bad shape

Then, as another stage of development, a piece of iron in the form of a clevis was made by some engineer to fit between the plate that holds the reverse lever dog and the dog itself to hold it in place and to prevent it from jumping out of the notches. A piece of chain was attached to it to wrap around the quadrant to keep it from working out, and it stayed there till the train slowed down.

In a number of cases the engineer was catapulted out of the front cab door while attempting to change the lever after high speed was attained.

On some engines, with the Walschaerts gear using the bottom of the link in the forward motion, the lever, when it would jump out, would fly to the back of the quadrant because the weight of the radius rod and link block would take it there, and several times engineers have been seriously injured



The "Alco" Power Reverse Gear Made by the American Locomotive Co

and junction points, some engineers would whistle a tune while turning the wheel and swear that they never hired out as hand organ men.

Some engines had the wheel directly on the end of the worm, while others had a set of gears, and the latter had a left-hand thread on the worm by this freak. Changing the valve motion removed the hazard

The old Johnson bar was a back breaker unless the oil holes were cleaned out and kept well oiled. Engineers on regular engines watched this feature and did the oiling. But on tramp engines it seemed to be the engineer's first duty to clean out the oil holes in the reverse lever reach rod and tumbling shaft boxes, and all joints that would have anything to do with the operation of the Johnson bar.

The wheel or screw reverse came into play about 1912 or a little earlier. While this was a great improvement over the Johnson bar, it had its faults. In through passenger service it was one hundred per cent. The engineer could hook up or drop down the motion work without any danger of being taken out of the front cab door or being injured, and the clevis that added extra weight to his hand bag was discarded. In freight service, however, where switching around yards to make this gear turn to the right in the forward motion. This wheel turned to the right for the forward motion, and to the left for the backward motion. There was a thumb latch also that would catch into notches cut in a collar which fitted the back end of the worm. To hold the wheel in the desired position there was a crosshead that ran through guides, and a brass indicator on top of the guides to let the engineer know just about what cut-off the engine was working. This style of reverse was never introduced in yard service, but was for the benefit of the engineer, as some yard jobs would be tied up while the engineer was whistling or dancing in the cab It took twenty-one turns of the wheel to reverse the locomotive

A few years ago the valve motion became too heavy for the engineer, and power was brought to his aid. Power reverse gears were adopted to make it easier for the engineer to maintain just the proper cut-off for full power

and economy at any speed. In road service power gears encourage economical operation. In switching service they speed car movement, reduce the physical strain on the engineer and help to reduce operating cost. They help both the engineer and the railroad. Every engine needs one.

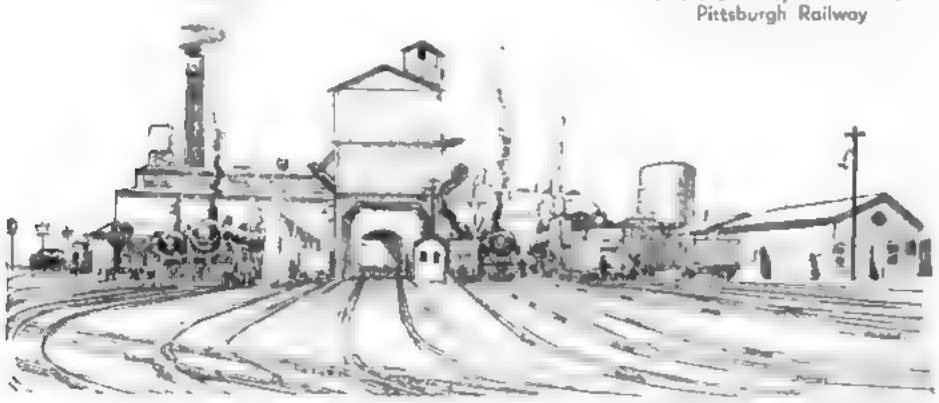
The power reverse gear came out in 1900. Like everything new, it was little heard of, and by not receiving proper attention, soon failed. Lubrication was somewhat neglected, the packing got dry, and this caused the valve to creep or move so that the engine sounded like an old-time drum corps playing "Marching Through Georgia." They were made in the early days to operate with steam or air, and when steam pressure was applied it was necessary to report the operation on arrival at the terminal to have the packing examined, as the steam usually would burn out the packing. The steam was used only in case of emergency, but it saved many an engine failure.

As the power reverse gear developed and became more and more a factor in successful locomotive operation, the size of the Johnson bar decreased until to-day, on the largest locomotives in the country the reverse lever, as illustrated in the accompanying photographs, is sometimes no longer than twelve inches. Where the engineer one time had to prop both feet against the back head of the boiler, take a healthy hold on the bar and pull with all his might to get it back into reverse, to-day he operates it with one hand as easily as he can use his air valve.

I recall countless times when it was necessary for me to get the fireman and the head brakeman to help put the bar in the proper notch on the quadrant.

I have seen engineers sprawled in the oil cans, jerked against the back head, and even thrown prostrate on the floor of the cab because of the eccentricities of the Johnson bar. If the inventors keep on, one of these days we shouldn't be surprised to see the valve motion automatically adjusted as the spark on many modern automobiles is automatically adjusted. Some day we will push a button and we will see things happen on the valve gear fearful and wonderful to behold.

Lincoln Park (N.Y.) Engine Terminal of the Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburgh Railway



Courtesy of B., R. & P. Railway Life

A Cow Caused This Wreck of a Southern Railway Passenger Train Near Chappell, S. C. Engineer James G. Price and Fireman Jeff E. Holland Were Killed, but None of the Passengers Were Even Hurt

The Boomers' Corner

BROTHERS, only once before have we been honored in this corner by the presence of a lady. That was when our old favorite and pal, Lydia M. Dunham O'Neil, sat in. Well, boomers, now we have a young lady blowing at the gate. This young lady has worked in Fred Harvey dining rooms, and how! We are sorry we can't print her name like we do the rest of you boomers, but there are reasons, so lay back your ears and hear what this sister has to say

DEAR BOOMER

I have been wondering while reading about all the old rails blowing off steam, and some of them no doubt I myself have fed, whether you wouldn't admit a worthy sister to the Corner to boom a little with you. Now I never pounded brass or tickled the keys or worked actually for any railroad. I am a boomer hasher. I have yelled "ham and" through a ticket window at the rear of a beanery a hundred thousand times in about half that many different eating houses it seems.

Once I came very near to getting married. Can you imagine it? I fell for a brakeman's line in Missoula, Montana, and I was getting all set for the wedding bells when it developed that this brakeman was already related to another lady by marriage, so I pulled the pin.

Sometimes I read in your stories about how the trainmen at the lunch counter try to hand the girls a line. How well I know how true all that is. I have listened to so many lines that if converted to saturated steam the hot air expended would propel a mile-long line of locomotives, and I am still booming.

I was "made," as the boomers say, on the Harvey system and now after ten years in the business I can't stay still. Why don't you get some of the sisters to write in to you once in a while? Miss T. R. C.—Pocatello, Idaho

Yes, sisters, you certainly are welcome any time you get the itch to throw a pen.

* * *

He Can't Settle Down

Look this over. Here's a brother who is having a hard time to light or, rather, to stay after he does light all because he lost out in the 1920 trouble.

DEAR BOOMER

I was reading what H. W. M. of Napoleon, Ohio, has to say and it seems that about the only positions he has not held on a railroad are those of call boy and general manager. I may not have quite the varied experience of Brother H. W. M., but I do believe I can do a job of switching.

I lost out in the 1920 trouble and have been on the bum ever since. As for a steady job, that is out. If H. W. M. had to do a job of braking on some of the 100-car trains that they haul to-day he would know he had been some place. In the good old days the tramps could always land a job, but to-day a man has to do from a thousand to two thousand miles for one and then the chances are he will only make thirty days.

I sure would like to join the Boomers' Corner, but if I have got to have as much references as H. W. M. I guess you can make a drop of me. A few of the roads I have worked for since I lost out on the Northern Pacific in 1920 are the G. N., W. P., S. P., Rio Grande, Santa Fe, G. C. & S. F., N. P. Terminal, C. & S., F. W & D., T. & P., Mo. Pac., K. C. S., Katy, Burlington, Milwaukee. I have service letters to cover all these roads under as many different names and all showing "application disapproved." I am beating it for Oakland now to try the S. P. for a yard job there.

D B. A.—Walla Walla, Wash.

* * *

He Is Stationary Now

From down in West Virginia we get a request from a brother for permission to sit down here with us, and so we all reach out a glad hand to welcome him. He says:

DEAR BOOMER:

I have worked for several different railroads and I have done everything from the shops to running a train. I started out as a fireman on the Virginian Railroad and then went to the C. & O. and began my travels. One time I served as a hoghead on a lumber company railroad which ran over narrow gauge.

Now, my brother boomers, I will say this in regard to railroad work, I would sooner have a regular run on some road as a tallowpot than to be President of the United States. I have never been able to figure out why we who love the rails so well have to be doing something else for a living. For instance, I am a stationary engineer now with a good job seven days a week and eight hours a day, good officials and all that.

There are three ex-maulers here, four ex-tallowpots and one ex-brakeman and we all get together and hold our conference every time we meet, which is every day. Just the gang of us here would be sufficient to launch this long talked about boomers' organization. I am for it and let us give this magazine three cheers.

I am still throwing switches and giving signals and filling lubricators and can still get a glance at the gauge glass and see into the fire box, but it is all stationary and the one thing I can't do is reach for the E. T. equipment or wonder if I am going to conquer this grade without stopping to blow up.

W H GRAHAM—Belle, W Va.

Anybody Here Seen Noonan?

A brother, J. H. Flynn of 1365 Chapel Street, New Haven, Connecticut, wants to get some information relative to Frank Noonan. Brother Noonan was last heard from somewhere in Washington on the O. W. R. R. & N. twenty-eight years ago. He was employed as a civil engineer. Any information anybody can give Brother Flynn will be appreciated.

* * *

He's in the Jail House Now!

When we heard from this brother about all we could do was offer sympathy and say he was in one bad fix.

DEAR BOOMER:

You will be surprised to hear from me where I am now, but to qualify I might start off by saying I have worked on many different pikes in my short railroad career of nine years and have flagged and worked under upright dope, and while I don't believe the Boomers' Corner is a place to air out our grievances I sure have one big grievance right now.

Now, brother boomers, I am writing this from a jail cell out here in Oklahoma, the charge being that of riding a freight train unlawfully. I am not going to mention the name of the railroad because I don't want to get anybody in trouble, but I boarded that freight train with the permission of the "brains" and the head brakeman and the special agent at another point on the line, after I had shown my service letters and trainmen's receipts.

I was taken off and jerked up before the judge here, who gave me sixty days and twenty-five dollars fine all because the O. R. C., to save his own face, told the judge that he didn't give me permission to ride.

Mates, you want to stay out of this country between Oklahoma City and Booneville, Arkansas. It is real poison. Mother's picture can't ride and you can't eat. Now since I am on the spot here for possibly ninety days I want to hear from some of my old cronies: Sterno Murphy, Blackie Cunningham, Don Spear, K. R. Scoggins, J. R. Day, T. N. Blatz, H. R. Beard, A. L. Lanual. I would like also to hear from any old Pocatello yard masters of bygone days and if anybody wants any information on this country down here let them ask me.

I would like to see us all get together and get this boomers' organization going with national emblem, headquarters and secret works. We could pay dues so much per year and I myself, a disabled soldier, would like to get into the active part of organizing (after I get out).

J. B. L———DAY,
County Jail, McAlester, Okla.

The Boomer Clerk

"Scratch," They Called Him and He Combined Within Himself the Mechanical Efficiency of To-day

By Si Stoddard

Illustrated by John R. Neill

WHILE much has been written in the way of comparison of the modern railway office and that which existed in the days when a mogul locomotive was considered "some 'gine," there is one individual conspicuous to-day by his total absence—the boomer clerk.

If one takes into consideration exterior appearances, no doubt exists that the present generation has it on the old-timer, but looks never balanced a pay roll or got out reports when the Old Man was in a hurry for them. The modern clerk, plus a visible typewriter, computing machine and other labor saving devices, is too well known to need describing. But when it comes to the lad who trailed black and red ink across a statement sheet in days gone by, and whose bewhiskered countenance is now a memory, it's different. Like the dodo, he is a thing of the past.

He generally traveled under the cognomen of "Scratch," and the manner in which he assimilated tobacco would make a hay baler envious. He endeavored to take an exterior bath once a week, but was on the alert to indulge in one of the "interior" sort whenever the opportunity permitted.

Those were the days before the correspondence school ads started, so instead of finding Scratch engrossed, on Sunday morning, in "How to Become a Railroad President," one would be more apt to run across him in a rooming house bed, recuperating from his Saturday night "O-be-joyful."

But he was there with bells when it came to hitting the ball. It did not matter what was asked, or the length of time allowed to complete the task. So long as he was treated white, and so long as his fine cut held out, the reports were completed on the dot. No comptometer or fancy oak desk for him. He was perfectly at home with a pine-topped table, a barroom chair with two telegraph insulators attached to the front legs, and an idea of what was required.

And stories? Say, if a modern clerk had even a sizable fraction of the old-timer's gift of spinning yarns, he wouldn't be in an office; he'd be on the Chautauqua platform or Keith's vaudeville circuit. The fantastic "experiences" that fellow could recite without batting an eyelash held listeners spellbound. Funny thing about it, some of them were actually true.

When some wise one tried to ride him he would go up on his hind legs, and the way in which he would give that party an original once-over would cause the individual to realize he had started something that lacked a finish.

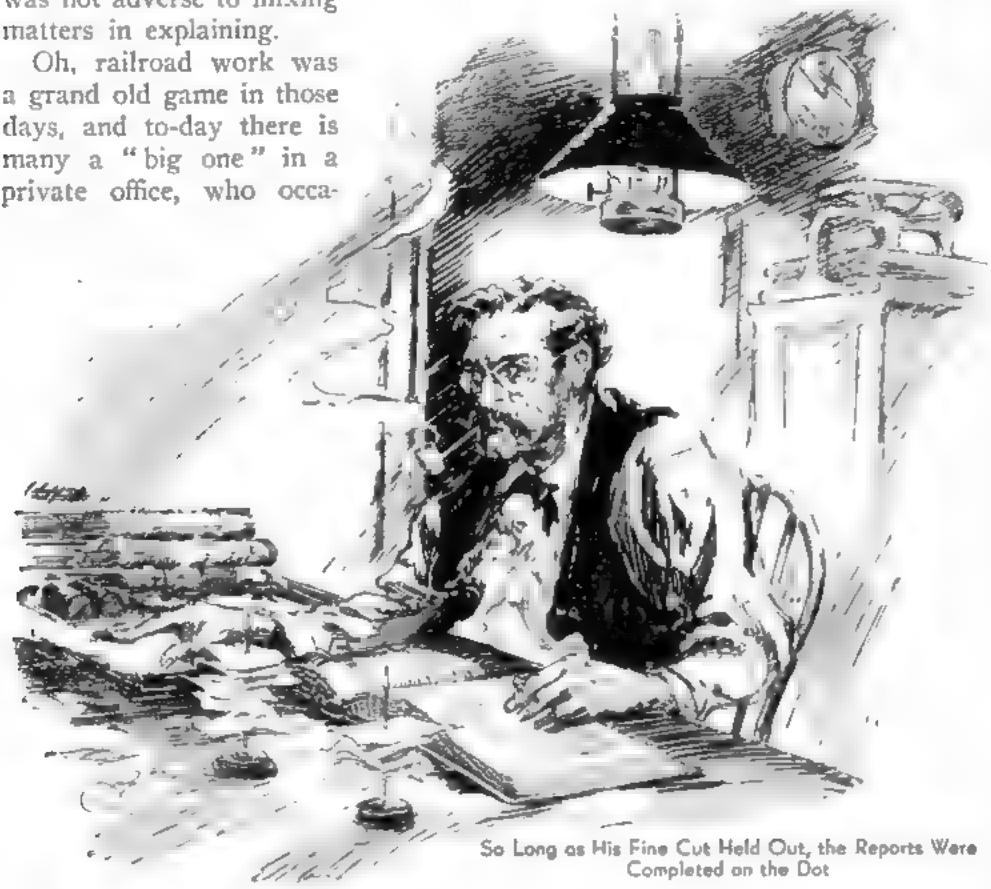
It did not matter that he had drifted into the office the previous week,

down and out, with a five-day's growth of whiskers and an appetite that would do justice to a bucket of boiler purge. He knew his individual business, and was not adverse to mixing matters in explaining.

Oh, railroad work was a grand old game in those days, and to-day there is many a "big one" in a private office, who occasionally allows his mind to revert back to the time when a frame shanty in some far-off terminal was the scene of the day's work; where his associates were known as Bill and Tom, and where all would gather when the desks had been cleared to criticize the manner in which the road was being run.

Should you drop in on the "Old Man" during such a period and spring the query, "What do you consider the greatest thing ever installed in a railroad office?" it would not be surprising to have him drop into the vernacular of his own unforgettable boomer days and reply:

"Gimme th' good old boomer clerk, who wasn't afraid of nothing but Maggie O'Flynn, the beanery hasher, and th' thought that th' Last Chance saloon wouldn't stand him off till pay day. That boy combined th' makin's of th' computin' machine and efficiency before such animals were invented."



So Long as His Fine Cut Held Out, the Reports Were Completed on the Dot

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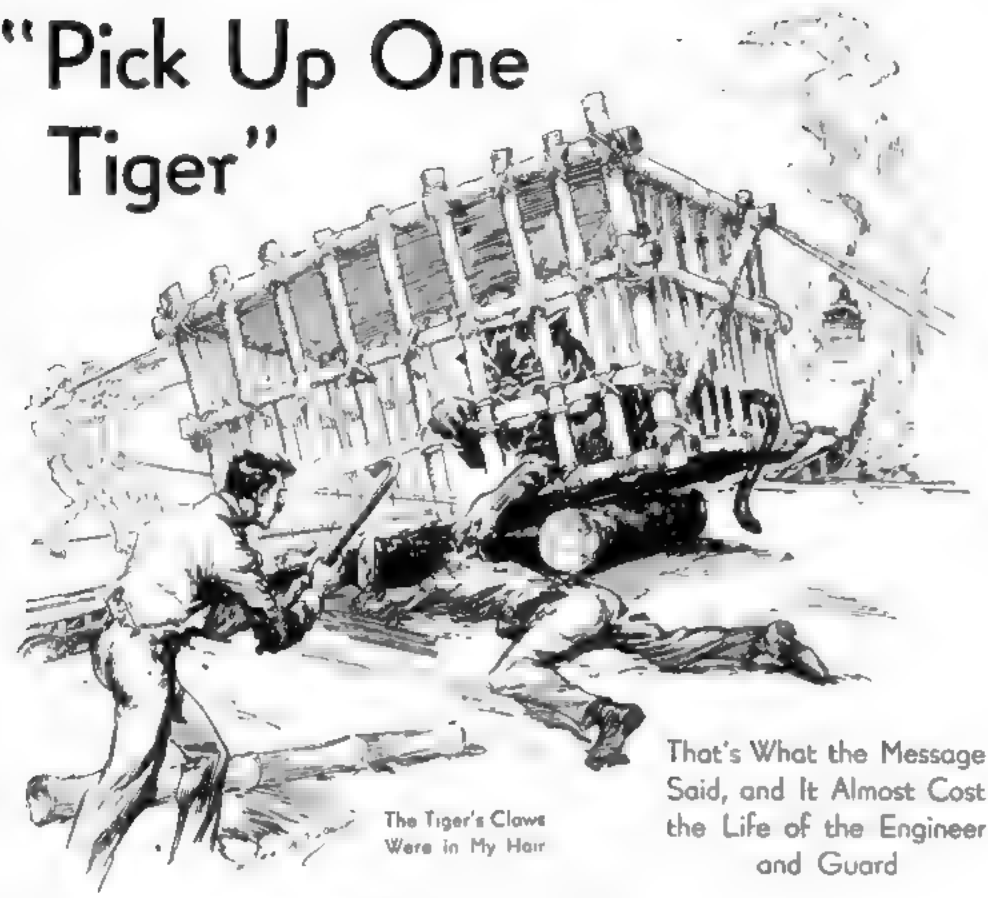
Watch for Harry C. Temple's Next Front-Cover Masterpiece on December Railroad Man's Magazine

"Pick Up One Tiger"



The Tiger's Claws Were in My Hair

That's What the Message Said, and It Almost Cost the Life of the Engineer and Guard

By B. J. Treanor

Illustrated by John R. Neill

"STOP at Gidhaur and pick up one tiger." Such was the message handed to me by the operator at Mokameh, a station in the Bengal district, on the East India Railway. I was the engineer on No. 20, manifest freight southward from Dinapore to Nawadih

Gidhaur was only an hour's run from Mokameh, and when we arrived the tiger was there all right, a prisoner in a cage constructed of heavy bamboo. The cage sections were tied with fiber of an extraordinary degree of toughness.

In truth, a tremendous brute to look at as he sullenly crouched in the cage which was strong enough to withstand even the efforts of a tiger to break through.

The beast roused up when the men commenced to haul on the ropes, attached to the cage, in order to load it onto one of the flat cars which had been cut in ahead of the guard's van (caboose), at Mokameh.

Lew Ralson, the guard (conductor), who had been directing the loading, was eager to help. He grabbed a pinch-bar and, in trying to straighten a roller which had become slued, he incautious-

ly stepped too close to the cage. Before any of us were aware of his danger, the tiger had with incredible swiftness thrust a forepaw out between the bars, and in an instant had forced Lew face down on the platform.

Quick action was necessary. Seizing the pinch-bar which Lew had dropped, I struck the forepaw a sharp blow. The beast relaxed his hold. The next instant the tiger had bounded to the other end of the cage, and the force of his rush caused it to tip down between the edge of the platform and the flat car.

Lew had been assisted by the fireman and the *shikari* to the engine, where, having removed his coat and shirt, the men washed the long, raking cuts inflicted by the tiger.

The situation was dangerous: the cage was being tipped more and more by the wild jumps of the man-eater. Holding to the pinch-bar, I lowered myself to the space under the cage and succeeded in placing the point of the bar beneath the first plank of the cage floor and the side of the car.

Just as I had the bar in a position where I could secure a good leverage by putting my back against the side of the platform, I felt something knock my cap off; then came an indescribable feeling which sent a chill down my spine.

The tiger's claws were in my hair! I dared not raise myself any higher, for then he would have sunk them into my skull.

The cage had to be forced up, and the accomplishment of this task depended on my strength alone. In the narrow quarters where I was standing two could not work.

Tensing my body, I exerted all the power my arms possessed and shoved the bar under the first plank of the cage floor. After a time that seemed interminable, my efforts were successful. The coolies shouted, "*Arya, arya*" (up, up). The rollers were pushed underneath the end, and the huge cage moved into place.

I climbed to the platform. I had escaped serious injury virtually and literally by a hair's breadth.

After we fixed up the guard's hurts, I asked him where this fierce beast came from. He said the Gidhaur rajah had offered a large reward to any one who would bring in the animal which had killed a great number of people—more than a hundred, mostly women and children. They had been attacked while on their way to and from a community well.

The man-eater had been crouching in wait in the vicinity.

The local *shikaris* had ascertained the approximate situation of the brute's lair. About a half mile distant a pit was dug of sufficient dimensions to hold the cage which had been built. It was the intention of the rajah to ship the tiger to the zoölogical gardens at Calcutta. A sloping path the width of the cage, to allow for it to be hauled out of the pit was graded off. A pair of young goats were tied inside the cage as bait.

The people then were warned to cease drawing water from the well, which was expected to have the effect of causing the beast, deprived of his human prey, to seek whatever else he could find.

The plan succeeded. The man-eater descended into the cage, in doing so he released a latch which allowed a gate to fall, closing the exit.

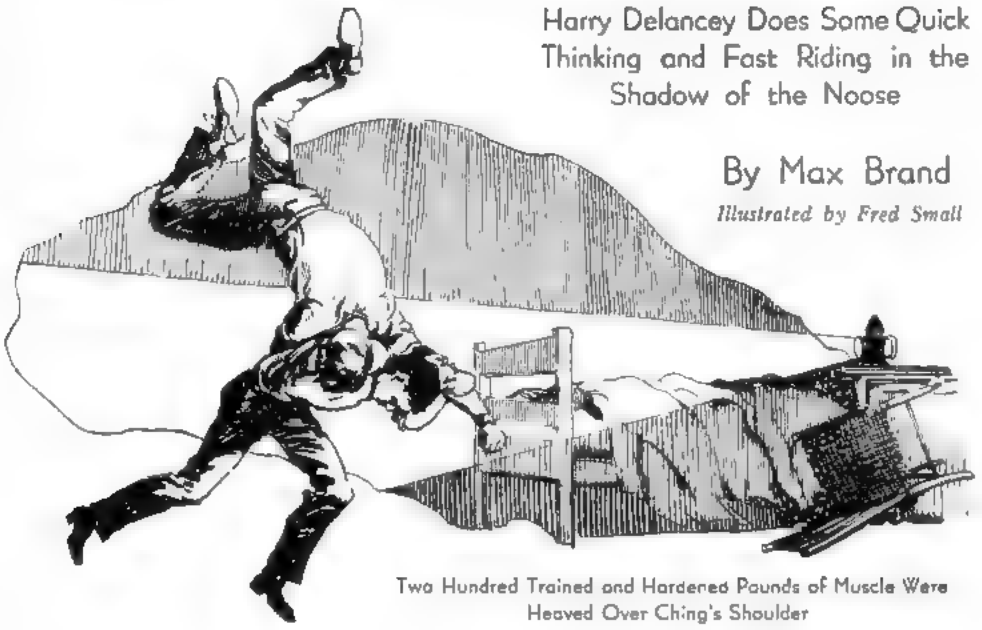
He was one of the largest ever caught of the Royal Bengal species. Twelve feet from the nose to the tip of his tail.

The Mask of Ching Wo

Harry Delancey Does Some Quick Thinking and Fast Riding in the Shadow of the Noose

By Max Brand

Illustrated by Fred Small



Two Hundred Trained and Hardened Pounds of Muscle Were Heaved Over Ching's Shoulder

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

THE Buffalo Flat of gold rush days, before the building of the transcontinental railroad, was a wild, lawless town in California. Li Wo, a merchant of the Chinese quarter, was arranging a marriage between his son, Ching Wo, and wealthy Fow Ming's daughter.

Ching was young, talented and cultured. Fow Ming was aware of this, but did not suspect Ching was also a dashing highwayman known as "Handsome Harry" Delancey—a romantic figure, widely feared and secretly admired, upon whose head a price was set.

While Li Wo and Fow Ming were on their way to San Francisco to bring back the bride, Ching was arrested by Sheriff "Lefty" Wilson. Escaping from jail, Ching wrote a note, signed Harry Delancey, in which he said he was releasing the Chinese boy and threatening reprisals if Ching were persecuted further

Then the youth secretly changed into his white man's garb and, in the rôle of Handsome Harry, he routed stage coach robbers and rescued Margery Linton and her father. Because the girl found favor in his eyes, Ching refused monetary reward.

Li Wo inflamed Ching's mind with a story of how Captain Foster had been responsible for the death of Ching's mother on a ship at sea, whereupon the youth determined to avenge her.

Late one night he stealthily entered the hotel at Slater's Crossing, where Foster was staying, bent on killing the

captain. But he grappled with the wrong man, who suddenly flashed on a light. The noise of a revolver shot filled the room.

CHAPTER XXI

CHING WO had not fallen prone, but on hands and knees, and from them he leaped up under the flare of the lantern light as the gun barked again. The bullet nicked his ear like the sting of a wasp, and then Ching was grappling with his enemy.

This big man's frame was even huger than Ching had expected. His chest was as big and as hard as the girth of a heavy barrel. The muscles of his arms were like quivering rubber.

"You sneakin' greaser!" gasped the man in the dark. "I'm gunna have the stranglin' of you!"

One hand was at Ching's throat.

The two shots had filled the whole house with an uproar. From the next room came a thundering tumult, and curses boomed as loudly as though the thin partition were not between the two chambers.

But that iron hand on the boy's throat was the first danger, and Ching knew exactly how to meet it. There are ways of paralyzing muscles which every expert in the art of jujutsu knows, and the youth was proficient. With the edge of his stiffened hand, as with a cleaver, he struck heavily across the rigid muscles of the man's upper arm. The nerves were paralyzed by the shock, and the fingers on Ching's throat turned to nerveless lumps.

With an oath and a grunt the big man thrust the boy away and sent him reeling; then followed in headlong charge.

"For Wei Sung," said Ching, snarling his mother's name. "You die for Wei Sung!"

"Open up!" thundered a voice, rattling the doorknob.

The big fellow, as he reached Ching, smote with all the force of his remaining useful arm, but it was for this Ching was waiting. A thousand times he had practiced the trick with his professor. The heart of jujutsu is to make the enemy's strength defeat himself, and he used that system now.

For as the arm shot at him he swayed his head to one side and whirled his body like a top. That big arm he grappled and swayed his shoulder against it.

The result was only what he had seen happen twenty times in the lessons. Two hundred trained and hardened pounds of muscle, made helpless by their own forward rush, were heaved over Ching's shoulder. The monster crashed with a splintering force upon the floor, groaned and lay still.

And that moment, under the impact of lurching shoulders, the door was burst open. A light gleamed and showed Ching Wo leaning over the prostrate man with knife poised for the death stroke.

Even then he had time and would have driven the blow home. What did his own life matter if this work were accomplished? But the lantern glow showed him not the face of Captain Foster, but a smooth-shaven young Hercules, his eyes closed, his mouth open from the shock of his fall.

Ching turned and ran for the open window. A bullet split the pane above when he dived through. As he rolled down the veranda roof another bullet cracked through the shakes beside his head. But then he tumbled over the

edge, hung half an instant by his hands and dropped to the ground as silently as possible.

Two half-dressed men instantly collared him. "Who the hell are you?" they roared.

"Murder!" gasped Ching, becoming limp in their grasp. "They're murdering somebody—"

"Come on, Charlie!" grunted one of his captors. "This here is only a paralyzed damn' tenderfoot!"

They charged back indoors.

Ching Wo passed unhindered around the side of the house and raced for the woods, with the moon's dim light gleaming through topmost branches of the trees.

He heard a shout behind him:

"There he goes! There, d'you see? For the trees! Out hosses an' foller the sneak—"

"Hosses! Hosses!"

Every man at Slater's Hotel had rushed out into the dark, and now the current swept toward the stables.

Ching Wo ran fast.

There would be draft animals, sluggish mules, and short-striding Indian ponies in those stables, he knew, but there were also sure to be some blood horses which might make even El Rey work hard.

He gained the place where he had left the stallion. El Rey pitched to his feet as his master came. On the back of the noble steed he threw the saddle and tugged the cinches taut. As Ching leaped into the stirrups he heard the crash of many horses and riders striking the outer brush of the wood and coming straight on at him in one headlong volley!

Ching had erred, as he well realized now.

He should have run from the house in a false direction, and then, most easily, he could have eluded them in the woods and gained El Rey.

But now they had their horses beneath them, open woods through which to hunt, and the light of the moon to show them the way! Under his tight lips Ching's teeth flashed as he gave El Rey his head, and off they darted.

He headed up the right-hand slough. The going would be slower if he kept to the trees, but he hoped they might not find him.

The youth was wrong. He had not ridden a quarter of a mile before he could hear them shouting behind him. Thereupon he broke out into the open and headed south—any direction, so long as it was away from the road to Buffalo Flat.

They followed into the open with a yell—a dozen men on straining horses, and the long, unfenced flat before them. It must be a clear race, therefore, in which honest blood and long legs would tell.

So the fugitive steadied El Rey, gave him a little pull to balance him in his striding, and then looked back.

Of the dozen, five were left. The rest were falling rapidly to the rear, but these five must be riding Kentucky blood, at least. By the rhythm of their galloping Ching could tell the magnificent striding of those good horses, and instinctively he touched his rifle butt.

But it seemed as much a murder to shoot down such animals as these as it would have been to turn his gun upon white man or yellow. Ching settled himself to the work of riding and let El Rey take another mile at burning speed.

Two more had fallen back, then. They were not so far behind as to be out of the race, but they were losing. The fugitive sighed, however, as he noted that the leaders apparently had

not lost a yard. Neither did one quirt flash in the moonlight. They were hand-riding their mounts, which meant that all of them were fresh.

El Rey already had done ten miles this day, no matter how leisurely!

And yet with pricking ears he ran, the fields flowing like water beneath his hoofs as he pressed on the bit and asked for more rein, but more rein he should not have. For a short sprint would kill off the king of horses, and well Ching Wo realized it.

They came to a crossing of many fences, where some one had closed in farm land in a rich bottom, and Ching sent his gray straight at the barriers, for he knew how the stallion could jump. Over they soared, and over and over, ever in stride.

As they left the ranch house dark and squat upon their right, Ching looked back and saw two horsemen following him. The others were blotted out behind. At that he laughed fiercely.

These two had ridden well and boldly, but did they think they were dealing with some skulking fox?

Low foothills were rising ahead, and as Ching Wo entered them he aimed for a copse of oaks which topped the nearest hill. Into that he rode, turned El Rey about and sent a bullet whistling over the heads of the pursuers.

They split apart like water on a rock, one to one side and one to the other.

Ching fired again, and knew his bullet had kicked up rocks under the feet of the left-hand man.

They fell back, milled around for a moment, and then stood still. They would wait to be reënforced by the other riders, who now were darkly streaking across the distant fields.

Ching smiled, for he knew the end had come. Taking El Rey out of the woods, he jogged him gently into a hollow at right angles to his original line of flight. Softly he went on to another grove of trees, and there halted.

The youth was not ten minutes in the place before he saw the five riders sweep out of the grove he had just left. Once more they halted, then drew together as in consultation, but at length they turned gloomily back. They took the hollow, as being easier ground.

Ching grew tense. Yet he did not leave his cover. They had not the attitude now of hunters keen upon a scent, but of beaten men.

And they came so close that he could study the horses, though the men's faces were lost in the shadows of their broad-brimmed hats. Ching had been right. Two of the horses, at least, were clean-limbed thoroughbreds; and of them he could hear their riders speak, less than fifty feet from the trees.

"That gray is a flyer," said one. "I gave everything the Jester had to those fences, but I didn't gain an inch."

"I never thought," replied another, "that we'd meet that kind of blood in this locality. We might have left our hosses home, Bud, and bought others out here."

There was some consolation for them, however, for a third member of the party spoke up at once:

"You boys take this easy. I knew when we started that we'd never catch him. But I wanted to see what this half-breed of mine would do, and I'm satisfied."

"You knew we'd never catch him?"

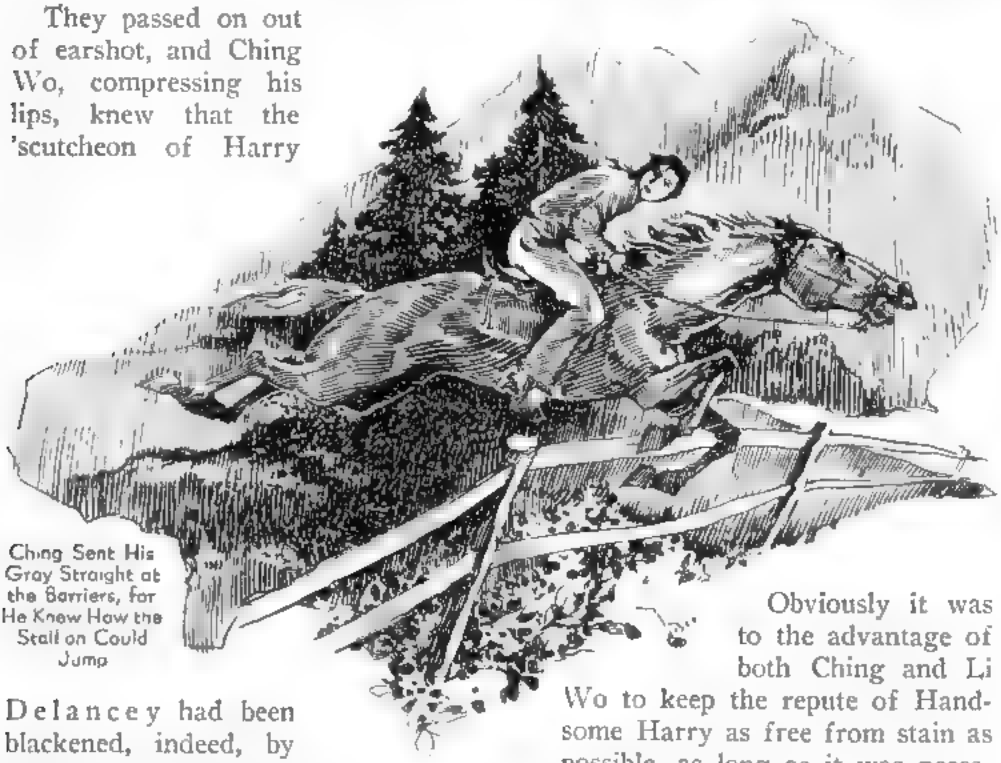
"Why, man, that's the gray hoss of

Handsome Harry! That's what it is, or I'm a liar. They ain't two hosses in California of that color and speed."

"Handsome Harry! He ain't one of these midnight murderers, I've been told."

"You been told? Well, to-night we've seen somethin' else, ain't we?"

They passed on out of earshot, and Ching Wo, compressing his lips, knew that the 'scutcheon of Harry Delancey had been blackened, indeed, by this unlucky night's work. He would have to work hard to make it seem clean again.



Ching Sent His Gray Straight at the Barriers, for He Knew How the Stallion Could Jump

CHAPTER XXII

MEANWHILE, at Slater's Hotel, affairs were taking place which were of importance to Ching Wo, although he knew it not. For his own part, he was drifting easily across the countryside, toward Buffalo Flat, with a great uncase in his mind. It was necessary for him to tell his father two things.

The first was that he had made the attempt to kill the enemy but had failed because the wrong man was in the room he entered, and because that man was armed and prepared for danger. The second thing to note was that Handsome Harry Delancey was, for the first time, apt to be charged with an underhanded murderous attack.

Obviously it was to the advantage of both Ching and Li Wo to keep the repute of Handsome Harry as free from stain as possible, as long as it was necessary for the boy to seek refuge repeatedly in the disguise which that assumed personality gave to him.

So Ching cantered on the gray stallion through the moonlight, and across the stripes of oak and willow grown sloughs which barred the country with darkness, toward the distant river; while, in Slater's Hotel, Captain Foster was holding an inquiry.

It was Tim Dodd who had been attacked in the room where the skipper had at first intended to sleep, and from which he had gone at the last minute.

But it was difficult for Foster to in-

terview Tim at this moment, since the poor man lay groaning, with a broken head. However, Sandy Webb, the boson, taking care of the injured seaman, had heard all that Tim had to say up to the present moment.

Captain Foster sent for Sandy and they conversed in low voices on the veranda of the hotel.

Said the captain: "Boson, this is a thing I wouldn't have believed. Here's one of the best men I found in harbor—a man worthy to be signed as a third mate—a fellow who's said to have beaten a whole ship's crew into order with his fists—that's what they said of Tim Dodd. And now look what's happened to him—from a youth half his size!"

Captain Foster seemed nonplussed for a moment. "If Tim Dodd dies from this—"

"He won't die, sir," Sandy replied. "The bones of his head are a mite sprung, that's all."

"He was warned, he was warned!" said the captain with heat. "I told the fool what he might expect. Did I bring the five of you up country with me for the sake of a lark? No, no, boson, I brought you because I think I'm in as much danger as ever was a ship that tried to sail Strait Le Maire in a blind fog. From the moment when I saw that the Chinamen were trailing me and skulking behind me in San Francisco streets, I knew what I was in for. What was tried on Tim Dodd was intended for me; and all that saved the man was the sight of his face—which was not mine!"

Foster strode back and forth a moment, collecting his thoughts. "And now Tim is in a bad way?"

"Aye, sir," said Sandy Webb. "But there's somethin' mysterious, as they say, about this here go. It ain't a broken head that makes Tim groan, but it's the broken heart inside of him."

"Why is his heart broken, then?" the captain inquired patiently, though he was not a patient man.

"It was like this, Tim says. He set himself down in the corner. He had a hooded dark lantern at his feet, an' a good Colt's revolver in his hand—"

"Can he shoot?"

"He can, sir. I seen him only yesterday split an apple at fifteen paces. Well, sir, while he set there he thought somethin' come to the window. He couldn't be sure for a while, but pretty soon he made out that the window was raisin', without no sound. An' that made his flesh crawl pretty bad, because he'd tried to raise that window himself the night before, an' it had stuck. Well, sir, anyway, Tim seen the sash creepin' up, slow an' gradual, an' it was a mighty shock to him. Then he thinks that he'll go an' see what's there, but then he says to himself that he won't, but he'll sit just tight an' wait an' catch the thing if it tries to come into the room, because Tim knew he'd been put there in case somebody was to try on him what was meant for you, sir."

"Go on, boson, and be brief."

"I'll be brief, then. The window opened, an' in slides a man without no sound, like a feather blowin', or a ghost."

"Rot!" cried the captain. "What are you trying to tell me?"

"Rot, sir, you may well say, an' so said Tim a minute later. But first he opened his lamp, an' by the light of it he whanged away at this stranger that was a youngster, sort of slender, lookin' fast, but not very solid. He had long black hair. Twice Tim fired. At

the first shot the gent fell, but he jumped off of the floor like a wild cat an' come in at Tim.

"'If that's your game,' says Tim to himself, 'I'll tear out your windpipe,' an' he took the feller by the throat. But all at once he was hit across the upper arm an' his hand turned numb. With the other hand he pushed the feller away an' rushed at him, an' while he was rushin', he heard this here stranger say, mighty clear an' distinct: 'For Wei Sung! You die for Wei Sung!'

"Then Tim hit at him, but all at once he found himself bein' heaved inta the air, an' he landed with a whack that knocked the wits out of him, clean an' entire. Now, sir, that's Tim's story, an' he swears by it, an' he ain't a lyin' man."

"Wei Sung," repeated the captain slowly. "Wei Sung. I don't think I've ever heard of the name before. Wei Sung!"

He shook his head.

"All Chinks look alike," declared the boson, "an' the Chink names sound all the same to us. But they don't forget the way we do."

Several men came in from the stable, cursing and talking to one another.

"They're the boys that did the riding," said the captain. "I almost knew they'd have no luck. Well, my friends, who was it?"

The reply came promptly:

"Handsome Harry Delancey."

"And you caught him?"

"He was ridin' the wind in the shape of his gray hoss. We didn't catch him."

They filed into the house, heedless of the noise they made, as men are who have tried hard and failed.

The captain muttered aloud, so that the boson could hear him: "Wei Sung—Chinese money—and a white gunman hired!"

CHAPTER XXIII

In Canary Cañon, Stephen Linton had put up his lean-to against the side of the cliff. It consisted of a few poles made out of freshly cut saplings, with canvas stretched over them. A mere tent—a rude tent, at that.

Linton himself was now drawing up the girths of a pack mule, loaded down with samples of what he hoped would prove rich ore, to take to the assay office in San Salvadore. The tent's front flaps were thrown wide, and Margery Linton could be seen within, rolling out biscuit dough and keeping an eye upon the ramshackle stove which had been improvised in a corner of the shelter.

"Come give me a hand," called Linton, sweating and shaking his head. "There's no strength in my shoulders this morning, Margery."

"I'll give you a hand," answered a voice from among the rocks, and Linton saw Handsome Harry Delancey come riding up among the rocks on a splendid red-roan stallion.

It was not the first time Ching had visited the miner. Margery ran to the entrance and waved a flour-whitened hand.

Ching, hat in hand, bowed until his long black curls touched the saddle bow. Then he dismounted and drew up the cinches of the pack animal with one pull, while Linton looked on with grudging admiration.

"Where do you get the strength in those lean shoulders of yours?" he asked, laying a hand on the boy's arm familiarly.

Under his touch Linton felt the

working of the long strings of muscles, hard as rubber, and he exclaimed with surprise:

"If you're as lazy a fellow as you pretend, Delancey, how do you keep so fit?"

"By pulling on cinches," Ching answered with a smile. "How are they working?"

He pointed to a pair of Mexicans who, a little distance down the slope, were busily sinking a drill into soft rock. The clangor of the hammer on the drill-head raised musical echoes that rolled softly from wall to wall of the valley in the thin mountain air.

"Like that!" said Linton. "They work like that all day long."

"But we're half afraid of them," Margery declared. "They have a pretty black look, you know."

"They look like murder," said Linton frankly. "I'd suspect them of anything if you hadn't sent them to me."

"They've done murder," Ching replied.

"Murder?" gasped the girl.

"That's why they're working for you, instead of trying to stake out their own claims. They don't want to call attention to themselves."

"You don't mean murder!" exclaimed Linton. "You don't mean you've sent me a pair of murderers?"

"They won't harm you," Ching Wo replied. "They know I sent them here in the first place."

"Does that guarantee them?"

"In a way. You see, they've been hunted before, and they don't want to be hunted again."

Linton looked at the girl, who, in turn, stared curiously at Ching. She and her father had often talked with him, but they could not understand him. They could not help looking down at the busy Mexicans and wondering.

"If you've nothing better to do," Linton told the boy, "stay here till I come back from town. I'd rather not leave Margery alone in the valley with that pair."

"She's not alone," said Ching, pointing to busy prospectors above and below the claim, some distance away. "But I'll remain here."

He and the girl watched Linton walk off down the valley, leading the mule. Then they turned back into the tent, regardless of a figure which slipped closer among the rocks, until it was crouched close to the rear wall of the tent, in easy earshot. This was Li Wo, minus his silks, dressed roughly as any laborer in the mines. Patiently he sat there; patiently he listened.

Ching Wo, inside the tent, sat down on a stool and watched the girl working the dough.

"You have a new horse," said she. "It looks almost as fine as El Rey."

"It *is* as fine," Ching responded, "because it's the same horse."

Margery looked up at him, startled, and then smiled. "How did you manage that?"

"Why, the same way you'd guess. It's a good, fast dye. People were beginning to recognize the gray too easily."

At this she fell silent and began to cut out the biscuits with the top of a baking powder tin, dipping the tin into flour each time, so that it would not stick to the dough.

"It was by the gray horse that they tied you to that affair at Slater's Crossing, wasn't it?" the girl asked presently, without looking up.

"Ah, yes," Ching responded in an unconcerned voice. "It was by the horse that they knew me."

"That they knew you!" she exclaimed. "Are you admitting—"

"Oh, that I was there? Of course!"

She looked up, utterly aghast. "But they said—you went into Captain Foster's room—at night—to—to murder him, Harry!"

"Not a bit," was the reply. "I went in to give him a fair chance for his life."

She merely stared, trying in vain to understand that viewpoint. Then she made a wry face.

"He told dad you were hired by Chinamen!"

At this the boy leaned a little forward and smiled at her. "You don't like Chinamen, Margery?"

"I? Like them? No, I—"

Ching looked down thoughtfully. "I have several Chinese friends."

"Not really friends," said she.

"Why not?" he parried.

"Chinamen?" she echoed, incredulously.

"You think of the laborers, common, stupid fellows. But there are Chinamen whom I have felt were a good deal above me."

Ching saw the girl shake her head and look past him through the open flaps of the tent, and across the ravine to the pines which darkened the opposite bluff. In this small silence they were able to hear the talking of the stream in the bottom of the valley, and again the clangor of the hammer on the drill-head, sounding wonderfully far away.

So Margery looked off, but did not seem to find what she was looking for.

"Once," she said, "I heard of a white girl—of good family, too—who married one of the creatures! Think of that!"

"Well—I *can* think of it," Ching replied. "Whom did she marry?"

"Oh, some mandarin or other. I don't know. With long finger nails, I suppose."

"A bad-hearted man, Margery?" he asked icily.

"I don't know. It hardly matters. I simply don't like to have them around, you know."

Ching was silent. It was exquisite torture, but he prolonged it. "I've known a Chinaman whom I respect as much as I do my own father," said he.

"Have you, Harry? But you're a romanticist, of course."

She said it half smiling, half sneering. The young man watched her face, answering gravely: "Well, I won't try to convince you to-day."

"Don't ever try," she insisted. "Besides, there's a lot else to talk about."

"Ah?" said he, half dreamily.

There was a pause, how long he did not know. Suddenly her voice broke in on him:

"Do you know something, Harry?"

"Ah?" said he again.

"When you sit there with your head tipped back and that unhuman smile on your lips, you look exactly like a Buddha!"

He started. "I?"

"Yes. I mean it. Most of the time you're just like any other boy; but now and again it's like a peek into an Oriental temple. It scares me. Makes me think of human sacrifice, and that sort of thing."

"I'm sorry," Ching replied.

"You're not very jolly to-day," she remarked.

"Ah," said Ching, "perhaps I'm not."

He mused again with the faint, half smile that bewildered and abashed Margery.

"You're troubled about something," she insisted.

"Yes," he admitted.

She waited, watching him so earnestly that she forgot the pan of biscuits, now ready for the fire.

"In fact," said Ching Wo, "I would like to talk to you because of my trouble."

"I would do what I could," Margery reassured him, with all the good will in the world—such good will that her voice trembled a little.

"Then I'll tell you," said he. "I've fallen in love."

Ching did not seem to be looking at Margery, but rather at the ground and at his own thought, but he saw she had grown rigid and the color had sunk down in her face. He carefully avoided the frightened, staring eyes which were fixed upon him, and the colorless parted lips.

"I have fallen in love with a beautiful young Chinese girl," said Ching Wo, waiting for the lie to take effect.

Margery Linton turned away suddenly, wresting herself around, as it were. Opening the door of the oven, she thrust in the pan of biscuits and slammed the door with a great crash

"A Chinese girl!" she repeated, with her back still turned to him.

He reflected on the greatness of his lie, while he stared at her hungrily. His eyes embraced her body and her very soul, drawing them close to his heart.

"After what you said about the Chinese," Ching explained, "I thought I'd better tell you the truth."

"Do you want to open my eyes about those people?" she inquired.

"I'm afraid I couldn't do that," said he. "But at a time like this, a man needs to have a woman to advise him, don't you think?"

"I suppose he does." Her voice almost inaudible.

"And I, lacking a mother, wondered where I could go. So I decided I'd come to you, Margery. If you won't mind listening—"

"Oh, no," said she. "Of course I will listen gladly, if you find—I don't know how I could be of the slightest help, though. But—is she beautiful, really, Harry?"

"She is more beautiful to me than all the other beauty in the world."

"Ah—well!" Margery sighed. "But how can I help you?"

"Why, the trouble is, she pays no attention to me."

"Doesn't she?"

"No, not a bit. To her I'm simply a freak—a queer fellow—interesting, but not important. She laughs at me a good deal."

"I didn't know," the girl murmured thoughtfully, "that Chinese maidens were allowed to see men?"

"She has been raised in this country, which makes a great difference. She's given freedom like a Western woman."

"I'm glad to hear that," said Margery. Then she broke out: "But if you married her—and if you had children — how do you think Americans would feel about—about half-breeds? I beg your pardon, Harry. I hope that isn't a rude thing to say!"

"For my part, I don't care what the Americans may think. But what difference does it make?"

"Oh," she cried, "to be neither one thing nor another—but something between two races! To have a girl with a yellow skin and a boy with a white one! I—I don't want to think of it!" she concluded, with horror.

"She's a charming girl to look at," Ching persisted.

He said it with a sudden change of voice, so that the girl started. Looking at him, she saw his eyes were on fire, and she flushed warmly. "You *are* in love!"

"If I could win her heart," Ching responded, "I wouldn't care a whit about the consequences in the minds of other people. I would make her happy!"

"And why won't she listen to you, Harry?"

"Well, for one thing, she doesn't think I lead a very safe sort of a life—this galloping about the face of the landscape, she thinks rather a bad way of making a living."

"Do you wonder at that? I'm glad she has a practical mind!" said Margery, something like spite in her voice.

"She doesn't approve of my way of living at all," Ching continued. "She forgets I could change that, afterwards."

"And what would you do, then?"

"Anything that other men can do. For her sake I'd attempt anything. In China or in New York, I don't care which. I would find a way of managing things!"

"I think you would," Margery agreed.

"But my work is to win her—to break down the wall—to make her on fire with love, if I can!"

"Does her father allow you to see her when you choose?"

"Oh, yes. We even go riding together."

"Really! She doesn't have bound feet, then, and that sort of thing?"

"Oh, no! She's like—why, she's as free and easy as you are, Margery. And her feet haven't been deformed. Her parents have lived in California for a long time, you see. She speaks English better than she does Chinese!"

"Does she, really! But how can I help you, Harry?"

"I've never tried to talk seriously to a girl before; and I've been trying to compose a letter to her. Would you listen to it?"

She started. "I'm no critic. I don't know much about such things. But I'll try my best!"

She braced herself with a slight frown of attention. Ching, with his head tilted back a little, and his eyes half closed, began to speak in a soft, rhythmical voice:

"Most beautiful and most dear: In all the days since I have met you, eye to eye, and voice to voice, you have given me much sadness."

He paused.

"I don't know," Margery commented in a barely audible voice. "It has a pleasant sound, but should you begin by speaking about sadness?"

"Well, that's what I'd like to have you do—criticize every part for me, you know!"

"I'll try," said she. "Go on."

Ching continued: "Every step in your father's house is a moment of sweet pain to me, and when the cups of tea are uncovered, then I breathe sorrow and delight at one moment. When I hear the soft patter of padded shoes upon the floor, and the whisper of the fountain in your garden; and when I smell the honeysuckle that grows against the northern wall, where the bees are always at work in the sun; these things to me are you. I find in them the sound of your own step, of your own whispering garment, and the murmur of your voice in the distance. But in those happier days, my dear, when I went out from your father's house I could forget you a little. When the door had closed, the same wind that blew the white clouds

over the sky blew the thoughts even of you beneath the horizon.

"But all of this has changed since you rode with me through the pine trees by night—"

"Through the pine trees!" Margery gasped.

"Ah, yes, because, you see, she and I rode together the other evening through the woods together."

"Alone?"

"Her father was with us, but he lagged a good deal behind. He's not a very good horseman."

"Go on," said Margery faintly.

"Since you rode with me through the pine trees by night, I never can leave you, for I find the sweetness of your hair in the breath from the pines; and sometimes I stop my horse on the road, because the sound of the water falling in the next valley makes me think of your laughter.

"Dearest and most beautiful, show me some kindness. I am so sad that I do not care for the truth which you would show to braver men; but even if you do despite me, try to be gentle.

"If I am not of your people, still I have a heart which loves you, and because of that, you should remember that into the least small pool the heavens will pour down a little of their blue." He paused again. "I cannot think of a proper way of ending it."

The girl did not answer.

"But perhaps you'll suggest one, Margery."

She replied in a broken voice: "I've started crying. I don't know why. But it makes me broken-hearted to think of you thrown away on—a Chinese maiden! Harry, Harry, if only you will wait, you may find it's a silly fancy! It's your first love, and perhaps not your last one!"

"Ah?" Ching responded simply. "Do you people change, as you say?"

"Why," replied Margery, "I'd almost wager that *you* will!"

"And the letter?"

"It's too beautiful for her. She'd never understand!"

"Don't you think so?" he asked, in the voice of one being instructed.

"I know she wouldn't. I — I wouldn't send it at all!"

"You understand a great deal more about such things than I do," said Ching. "I think I should let you tell me what to do."

CHAPTER XXIV

Li Wo had waited patiently through all of this part of the conversation, though his eyes had begun to burn like the eyes of a hunting cat.

But now he rose, almost frightened by the possibility that the boy might come out and find him there. The wily father could penetrate the simple riddle of Ching Wo, who was talking of no other woman, but indirectly and subtly making love to beautiful Margery Linton herself.

Now, having heard enough to fix this thing in his mind, Li Wo slipped away among the rocks which littered the whole valley and which had made it such a difficult task for Linton to rediscover the lead from which he had taken the valuable ore before.

An earthquake had unsettled the whole southern wall of the ravine and thrown down tens of thousands of tons of great bowlders which rolled as far as the creek itself. This day Linton thought he had found what he wanted, and for that reason he had gone in with the mule load of ore to the assay office.

Li Wo, who had heard of the story, looked enviously here and there among the great rocks, as he went slowly back toward San Salvadore. All that the white men did was to him a torment. Every pound of gold they drained from the earth was a curse to him, for his hatred of the race burned like a poison through his veins.

But this day Li Wo had learned the worst of all.

He knew Ching's passion and the headlong nature, barely held in check by that worship of his father as a semi-divine being which the Chinese manners teach, and which Li Wo particularly had insisted upon from the very first.

But now the youth had fallen deeply in love with a white woman, and Li Wo feared Ching would slip through his hands like sand through careless fingers. He groaned and gnashed his teeth.

He had seen, from the first, that in Ching he had a priceless tool, which he had labored many years to perfect and make into a sharp-edged instrument.

He had beggared himself in securing the best masters to teach the lad's mind and to instruct his body in every deadly and graceful science of weapons and of the jujutsu.

The discovery of John Glendon, a cultured hermit in the woods, had been priceless, in that it enabled Li Wo to form the other half of Ching's nature into the semblance of a Westerner. That done, the youth could step out into the world in a double rôle and slip from one to the other with a perfect ease.

Li Wo and his future ease were both committed to the hands of Ching, and of late he could not have wished for more than the boy brought in to him. Thousands of dollars had flowed as a ceaseless current, and like a well-trained cormorant, all that the lad caught was virtuously brought home to his father.

But now all the brightness and the luxurious idleness of his future were endangered by the face of a pretty girl of the white race. Ten thousand devils filled the soul of Li Wo, who wondered where he should turn first.

He came into sight of San Salvadore, in the valley beneath the ravine's mouth, and there he paused to curse the white man and all his works.

Li Wo was worked into such a grand fury that his mind was still clouded by the fumes of it as he descended into the town. In fact, he barely managed to dodge from under the hoofs of a galloping horse at the entrance to San Salvadore's main street.

The rider's loud, insulting laughter increased the red cloud that swirled across the brain of Li Wo. He wished, fiercely, that Ching were with him at that moment. Oh, well for the noisy rider that Ching had not seen and heard.

The angry old man went on down the street aimlessly, filled with his thoughts, his lips twitching with words and his eyes fixed straight ahead, when a great voice shattered his evil dream. A mighty hand gripped him by the arms, and he looked up into the face of big Captain Malcolm Foster, square-trimmed beard and all.

Distinctly out of the past he could remember that face. Except for the wrinkles about the eyes, it was the same! Worse than that, Captain Foster seemed to remember him still, despite the lapse of years.

"It's the Chink devil—the Chink murderer!" boomed the captain.

"It's the Chink Devil—the Chink Murderer!" Boomed the Captain

"Here, boson, put a splice on his hands and tie them together. We'll have him into the jail in short order. I hear that the sheriff's in town to-day!"

Li Wo, turned into a statue, stood fast and said not a word. Around him gathered a pool of the curious—rough-handed miners, sleek-faced gamblers, all the crowd of idlers that drifted every day through San Salvadore.

"That's Foster," he heard some one say. "That's Captain Foster, whom Delancey went after a while ago."

The skipper heard the voice and answered at once. "I'm Malcolm Foster, and I've caught the Chinese rat who hired Delancey to cut my throat. I'll have the sheriff take care of him."

"He hired Delancey? Delancey's not the sort to be hired by a Chink," was the answer.

"I tell you, I have the proof," said Foster aggressively. "Delancey mentioned a name when he thought it was I he had to deal with. There's no doubt about it. This is the man!"

The boson already, with a bit of the cord that is never absent from a sailor's pockets, had lashed the Chinaman's wrists together behind his back.

Then Li Wo spoke in perfect English: "My friends, there is some great mistake. I never have seen this gentleman before, and I'm sure he never has seen me!"

"You lie!" bellowed the captain, infuriated. "I remember on the ship that you could speak good English

even then! It's the man, or I'm a fool. I tell you, your name is Li Wo, and you—"

"Li Wo!" said one of the men in the gathering crowd. "It's Li Wo, right enough. I've seen him twenty times. He's one of the rich Chinks from Buffalo Flat!"

Foster's recognition of the captive's name had an immediate effect. One lank, lofty, sour-faced man pushed into the central circle.

"I dunno," he began, "but what this here is a good time for us to ask a few questions, Cap'n Foster, which I guess is your name."

"It is," the captain admitted rather suspiciously.

"Well, the idea is kind of like this," explained the tall man. "We got a jail in this here town, an' we got a right bang-up sheriff. But they's a sort of a vacancy in the line of judges."

"Vacancy?" queried the captain.

"The air don't seem to be no good for a real judge," said the stranger sadly. "We lost one day before yesterday, an' we lost another last week. The way things have carried on here it don't seem likely we're gunna have another with us for quite a spell."

Foster smiled. "You mean the legal judges have been killed? Is that it?"

"It's the dog-gone unfortunate truth," said the other, with the same set jaw and determined manner. "Now, if you was to take over that Chink, there, to the jail, there wouldn't be nothin' to do with him except to lock him up, which would cause a mighty lot of trouble to Sheriff Lefty Wilson, to set around an' entertain him. An' the sheriff, I gotta say, has other things needin' his attention in this town, outside of Chinks."

"I understand." Foster nodded. Then he turned to Li Wo, who stood with a face frozen by fear. "If you mean that he ought to be turned over to vigilantes—"

"That's what I mean," said the tall man.

"I don't want to be a party to any mob murders," Foster objected. "Is there an organized vigilante body here?"

"There is," said the tall man.

"And who's the head of it?"

"Which the head an' the chairman of it all is me, an' I might interduce myself. I'm Jim Bone."

The captain shook hands with him.

"I dunno," said Jim Bone, "that you'd wanta go ahead with this here job, Cap'n Foster, unless you had what satisfied you as bang-up, honest-to-God truth on your side of it?"

Li Wo cried suddenly, his voice choked and thin with fear: "He has no proof! He has no proof! Gentlemen, gentlemen, will you listen to a poor Chinaman when he tries to tell you the truth, and if—"

The heavy, lank hand of Jim Bone struck Li Wo heavily across the mouth and silenced him.

"I dunno," said Bone, "but I reckon that the time ain't come quite yet when a Chink can crow right up like a rooster in the middle of the street here in San Salvadore. You shut yer face," he added to Li Wo, his drawl never varying, no matter how violent might be the sentiments he uttered. "You're gunna have your chance, but not till you're standin' under the Judgment Tree. Cap'n Foster, if you got your proofs in mind, we'll go ahead to that there tree right now, and we'll have a trial of this here yaller rat. If he ain't guilty he ought to be. An', anyways, there's a lot more yaller Chinks in this State than is wanted."

With this unprejudiced speech the judge waved to the crowd. The savage blood of San Salvadore was instantly burning, and with a chorus of wild shouts a guard of death assembled. Li Wo walked in the middle of a ravening tumult, with blood streaking slowly down his face from the wounded lip.

CHAPTER XXV

THE Judgment Tree was a big oak, which spread its branches to either side on the bank of San Salvadore Creek, just below the town. It was a magnificent tree, with such a huge ceiling of limbs and of leaves that even when a rain sprang up the court and the audience still could remain in session.

All about it were scattered rocks of sizes convenient to be used as chairs. Jim Bone took an armchair of natural rock in the center of the scene and immediately began presiding.

He said: "Masters, have you had a drink this morning?"

"No," replied a red-shirted miner.

"Then you're the clerk," instructed Jim Bone. "You try to recollect the important things that may be said, if they's anything really important that can be said about a yaller Chink. Didn't I see Two-gun Hendricks over yonder? Hey, Hendricks!"

A little nervous man came forward, glancing to right and left, asking pardon of every one whose elbow he touched. But when he was on the edge of the circle, he fixed upon Bone the steadiest pair of gray eyes in the world.

"You called me?" he asked.

"Hendricks, you're the sergeant-at-arms. You know what that means?"

"No, I don't."

"It means you keep order. If anybody starts a ruction, you stop it."

Hendricks passed the tip of his tongue over his pale lips. "I'll do what I can."

And at once he faded back into the crowd, but every one knew he was there. Every man, after a moment, was convinced that the deadly little fighter was just behind his back. Never was there a more orderly mob in San Salvadore than upon this day.

"Now we want a jury," said Jim Bone. "The Chink can pick one man, and you pick another, Cap'n Foster. You start in."

Captain Foster was grim and stern, a man fond of his own way, but it was his first acquaintance with lynch rule. So he stood forth and made a little speech.

"Gentlemen, I don't know what legal jurisdiction, if any, is vested in a court of this nature—"

"Don't you start worryin' about that," interrupted Jim Bone. "Them that we hang are as dead as though the Supreme Court had hung 'em up an' don't you doubt it. They may kick a little longer, but they all need plantin' afterward."

"I don't doubt that," said the captain. "This seems to be the custom of the land, and I accept it. I'm convinced that Li Wo is a scoundrel and hired a man to murder me; but at the same time, I don't want to take advantage of any prejudice against his people in order to obtain a conviction. I would like to select unprejudiced men to hear the evidence in this case, but since I don't know my fellow citizens of San Salvadore, I think I should leave the choosing to an experienced man like the judge. Mr. Bone, will you act for me in naming my half of the jury?"

Said Jim Bone: "This here is a

dog-gone fair an' open act. It's plain to see that Cap'n Foster is a gentleman, an' is sure gunna be given his rights in this here town."

There was a murmur of agreement.

"What's fair for a white man is fair for a Chinaman," continued "Judge" Bone. "So I'll name the whole jury."

This he did, straightway selecting twelve men with care and seating them in a semicircle on his right hand. The twelve adopted an air of dignity at once and fixed their glances alternately upon the prisoner and the accuser.

"Now we're all met an' settled," said Bone, "it would be a shame if we kept the gents of this court away from their day's business. We'll get right down to the bottom of this at once. What's your name, Cap'n Foster?"

"My name is Malcolm Foster."

"Right you are. You, Chinaman, what are you called?"

"My name is Li Wo," said he.

As the Oriental spoke, his eye ran rapidly around the circle of faces which surrounded him, hunting for some sympathy, some trace of kindliness. But he could find none. All were merely half curious and half fierce except, on the farthest outskirts of the crowd, where stood a young fellow in the dress of a Mexican *vaquero,* his face shadowed by the enormous brim of his sombrero. This youth waited only for a moment, then turned and walked rapidly away toward the town.

Li Wo's heart bounded with hope, for he had recognized Ching in this familiar disguise. Something would be attempted in the way of rescue. Of that he could be sure. And for the moment he almost forgave the boy for his flirtation with a white girl which he had overheard that very morning.

"Get those names wrote down in your mind, Masters," instructed Jim Bone. "Now, captain, suppose you tell us what you got ag'in' Li Wo?"

Captain Foster answered: "The other night, at Slater's Crossing, a man entered the hotel and attacked one of my men, Tim Todd. Perhaps you had better hear the story from his own lips?"

"We got no terrible lot of time," said Jim Bone, "but we'll hear that story. Speak up, Todd!"

Todd, adjusting the bandage which surrounded his head, advanced to the center of the circle and there made his speech in a gruff, deep voice, concluding with the assailant's announcement that he was striking in vengeance for Wei Sung.

This narrative was listened to with breathless interest. When it ended, Jim Bone remarked:

"A cat can handle a dog ten times his weight, an' more. An' I figger some men are that way. I've heard of a bartender down at Monterey that got careless with this here Delancey an' was throwed through his own mirror behind his own bar. A mean customer to get cornered with is this here Delancey, an' they ain't no mistake. Go on, captain."

Said big Captain Foster:

"I want to explain that name—Wei Sung. In order to do this, I must go back a distance. I must go back over twenty years to a time when I sailed from China as master of a ship bound for Honolulu and then on to pick up a cargo of hides on the California coast. My wife, who was about to give birth to a child, sailed with me."

He paused, and then continued in a lower voice, so that all leaned a little forward to hear him:

"This is a painful subject to me,

my friends. I shall deal with it as quickly as possible.

"The ship which I commanded had been fitted up with a number of passenger cabins, and these were almost entirely empty. But just before we sailed a young Chinaman came and begged to take one of them. He offered a good price, and I felt it was my duty to my owners to accept it, so he was brought aboard with his wife, who, like Mrs. Foster, was expecting a child. This Chinaman was Li Wo.

"The voyage was a very easy one, but when we were a week from Hawaii, my first mate missed a string of pearls from his strong box. Practically his entire profits from trading and working for years in the East had been invested in that string of pearls, so he became very excited. He at once suspected Li Wo and insisted on searching that cabin.

"This was done. Nothing suspicious was found, except that under an edge of the rug in the cabin was a single pearl!

"My mate, in a fury, swore it was one of his string. I was angry, too, and ordered Li Wo to tell where he had hidden the rest of the pearls. He denied having touched them. He said the mate himself must have placed the pearls under the edge of the rug to put suspicion upon him, and therefore he knew nothing. I began to suspect the Chinaman as I listened to him. He was too cool and oily in his talk. An honest man is nearly always alarmed when he's accused wrongly. But a criminal knows how to pass off difficult situations.

"At any rate, I determined on a strong step. I threatened Li Wo with flogging, and when he still refused to talk, I had him flogged by the third mate.

"The Chinaman was very stubborn. He fainted without having spoken. I was about to give up the job, and began to think he was innocent after all. However, as he recovered, the first mate rushed at him and ordered him triced up for another taste of the whip.

"That was too much for Li Wo. He broke down and confessed he had stolen the pearls and would show us where they were hidden—which was inside a false bottom of his chest. All the pearls were there in a wrapping of silk, and the first mate took them back.

"I thought the matter would drop there. The mate agreed with me that Li Wo had had enough punishment from the flogging. Besides, just before he landed, enough sorrow came both to Li Wo and to me to make me forget smaller grudges.

"We ran into a spell of rough weather just outside of Honolulu harbor, and both Li's wife and mine gave birth to children. The doctor remained a little too long working over my wife, perhaps. At any rate, he got to Li Wo's wife too late. She was dead, and the baby already born.

"My friends, this was a sad thing. Both the doctor and I felt it. And then another tragedy came to me as we entered Honolulu port. My baby son was dead!"

CHAPTER XXVI

When Captain Foster paused at this point, there was not a murmur from the listening crowd, and every man looked down to the ground. They had come cheerfully to help preside at the hanging of a Chinaman, but they found a tragic tale of such a depth revealed that they were abashed and uneasy.

If it had been callously recited, it

would not have disturbed them, but Captain Foster talked slowly, like one who seeks how he can state things in the simplest manner rather than as one who tries to make his points.

Foster went on:

"It was a hard time, my friends. And what was hardest of all for me was that when we reached shore, and my poor wife recovered from the half delirium in which she had lain for a long time, to see the body of our boy prepared for burial, she declared that it was not hers, but the true baby had been stolen from her.

"If anything were needed to make this horrible voyage sink into my mind, it was that. The illusion persisted, and she did not live to see the coast of California. She died, assuring me that we had been robbed. And I was unable to prove to her sufficiently that this could not have taken place.

"I beg your pardon for introducing such a subject. My only reason for doing so is to try to make you understand that there is no wish in me to recall that unhappy time. As for Li Wo and his stealing of the pearls, I should have been glad to forget him, and certainly I was not callous enough to prefer against him any charges of theft when he reached port. He had been doubly punished by the flogging and the death of his wife!

"But they say on the China coast that a Chinaman never forgets, and now I have reason to agree with them. The man who attacked Tim Dodd called out the name of Wei Sung, in whose name he had come for revenge. And now, gentlemen, I must give you the reason why I seized Li Wo when I met him in the street of San Salvadore a few minutes ago. *Wei Sung was the name of his wife!*

"Why he should have blamed me for her death I cannot tell, unless it was because the ship's doctor, who was employed with my own wife and child, was slow in coming to poor Wei Sung. He may have thought that this was done by my orders, whereas I had nothing to do with it. Or he may have held the flogging against me to such a degree that he was willing to hire a murderer to act against me here in California."

The accuser made a brief gesture.

"That is all I have to say, except that I have no malice against Li Wo. I am sorry for the troubles that came to him aboard my ship. I would be best pleased if he never had recalled the past to me, but since he has put a trained fighter on my heels to kill me if possible, it is necessary to strike back in some manner."

He stepped back and waited gravely for cross-examination.

"You've heard the man speak," said Jim Bone, after a proper interval. "Any questions?"

The jury shook their heads.

"Li Wo," demanded Jim Bone, "what have you got to say?"

Li Wo looked grimly at judge and jury, then turned to Foster.

"You flogged me on board your ship, Captain Foster?"

"I did," said the captain.

"You say that you found the pearls under my rug?"

"I found one pearl there."

"And the rest in my chest?"

"Yes."

"When my wife and I came on board the ship, the first mate tried to make me pay him extra money, and promised he would make my passage comfortable if I paid him. Otherwise, he said, he would put me in torment. I would not pay, and he arranged the rest. Who found that one pearl under

the rug in my cabin? Please tell me."

"The first mate," said the captain, with a sudden start.

"Who accused me of being the thief in the first place?"

"The mate," agreed the captain.

"And when I recovered from a fainting fit during the flogging, who rushed up and leaned over me?"

"The mate," nodded Foster.

"What he said to me," Li Wo testified impressively, "was that unless I spoke then, I should be flogged again, and if I admitted that the pearls were in the false bottom of my chest, he would himself pretend to get them there—having them in his hand all the while. And who was it, Captain Foster, who found the pearls in my chest?"

"It was the mate."

"What became of this mate afterward?"

"He went bad," said Malcolm Foster slowly but honestly. "He turned into such a brute that I discharged him when we completed that voyage to New York."

"And finally?" asked Li Wo with a venomous politeness.

"He was killed in a drunken brawl—in New York's Chinatown, I believe."

Li Wo turned to the judge and the jury.

"You all know of Henry Delancey. Do you think I have enough money to hire him? Is he the sort of a man who would be hired out for murder?"

Jim Bone stirred uneasily.

"Now dog-gone my spots," said he, "that's a pretty true thing. Handsome Harry is a wild young devil, but I wouldn't ever say he's a cut-throat. Nobody knows of him ever doin' a thing in the dark like this. He takes his money where he finds it, but they ain't any record of him findin' it with a murder before. China money at that!"

He paused, in doubt, and a juryman broke in: "What happened to the tenderfoot, Linton, when him and his girl were tackled by crooks in the hills? Who brought them through? What money was there in the job? Why, Handsome Harry done that job, as we all might well know! That ain't the kind of a man to take Chinese money for a murder in the dark!"

Another man of the jury added with a snap: "Gents, look at here. Is they any doubt about what happened to this here man Dodd at Slater's Crossing?"

"They ain't no doubt," said Bone.

"Was the gent that done it followed, an' his gray hoss seen?"

"That happened, too."

"Was it Delancey?"

"They all say it was."

The juryman snarled abruptly, vindictively: "If you think that guy ain't the kind of Chink to want to have a murder done, look at his face!"

The jury turned their heads upon Li Wo, and though he made a sudden effort to compose his features, he could not prevent them from seeing malice there.

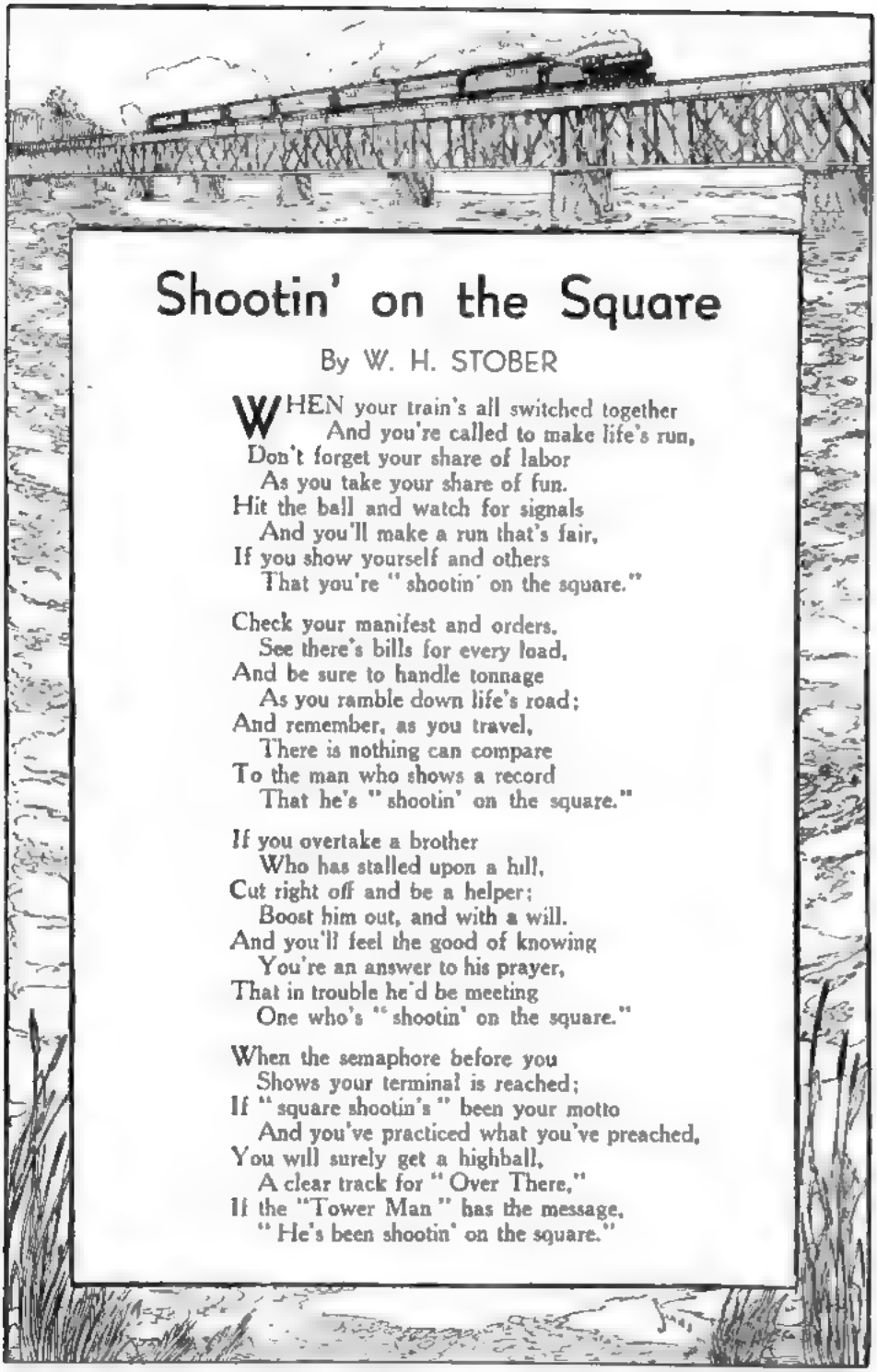
Jim Bone called out briskly: "Order, order! Is they anything more to be said?"

There was no answer.

"Then it appears to me like we had oughta take a vote. I ain't gunna tell you what I think about this here case, because it looks to me as plain as the nose on your face. You gents that think Li Wo is guilty, stand up on your hind laigs!"

Every man of the jury rose instantly to his feet!

TO BE CONTINUED



Shootin' on the Square

By W. H. STOBER

WHEN your train's all switched together
And you're called to make life's run,
Don't forget your share of labor
As you take your share of fun.
Hit the ball and watch for signals
And you'll make a run that's fair,
If you show yourself and others
That you're "shootin' on the square."

Check your manifest and orders,
See there's bills for every load,
And be sure to handle tonnage
As you ramble down life's road;
And remember, as you travel,
There is nothing can compare
To the man who shows a record
That he's "shootin' on the square."

If you overtake a brother
Who has stalled upon a hill,
Cut right off and be a helper;
Boost him out, and with a will.
And you'll feel the good of knowing
You're an answer to his prayer,
That in trouble he'd be meeting
One who's "shootin' on the square."

When the semaphore before you
Shows your terminal is reached;
If "square shootin's" been your motto
And you've practiced what you've preached,
You will surely get a highball,
A clear track for "Over There,"
If the "Tower Man" has the message,
"He's been shootin' on the square."

On the Spot

THIS is the twelfth consecutive issue of the new RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE, and now we survey our first year of the reissuance. We have had the pleasure of reviving many old memories. Our best abilities have gone into our efforts to satisfy the universal tastes of railroad men and railroad fans. The greatest response probably to any individual achievement on our part was that which greeted the cover on the September number under the caption "31, copy 3."

This masterpiece of painting, executed by Harry C. Temple, a former telegraph operator and now one of the nation's best known illustrators, was acclaimed internationally by the rails. We printed in that September number a coupon which, together with two cents, entitled the reader to a free copy of the cover in two tones without lettering. Thousands jumped at the offer and "31, copy 3" to-day may be found in homes, offices, locker rooms and shanties wherever railroads run.

Now you have a treat in store for you with the December number. Harry C. Temple is bringing you another great human interest railroad cover—another intimate glimpse of railroad life. If you liked and appreciated "31, copy 3" you are going to whoop about this December painting. We won't even tell you the name of it. We will only hint that it is all about something that goes on inside of an engine cab. Likewise, we might as well take this time to tip you off to the fact that you can get a copy of that, the same as you got a copy of "31, copy 3" and that you can get a copy of several more real railroad covers in the future which Brother Temple is now at work on.

These columns have seen a lot of argument pro and con about the cover, but according to the majority the Temple covers have hit the nail on the head Here's what some of the brothers say:

EDITOR RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE

Cover supreme is what I would call this master drawing. Note the natural rotundity of the con's waistline, the concentration of the op. He won't draw on his pipe at a time like this. Note the cleared deck. Everything moved aside except the 31 and 19 blanks. I would like to

throw that old con's coat back and see how many ten-centers he has in both upper pockets of his vest.

F. A. H.—Chicago, Ill.

* * *

EDITOR RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

No artist has ever come closer to scratching the surface of real railroading than Mr. Temple in his "31, copy 3."

F. R. B.—Blue Island, Ill.

* * *

EDITOR RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

That September cover was one fine piece of work, in my estimation. Produce a few more with the same liberal offer of obtaining one and you will be printing a million copies.

W. D.—Quincy, Mass.

* * *

EDITOR RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

The August cover was a real pip, in fact, it was worth a gold frame, but the September one leaves me with my mouth open. That one is all there.

A. C.—Regina, Sask.

* * *

EDITOR RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

I believe that "31, copy 3" is about the finest and most realistic cover that has ever decorated a RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE, and when one remembers all the different covers of the old time RAILROAD MAN'S you see this is a pretty strong statement. This is a wonderful picture—a veritable masterpiece.

A. G. H.—Drakesville, Iowa.

* * *

EDITOR RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

Twenty-eight years in the service and I still get a thrill out of your magazine. I often find myself recalling the experiences as a Knight of the Key. "31, copy 3" is beyond words. How many times I have copied them. My dad copied them fifty years before me. Like father, like son.

E. C. L.—Postville, Iowa.

* * *

Kipling's "007"

Here is a brother who wants to know if any of you readers wish to comply with a request for criticism.

EDITOR RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

I wonder whether one of your railroad readers would mind glancing through Rudyard Kipling's story, "007," which is a railroad yarn, and then write his opinion in a letter to your magazine. I believe this particular story of Kipling's would call forth some pretty good criticism.

Your Boomers' Corner is extremely interesting, for over here in England we have no such people. England is too small and railroad companies are not so numerous for a boomer to stand much chance.

W. G. B. M.—London, England.

* * *

He Wants Pictures

We are always glad to hear from any readers who have locomotive pictures to exchange or who want to get into the business of collecting such pictures, therefore we are glad to oblige one reader by printing his note as follows:

EDITOR RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

I want to make a collection of locomotive pictures. I am new at the game and would appreciate any pointers that you can give me, or perhaps you know of some collector who would be glad to lend a helping hand.

DAVID G. HARRIS,
129 Dacotah Street, Houghton, Mich.

* * *

Wreck of '97

This letter contains some mighty interesting history and it certainly speaks for itself:

EDITOR RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

I noted in the By the Light of the Lantern column, in the August issue, your reply to R. L. D., Bryson, Texas, with reference to the wreck of No. 97, which is so often heard on records at the present time.

Having been a telegraph operator and extra train dispatcher on the main line of the Southern Railway for fourteen years, I was employed at the time No. 97 was wrecked and thought you may be interested in having just a few of the details in case the matter is referred to you again in the future.

This No. 97 was not a passenger train, but a solid mail and express train from Washington to Atlanta, usually carrying about six or seven cars, and although it was a southbound train, it had precedence over all trains regardless of class or direction, and all other trains were required to clear its time ten minutes. It ran over single track entirely at that time, with no electric block signals.

The definite day of the wreck was on Sunday afternoon, October 27, 1903. As well as I remember, the train was several hours late and this would place the time of the wreck about 2.30 P.M. It was drawn by engine 1102, Engineer Broady, Conductor Blair. It left the right-of-way at the north end of Still House Trestle in the suburbs of Danville, Virginia, and fell about 75 feet to the bottom of the fill. The entire train was reduced to kindling wood with the exception of the last car which fell on top of the others and remained intact with no trucks on it. Nine persons were killed, including the entire train crew, mail clerks, express messengers, etc. This trestle makes a sharp left turn at this point and normally had a standing slow-order of 10 miles an hour over it. No. 97 on the date in question, however, was running close to 45 miles an hour, and it was never determined whether the air failed at the last minute or whether Engineer Broady lost his bearings, having been just a new man on the run. Still House Trestle is at the bottom of White Oak Mountain and trains drift for several miles before

reaching the trestle and ordinarily engineers are using their brake valve every few minutes from the top to the bottom.

T. O. A.—Cincinnati, Ohio.

* * *

Answering Mr. Johns

Our good friend and brother, John Johns, freight conductor, expressed himself in the September issue on what in his opinion readers wanted to see in this magazine. We asked the brothers to reply. They did, and how! Here are a few brief opinions:

EDITOR RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

Answering Brother Johns in his letter of September I need say very little. Johnny is right. Let us have a magazine for ourselves without any outside stories. Mr. Brand wrote a fine serial, but not for a railroad magazine. Your features are good. Let us have some more of them. Send Ipecac Ingalls back to Birmingham, Alabama, where he came from and make him stay there and hang a sign on your door, "No Porters Allowed On These Premises."

E. R. A.—Regina, Sask.

* * *

EDITOR RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

Freight Conductor Johns has given you some mighty good ideas regarding your magazine. I for one want to say "amen" to all of his suggestions. The RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE should be devoted exclusively to stories, articles and general information regarding railroads. I would eliminate Ipecac Ingalls.

G. E. S.—Chicago, Ill.

* * *

EDITOR RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

I wish you would stick to good old railroading. I have never railroaded, in fact, but I have been fond of the railroads since I was knee high.

C. D.—Ottawa, Ont.

* * *

EDITOR RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

Bother Johns's September letter hits the nail on the head. There is no question but at the present time the RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE is the most perfect in its class. Brother Johns's letter contains, however, important and valuable advice for the editor. I am sure the rank and file of your readers want such stories as Brother Johns describes—real human living stories, all railroad. You have been giving them to us up to date with one exception. Such stories as "Runaways," "Over There With Corky," "Smiling Smith Sits In," "When Redwood Went Dry" and the true experiences are for us. In the last few months those wonderful authors like A. W. Somerville, James W. Earp, Hardy Reeves, Russell Hays, Charles W. Tyler, E. S. Dellinger and Bob Cross have made railroad story history. The features are the spice of the book and should be retained.

G. W. B.—Los Angeles, Cal.

* * *

EDITOR RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

I will give my opinion. I can say that I never was much of a reader until I saw this book on a rack. I am a switchman and all my people are railroaders and they think the same as I. The magazine stacks up as she is. There are a lot of fellows we read about and we know how the old times were. We will have to give your magazine credit for a lot. There ought to be some way that we could all get together and correspond with each other.

CLAUDE B. THORNTON,
764 Page St., San Francisco, Cal.

* * *

EDITOR RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

If you care for the opinion of an old reader I want to show my appreciation and tell you that I think the magazine is simply great. I think it is better now than it ever has been. My suggestions are to keep it on this present plan and change to the good old red cover.

C. W. G.—Charleston, W. Va.

* * *

She Sings Songs

We are always glad to hear from the ladies. This letter wishing us a lot of luck comes from one:

EDITOR RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

Believe me, old top, your magazine is fine. Let's have some more of those poems and songs that were in the old issues, so that we younger readers will get a chance to read them. Some time I will send you a batch of railroad songs, for I know the boys will like them. Personally I know more railroad songs than the railroad men here do and I sing them. I like every story in your magazine and especially do I like to read about the engineers bawling out firemen because they do that on the railroad around here. Now, firemen, please don't get mad at me for writing this, for you boys are all right, too. I must highball for the kitchen and help work.

MISS V. G.—Evart, Mich.

* * *

A Friend for Life

There is nothing like sincerity when it comes to making friends, and we hope all of our readers will understand that the gang here on the editorial desk desires to be just as sincere as you are. We are glad to print the following:

EDITOR RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

I was one happy fellow when the RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE came back to life. I remember when I was fourteen how I used to haunt the news-stands and get the magazine as soon as it came out.

Here's something unusual. My dad was fifty-seven when he started on the railroad and I started as a call boy at seventeen. Calling was too tame for me, so I went into the shop as a machinist helper. I didn't like that, so roamed the country until seven years ago and then I married and had to settle down. I am now inspecting engines.

You know I saw a letter in the January issue

from an old pal in Marion, Ohio. The letter was signed H. N. and said that he would like to see some experiences of the boys that served out of Bassens Camp in the Bordeaux district in France. I was there for a year and I worked the night warehouse engine, and if any of you boys remember me I am the lad that they called "Dutch." If any of the old gang sees this and will drop me a line I would be mighty glad. I would like to hear from Happy Nolder of New Orleans, Nuttal of Boston, Shannon from Detroit, Smith from Detroit, Bort from Valeria, Iowa; Kerchinski from Lorain, Ohio; William from Waynesburg, Kentucky; Sidders from Phillipsburg, New Jersey, and all the rest of the old gang.

L. N. HEUSER,
P. O. Box 1039, Buffalo, N. Y.

* * *

The Operators' Contest

Brother W. W. Flowers, an old time operator out in St. Louis, calls attention to our announcement in August concerning the telegraphic fist contest and points out that Tidrick, Spafford and Plunkett were not the winners of the 1917 contest. Mr. Flowers pointed out that while the August, 1917, issue mentioned the progress of the contest and the relative positions of the contestants, that the winners were not really announced until November, so in justice to everybody concerned, we would like to say that the leading winners who were actually announced in November, 1917, were Benjamin H. Tidrick, Robert I. Flowers and Harry H. Allen. The other winning contestants were W. W. Spafford, F. R. Plunkett, E. M. Shaler, C. Percy and eleven others. We hope this makes the records straight.

* * *

Canadian Railroads

In the August issue, Lantern Department, we replied to a query which asked whether the Canadian National and the Canadian Pacific were to be considered American railways. We said that they were American railways, which probably was a little confusing. Our inference was that they were *North American* institutions and we did not mean to infer that they were operated or owned by United States management or capital. These two systems, the largest in the world, are strictly *Canadian* railroads.

* * *

Wants Old Copies

C. W. B., 214 East Oak Street, Winslow, Arizona, writes to say that he will appreciate information as to any copies of the old RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE. He is employed on the Santa Fe as a brakeman and, believe us, he is a great friend of the magazine of to-day.

* * *

POETS' CORNER

J. E. Goodwin, a station agent on the C. St. P. M. & O. Railway Company, remembers the effect that the poem we print below had on him when he started in the game. He submits it, but he doesn't know who the author was.

* * *

The Fever of the Rail

They may talk of fevers, chills,
And a thousand other ills,
That go to make the doctor's human code.
But the worst I know of yet,
Makes a feller fuss and fret,
Is the hopeless, restless fever of the road.
With the smoke and grease and dust,
And the cinders, oil and rust
And a million funny, friendly railroad smells;
With the lights, white, green and red,
Running through a feller's head,
Once he's worked there, why, he won't work nowhere else.

They may have their tariff rates,
And their traffic sheets and plates,
And the policies that seem to run the line,
But the whir of No. 2
When she's twenty overdue,
To me is like the joy of rare old wine.
And I love the busy yard,
With the engines chugging hard,
And the whistles, bells, and sweatin', swearin' crews,
And the north and southbound freights,
And the siding clearance waits,
With the fireman a cussin' at the flues.

There's the traffic's steady stream,
And the hissin' of the steam,
And chugs, and roars, and other nameless sounds,
And there's locals always due,
With an extra work or two
And crews a gettin' ready for the rounds.

There's the wheezing noise of air,
And the headlight's guiding glare,
There's the station whistle of the through express.
Oh, the clicking of the wheel,
On the burnished stands of steel,
Is as soothing as a mother's soft caress.

When the caller comes in vain,
And another's on my train,
And I'm far beyond the reach of discipline,
When I've made my last long run
On my final "31,"
And I'm not laid out by heated box or pin,
When I've made my last mistake,
And old *Time* throws on the brake,
And the boys they miss me when they pass the cup,
I won't heed the semaphore,
But I'll walk right in the door,
And I'll get a job in Hades, firin' up.

* * *

F. C. of Hamilton, Ontario, wanted us to print "Down in the Lehigh Valley." We are glad to oblige.

Down in the Lehigh Valley

Let me sit down a moment, stranger,
A stone's got in my shoe—
You needn't start your cussing!
I ain't done a thing to you.

Yes, I'm a tramp, what of it?
Some folks say we're no good,
But a tramp has to live, I reckon,
Though some folks don't think we should

Once I was young and handsome,
Had plenty of cash and clothes;
But that's before I tippled
And gin got in my nose.

It was down in the Lehigh Valley
Me and my people grew.
I was the village blacksmith—
Yes, and a good one, too.

Me and my daughter Nellie—
Nellie was just sixteen,
And she was the prettiest creature
That valley had ever seen.

Beaus! Why, she had a dozen—
They came from near and far—
But most of them were farmers
And none suited her.

Along came a city stranger,
Young, handsome, slick and tall,
Damn him! I wish I had him
Strangled against that wall!

He was the man for Nellie,
Nellie who knew no ill.
Her mother tried to tell her—
But you know how young girls will.

Well, it's the same old story;
Common enough, you will say;
He was a soft-tongued devil,
And he got her to run away.

It was less than a month after,
We heard from the poor young thing,
He had gone away and left her
Without a wedding ring.

Back to her home we brought her,
Back to her mother's side—
Filled with a raging fever,
She fell at her feet—and died.

Frantic with grief and trouble,
Her mother began to sink.
Dead in less than a fortnight—
That's why I took to drink.

Give me a drink, bartender,
And I'll be on my way,
I'll tramp till I find that scoundrel
If it takes till judgment day.

* * *

THE COUPON

It takes four of these now, remember, to entitle you to an original drawing which has illustrated some story in this magazine. These drawings are something really worth while to frame and four coupons from four consecutive issues will entitle you to your choice.

Editor,
RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE,
280 Broadway, New York City.

The stories and features I like best in your November issue are:

1.....

2.....

3.....

4.....

5.....

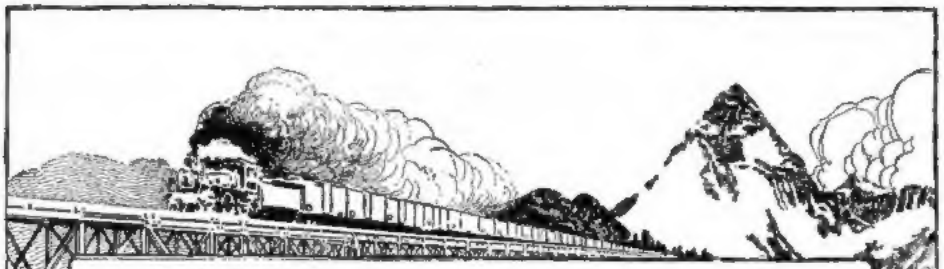
6.....

Name.....

Occupation.....

Street.....

City.....*State*.....



COMING for DECEMBER

Hill-Billy

By Clifford Knight

The kid from the tall timbers wanted to be an op, but a rival stole his girl, and the lust for vengeance after the code of the mountain folk became a terrible thing in the telegraph student's heart.

Midland Memories

By A. B. Clark

The poignant recollections of an old boomer who looks back on the glorious days of the now defunct Colorado Midland. and conjures up the little human things that make railroading the game that it is. Beautifully illustrated with photographs.

Train Movement

By Griff Crawford

A great short yarn about the super who demanded the truth which he later found he could not face.

Red Eye!

The Graphic December Front Cover Painting

By Harry C. Temple

The premier railroad artist who gave you, "31, Copy 3," on your September copy, brings you the first of a splendid series. You've read of what goes on in a cab when an engine crew suddenly faces a dramatic emergency. Well, Mr. Temple drives this scene right into your vision with "Red Eye!" and you'll be able to get a print of this one, without type, for framing.

FULL TONNAGE OF FEATURES, SERIALS, SHORT STORIES

BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE

When tempted to over-indulge

"Reach for a Lucky instead"

Be moderate—be moderate in all things, even in smoking. Avoid that future shadow* by avoiding over-indulgence, if you would maintain that modern, ever youthful figure. "Reach for a Lucky instead."

Lucky Strike, the finest Cigarette you ever smoked, made of the finest tobacco—The Cream of the Crop—"IT'S TOASTED." **Lucky Strike** has an extra, secret heating process. Everyone knows that heat purifies and so 20,679 physicians say that **Luckies** are less irritating to your throat.

"It's toasted"

Your Throat Protection—against irritation—against cough.

*We do not say smoking **Luckies** reduces flesh. We do say when tempted to over-indulge, "Reach for a **Lucky** instead."